The Saturday Evening
POST
August 12, 1961 – 15¢

CHICAGO'S TOP COP
By PETER WYDEN

PETE MARTIN
BY BING CROSBY

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THE COVER

Jean Louis André Théodore Géricault was born in Rouen, France, in 1791. One day he saw a dapple-gray horse rearing. Using his friend, Lieutenant Dieudonné, as a model, he painted *Officer of the Imperial Guard.* He completed it in only twelve days, and its exhibition established him as a champion of the Romantic movement in painting. Later Géricault himself served as a cavalryman. He was only thirty-two when he fell from a horse and was mortally injured. . . . Interesting? But of course. But we suspect that Géricault, being French, would agree that Le Louvre is no match for oo-la-la to sailors on leave in Paris. [In the background is *Madame Récamier* by Jacques Louis David (1748–1825). The lookers-on are by our own Constantin Alajálov (1900–present).]

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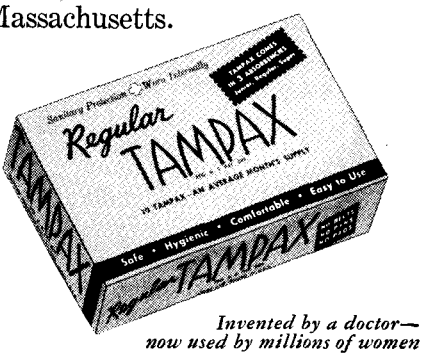

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Letters

Will Easterners Take Over the West?

Dear Sirs:

In WILL THE WEST TAKE OVER? [by Frank McCulloch, July 8] there was one very important point you failed to mention—how we Westerners feel about the Easterners moving in on us. Southern California is so overcrowded with "foreigners" that it has been a standing joke for years to see who can find a native Californian first. As a native I resent the influx of Easterners or Southerners or Midwesterners into states which already cannot handle their own housing, schooling and employment problems, let alone hundreds of people with nothing in their pockets and a car full of kids. The situation as it now stands in Southern California is this: the natives are being suffocated by the aliens and are moving out.

LINDA CRABTREE
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

What a wonderful place the East will be when Easterners will have moved west. I can hardly wait.

A. HERBERT JUEDE
Monticello, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Am I to assume that Idaho and Montana have moved to the East? Also Washington, Oregon, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona?

BRENDA BECKLEY (age 16)
Mountain Home, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

From reading the article one might gain the impression that California is the West.

ORVILLE BALL
Golden, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Your article WILL THE WEST TAKE OVER? is a perfect description of my home state, California. . . . If I knew it would benefit California, I'd be willing to dig road ditches eighteen hours a day,

six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, and I'm just a girl.

LAUREL BALLOU (age 13)
Los Angeles, Calif.

Views on the Riviera

Dear Sirs:

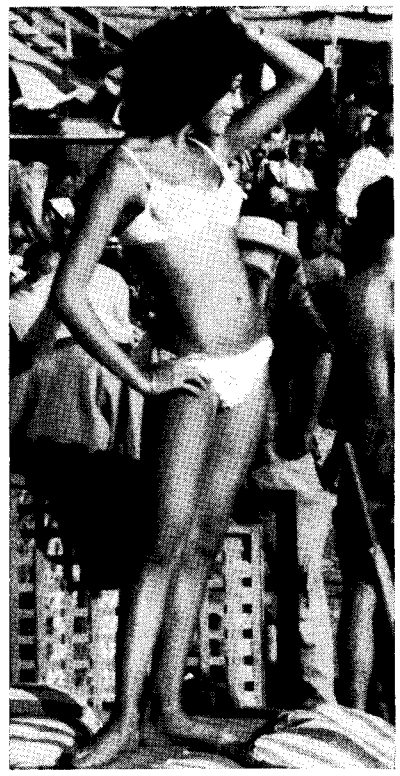
I have noted with amusement the article [FAREWELL TO THE RIVIERA, by Toni Howard, June 3] and subsequent letters [July 8] about how rabble are invading the French Riviera and spoiling it. My father operated a car-hire service on the Riviera. I myself, in my teens, often worked as a uniformed chauffeur or footman. . . . Riffraff on the Riviera are nothing new. The enriched rabble we served in those days were often revolting . . . phony nobles and pretenders to nonexistent thrones. . . . I frankly think that the hordes of less pretentious people who are now invading the Riviera are more wholesome and desirable types than the rich rabble of yesteryear.

ELTON LEROY
Galveston, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The lady in your picture [below] is at least keeping something for just her husband to see—her ear! . . .

NANCY DAVEY
Sydney, Australia



Off-Field Bobbles

Dear Sirs:

I noticed an error in THE FLEETING FAME OF NO-HIT PITCHERS [by Frank Frisch, as told to Arch Murray, July 8]. You stated that during Haddix's brilliant pitching performance . . . the Braves got a hit and a couple of runs in the thirteenth to win it 2–0. Even though Adcock did hit a home run with two on, the only run that counted was that run scored by Mantilla, who was on second base. The final score was 1–0, not 2–0.

JOHN CASCIO
Somerset, Pa.

● *We were led astray by newspaper accounts, which gave the score as 2–0, but the official score later was changed to 1–0.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Frankie Frisch's playing abilities far outshine his ability as a baseball historian. He credits Cy Young with 507 wins while he actually had 511.

MARC LINDER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *Reader Linder is right. However, Frisch did not write the caption.*–*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Frisch called Jim Hegan, "the only receiver who ever caught three no-hitters." But Del Crandall, Milwaukee Braves catcher, has also caught three no-hitters. Crandall was catching when Jim

(Continued on page 6)

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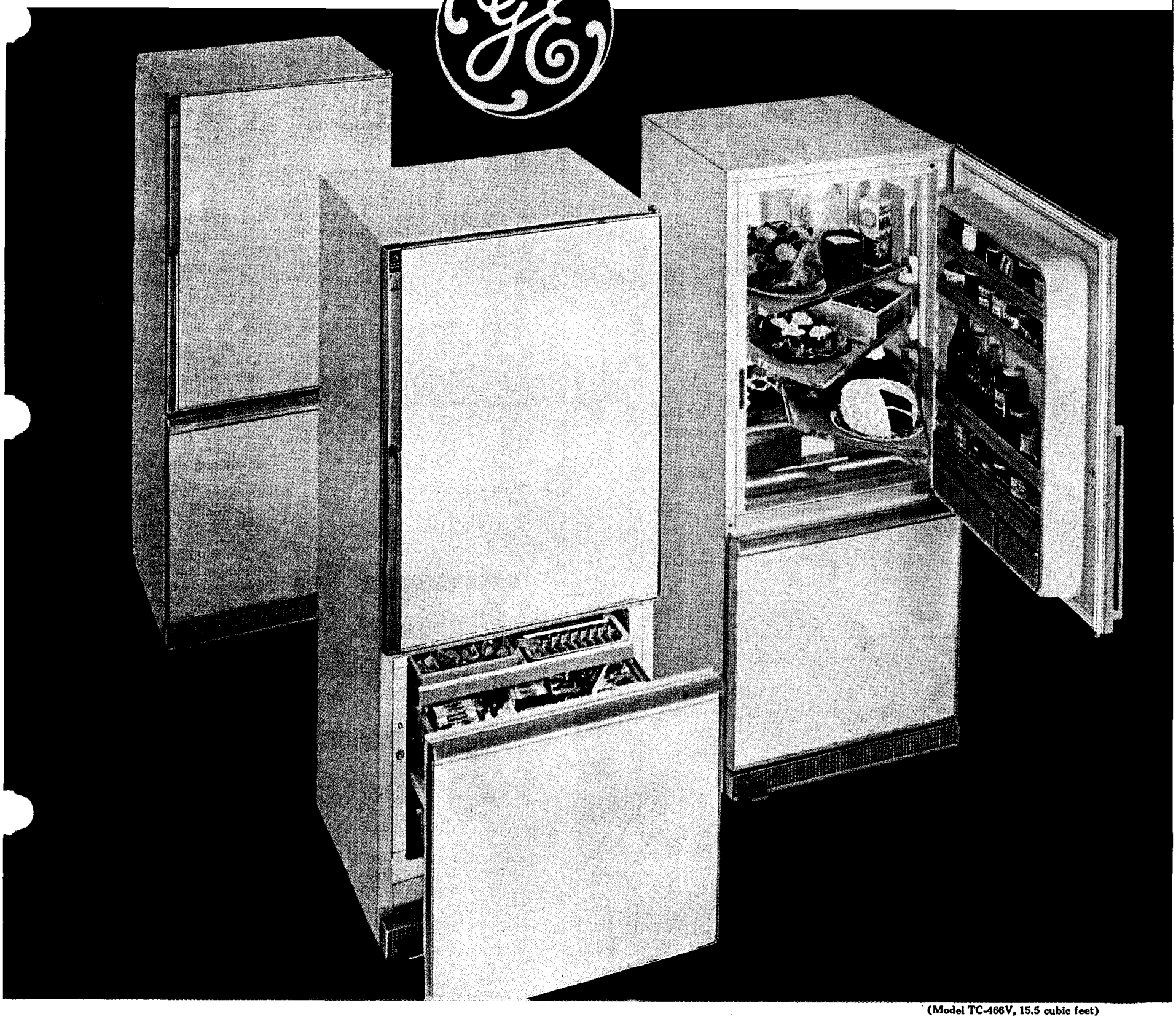

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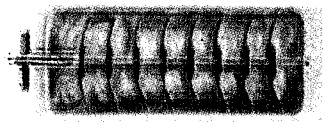

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Wilson pitched a no-hitter in 1954 and when Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette each threw one in 1960.

JOHN KILDAHL
Eau Claire, Wis.

● *Apologies for the omission.—ED.*

Need for Remembering

Dear Sirs:

I, too, considered the T. S. Matthews article, THE MEANING OF THE EICHMANN TRIAL [June 10], excellent. However, I was appalled at the comments of Mrs. Benny Cavataio [LETTERS, July 15], who expressed such righteous indignation at having to look upon the face of the innocent little child being marched away by the Nazis. The success of the hideous plan was due partly to those indifferent people who can only think of *their* Jimmy being safely in his bed. This is not to say that I would wish Jimmy to be anywhere else; this is merely to suggest that this is precisely why Mrs. Cavataio should *always* remember the "awful Eichmann business."

ESTELLE BARON
Freeport, N.Y.

Too Clean?

Dear Sirs:

In the Ted Key cartoon [below] in the July 8 issue, evidently the cartoonist

"Visitors' day."

doesn't have any children of his own—boys are coming out with clean towels as well as clean faces. What happened?

MRS. D. M. ROTHLAUF
Mohegan Lake, N.Y.

● *Cartoonist Key says, "Elves are running a Laundromat. (I hate to admit I goofed.)"* —ED.

Burying the Hatchet

Dear Sirs:

As Sioux Indians with an eighty years' contact with Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. Dak., we found your article FATHER DAN'S BIG ADVENTURE [by James Joyce Donahue, July 8] of very special interest. We, too, owe a tremendous debt of gratitude for the dedication and wisdom of the Fathers.

Sometimes when our people think over the past, they become bitter and they say that the white man came and took everything we had and gave us nothing. The Fathers came and gave everything and ask for nothing for themselves. They educate our children and help solve our adult problems of all kinds.

It is true that the whites took almost everything away from us. It is also true that the Fathers work for us with complete dedication. To give more completely is not within the power of man. The white man's debt to us is paid.

SILAS LEFT HAND BULL
Pine Ridge, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

What have heat, hot water, and up-to-date kitchens to do with Christianity? I am referring to the Rev. Dan McLellan's statement, "Christian family life can hardly exist in a mud hut." And why can't it? Did people have such modern conveniences in the time of Jesus?

I am impressed with the work Father McLellan is doing in Peru, but I can't help feeling disturbed at his correlation between Christianity and materialism.

DENNY L. SCHREIE
Elmhurst, I

Culture vs. Cowboys

Dear Sirs:

Arthur W. Baum's article, OKLAHOMA: THE STATE THAT STRUCK IT RICH [July 1], deserves many "hurrahs" and only one "boo." He forgot to mention the wind (literally!). There is a joke among Oklahomans that when they get out of a car in any other state, they fall flat on their noses from the habit of bucking the wind.

JUDY BARKLEY
Marion, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

The article seemed eminently fair and well informed to most of us who are natives of Oklahoma. . . . However, some points seem a bit too optimistic and rosy. That Oklahoma City "enjoys above-average cultural entertainment . . ." may well be a thing of the recent past. It is true that we have two orchestras, but one is a student junior symphony, amateur standing. Our professional Oklahoma City Symphony, twenty-five years old, is about to expire this summer for lack of financial backing. . . . At the present writing, it is questionable that the S.O.S. (Save Our Symphony) committee can raise the $23,000 necessary to carry on another season. One reason for the critical state of affairs is the conflict of interests among the big donors and civic leaders. Which is of primary importance to the city? The Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra or the Cowboy Hall of Fame? These two fund-raising drives were put on simultaneously.

PAULINE H. KEUTZ
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder what [the author] has against the cowboys from that great state. He wrote freely of the ballplayers but fail to mention the great rodeo stars.

JIM KYLER
Portland, Oreg.

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Reading across pages, then down:

4–Eugene Kammerman. • 11–Larry Keighley; United Press International. • 12–Larry Keighley; three from NBC–TV; Larry Keighley. • 13–Larry Keighley. • 14, 15–Arthur Lidov. • 16, 17–Larry Fried. • 18–Bob Lavin. • 19–Wide World; Arthur Rickerby. 20, 21–George Severn. • 22, 23–Lynn Buckham. • 24–Sid Avery; from Pete Martin. 25–Morgan Kane. • 26, 27–Arthur Shay. • 28–Jacob Lofman. • 30, 31–Fred Otnes. 34–James R. Bingham. • 76–U. S. Army; Florence Shay; Bertrand Miles; Danick Studio.

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Editorials

When Did Outer Mongolia Cast Off its Red Shackles?

For some reason the State Department appeared surprised because Chiang Kai-shek was said to be "upset" by reports that Washington was about to recognize Communist-satellite Outer Mongolia as an independent republic worthy of a seat in the United Nations. Ambassador Everett Drumright was called back to Washington from Formosa, presumably to be given instructions on how to explain to the generalissimo that our trafficking with Outer Mongolia was just a little shenanigan between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. which needn't mean anything to Formosa.

But what in the world is the point of giving non-Communist Asia even five minutes of the shakes to revive this often-exploded notion that Outer Mongolia is independent? If President Kennedy or Dean Rusk or whoever is responsible for this bizarre idea would brush off the published hearings on the Institute of Pacific Relations—before Sen. Patrick A. McCarran's subcommittee in 1952—the ancestry of this hoary heresy would expose its shabbiness. On page 4522 *et seq.* of the aforementioned hearings is the testimony of William C. Bullitt, our first ambassador to the Soviet Union. Mr. Bullitt testified that Owen Lattimore, an expert on the Mongolian question, came to him in Moscow early in 1936 on the way from a visit to Outer Mongolia. Lattimore, according to Bullitt's testimony, urged Bullitt to recommend to President Roosevelt that Outer Mongolia be recognized as a "fully independent" republic.

"I asked him," said Mr. Bullitt, "if there was no Soviet control of the People's Republic of Outer Mongolia. . . . And he replied there was no Soviet control whatsoever. . . . I asked him if the GPU, which at that time was the title of the Soviet secret police, had no control there, and he said they did not, that the Mongolian People's Republic was independent and that his advice, which he urged me to telegraph at once to President Roosevelt, was that the American Government should immediately recognize the independence of the Mongolian People's Republic."

All this came as quite a shock to Mr. Bullitt because only a month earlier he had had a revealing conversation with an old acquaintance of his, an assistant commissar named Karakhan, who had been quite active in Outer Mongolia on behalf of the Soviet foreign office. Karakhan, according to his own statement, was sent to Outer Mongolia in 1934 to "finish off any signs of restiveness under Soviet control." On his return to Moscow Karakhan called on Bullitt at the U.S. Embassy.

"I said to him that I had heard he had been out there to finish off the People's Republic of Outer Mongolia, or rather any signs of independence in it, and he said that indeed he had, but it was a very small affair." Explained Karakhan, "After all, in a country of nomads there are only 300 or 400 people that count, and all I did on a given night was to have about 400 people seized by the GPU agents in the army and police force, and I had them shot before dawn and installed the people that the Soviet Government wished to have installed."

It seemed incredible that a Soviet official would be so frank with a foreigner, but Mr. Bullitt assured the committee that he had known Karakhan since 1919 and that they were, as the phrase is, "just like that."

Mr. Bullitt also knew, before the arrival of Lattimore in Moscow, that the U.S.S.R. had signed a protocol of mutual assistance with Outer Mongolia and that the Chinese had made "the strongest kind of a protest" against the infringement of the sovereignty of China. "I was obliged to conclude," said Mr. Bullitt, "that either Mr. Lattimore knew nothing about the subject on which he was supposed to be the leading American expert or that he was deliberately attempting to assist in the spread of Communist authority through Asia. I left the matter . . . with a question mark in my mind."

Recently Mr. Lattimore visited Outer Mongolia again, and this time his pet project, which has been turned down repeatedly, seems about to be accepted. Why? If Outer Mongolia is any less a Soviet satellite than it was in 1936, evidence is lacking. Isn't this where we came in?

The Heat Is on Our Investor-Type Electric-Power Companies

Despite the inability of the "public power" lobby to generate significant popular interest in the socialization of the electric-power industry, the Kennedy Administration is giving important support to the doctrinaires who are determined that the country shall move in that direction. The partnership policy carried on by the Eisenhower Administration is being replaced by aggressive support of co-operatives and public-ownership projects as opposed to the investor companies, which still produce by far the major amount of electric energy in this country.

An example is the action of the Federal Government in refusing to co-operate in a partnership with Delaware, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania in the Delaware River Basin Compact—because the charter of that authority contains no "preference clause" under which electric power produced incidental to water development must be allocated first to co-operatives and publicly owned systems.

Inasmuch as there are only a few small co-operatives that distribute power in the area, this would appear a picayune reason for withholding Federal participation from what could be an important conservation project. The suspicion is growing that the real purpose is to stimulate public-ownership projects that, with their inside track to cheap money through the Rural Electrification Administration, could offer more effective competition for industries that are obliged not only to pay the going rate for their capital but also to pay Federal and local taxes largely escaped by co-operatives.

Another controversial issue involves the construction of transmission lines from the Colorado River Storage Project when it is completed. Private utility companies in the area—Utah, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico—propose to build transmission lines from the power source to the various markets, agreeing to transmit power to the Government's preference customers—co-operatives, publicly owned systems and so on—along the way. However, the Government—or at any rate the Administration—prefers to have the Bureau of Reclamation build the transmission line, despite evidence submitted by the investor companies that their plan would cost the Government far less and would not interfere with the delivery of power to the "preferred" customers. Inasmuch as the companies either have already built transmission lines in the area or are about to, the Federal project would seem to be at best a needless duplication and at worst a new assault on the investor companies.

Another public-power effort is a plan to add power-producing equipment to the new plutonium reactor at Hanford Works, Washington. Proponents of the plan claim that the surplus heat generated by the reactor could produce power cheaply enough to supply the whole Northwest at unprecedentedly low rates. Opponents declared that the low cost estimates are arrived at "only by eliminating from costs allocated to power, factors which obviously are directly related to power." They also predicted that success of this plan could be the first step toward a nationalized system of atomic-powered generating plants, which might end the investor companies altogether. This argument sold the House at least once.

Nevertheless, the Administration plainly favors maintenance of the artificially low interest rates at which the Rural Electrification Administration can borrow money from the Government for relending to rural co-operatives, which are becoming less and less rural all the time. Against such competition no industry, whether in the power business or some other, could long survive.

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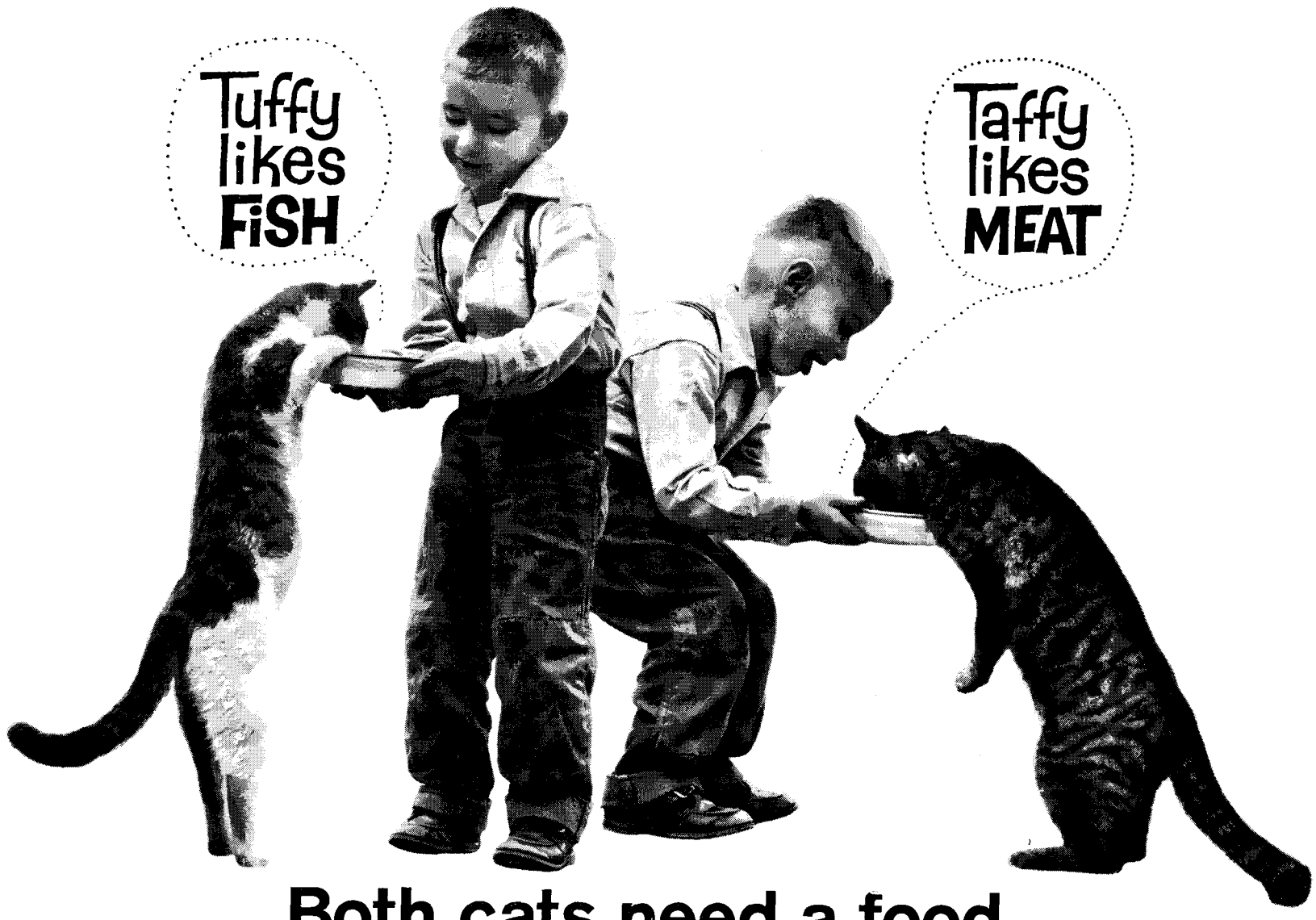


Both cats need a food formulated just for cats

While one cat prefers fish and the other prefers meat, *both are cats.* And while a cat must have all the basic nutrients, it needs them in quantities different from those required by other animals. *For a proper diet, a cat needs a food specially formulated for cats.*

What of single foods, such as beef liver?

No single food ingredient fills the total food requirement of a cat. While beef liver is high in protein, it is low in calcium. Fresh milk is high in calcium, low in iron. Ground hamburger is high in protein, low in carbohydrates. Chicken is high in niacin, low in calcium. It takes *a special combination* of ingredients to give your cat the diet it needs.

What of foods prepared for dogs?

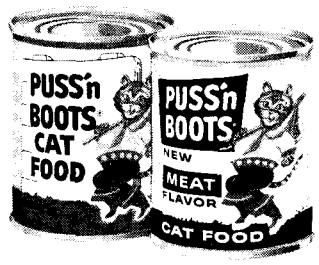
Foods prepared for dogs are not the best diet for cats. For cats need *certain amounts* of the basic nutrients. For example, cats need more of the B complex vitamins than dogs do. This higher B complex requirement is not fulfilled in most brands of dog food. This is just another reason if your cat likes meat, it needs a meat food formulated *just* for cats; if your cat likes fish, it needs a fish food formulated *just* for cats.

What formulation is most desirable for cats?

A cat needs more protein for strong tissue, growth and maintenance. It needs calcium and phosphorous for sturdy bones and teeth; essential fatty acids for glossy fur; minerals such as magnesium; iodine and iron for good blood, nerves and tissue growth. Selected cereals provide nutritional benefits similar to those found in some vegetables.

8 oz., 15 oz. and 26 oz. sizes

ORIGINAL FISH FORMULA



NEW MEAT FLAVOR

Where can this formulation be found?

It is this *special combination* of ingredients that goes into every can of Puss 'n Boots cat food, both New Meat Flavor and Original Fish Formula. Continued research at the Puss 'n Boots laboratories keeps this cat food at the highest quality level, with maximum nutrition and palatability.

Start feeding your cat Puss 'n Boots today. You'll soon *see* what a proper diet does for your pet. It will have brighter health, glistening eyes, sleeker fur. A friendlier disposition, too.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Your cat needs a food formulated just for cats/your cat needs Puss 'n Boots/once a day—every day—for lifelong nutrition

Coast Fisheries, Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Illinois

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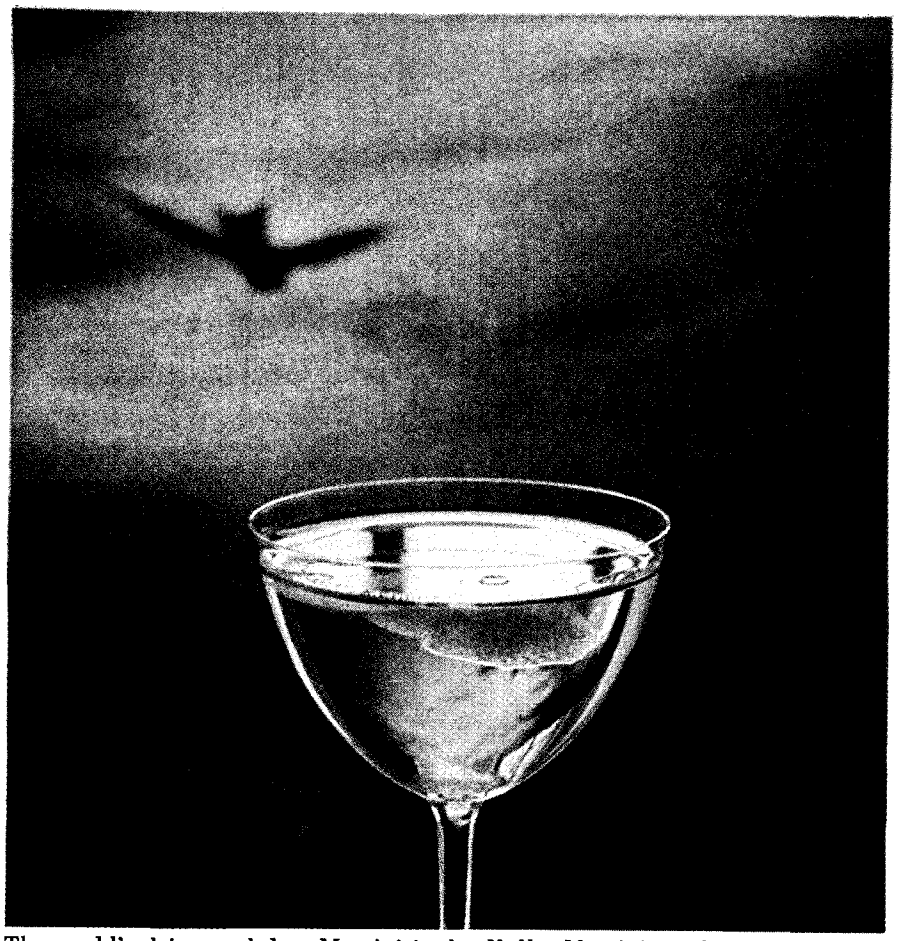
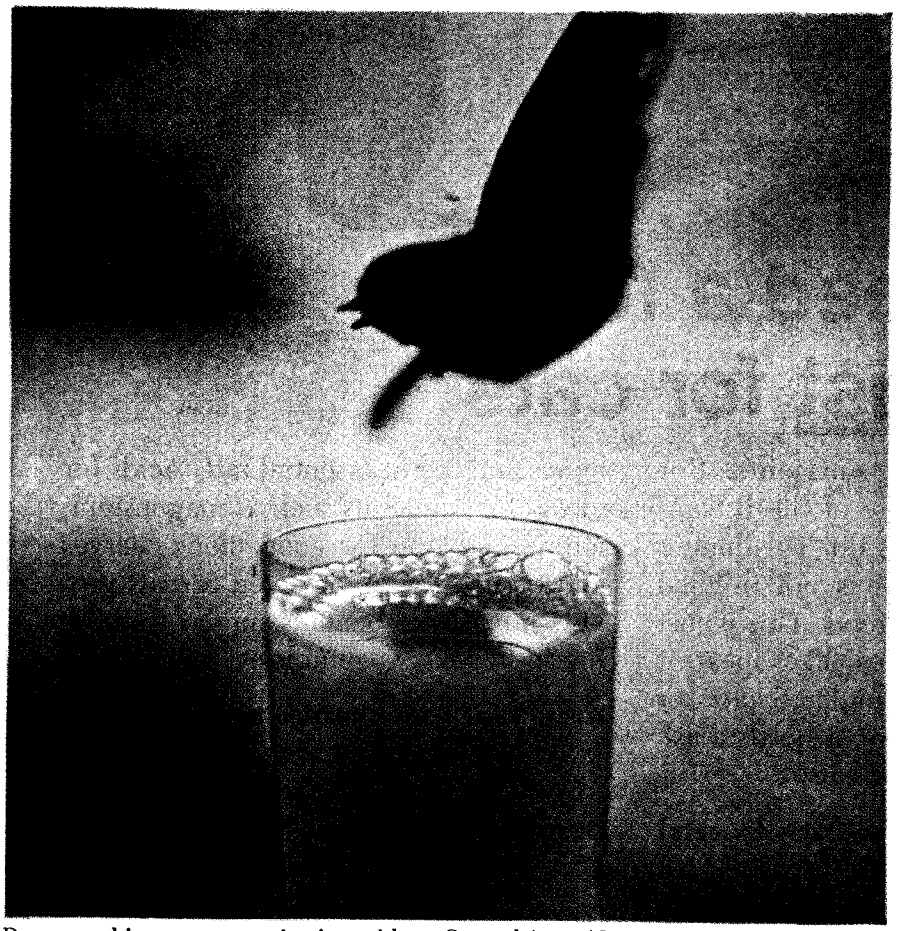


The world's driest, subtlest Martini is the *Vodka Martini*, made with Smirnoff.

Cool off with Smirnoff—at its "breathless" best in a frosty *Vodka Collins*.



Do your thirst summery justice with a Screwdriver (Smirnoff in orange juice).

You'll never light on a drier, fresher-tasting cocktail than the *Vodka Gimlet*.*

HOW MANY SWALLOWS MAKE A SUMMER? Don't give it a thought; just make sure *all* the swallows are delicious. Into a glass of your favorite fruit juice or best-liked soft drink, pour a jigger of smooth Smirnoff®. Or make your Martini with it—or the thirst-quenching Vodka-and-Tonic. You'll be amazed and delighted. For this is the "breathless" ingredient that *changed the drinking habits of America!*

it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff®
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

Smirnoff Vodka Gimlet*
Add 1 part imported Rose's Lime Juice to 4 or 5 parts Smirnoff. Stir well and serve over ice in a cocktail or Old Fashioned glass.

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Chicago's tough superintendent of police, Orlando W. Wilson. Before him are models of electronic business machines which will be used to streamline the city's law-enforcement techniques.

HE MAKES COPS COME CLEAN

By PETER WYDEN

In Chicago, where police corruption is almost traditional, an icy ex-professor is fighting to make lawless cops mend their ways. A *Post* editor evaluates the new chief's chances.

No successful author of cops-and-robbers fiction would consider it profitable raw material. Producers of TV detective shows would gag at the complexities. Yet right now, seven days a week and around the clock, the grimy streets and alleys of Chicago form the backdrop of a most significant and suspenseful crime story. At stake, quite possibly, is nothing less than law and order in our cities.

Key to the outcome is a flagpole-straight, icy-mannered man who not too long ago was lecturing in the School of Criminology at the University of California in Berkeley. The regular class in police administration was in progress. The professor, as usual, was the school's dean, Orlando Winfield Wilson, author of the authoritative textbook on the subject at hand. His students had drawn him into a discussion of honesty among policemen Everyone was for it, but one student persisted: "Where do you draw the line? What *is* a gratuity?"

Professor Wilson, a onetime small-town patrolman, strained across his lectern and snapped, "A ten-cent cup of coffee!"

When the same Professor Wilson quit the university in February of 1960 to become superintendent of police in Chicago, his students were not alone in wondering what the result would be. For while rigid rectitude and technical know-how had made Wilson an irresistible force in his field, the Chicago police department had acquired a classic reputation

These five policemen went on trial in June on a charge of conspiracy to commit burglary. From left: Sol and Alex Karras, Frank Faraci, Alan Clements and Allan Brinn. The furor that followed their arrest prompted the resignation of Superintendent Wilson's predecessor, Timothy O'Conner.

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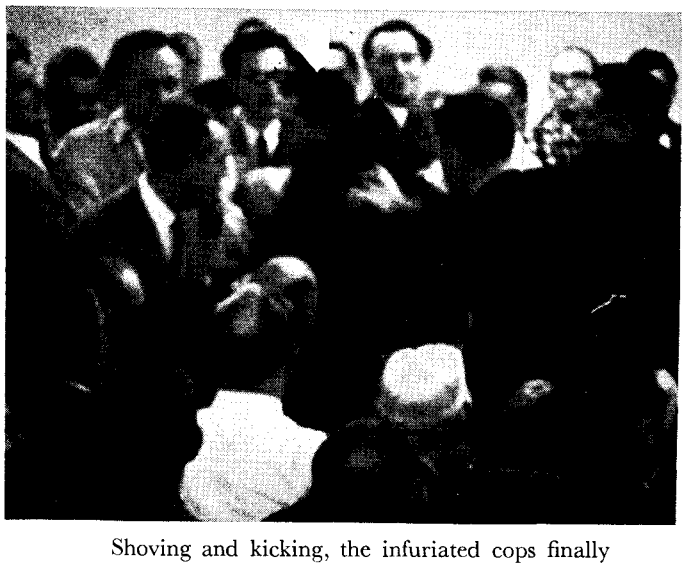
Wilson with Chicago's beleaguered mayor, Richard J. Daley (right). "I'll stand behind him," Daley says of his highly controversial police czar.

DISCONTENTED COPS MAUL MAYOR'S MAN.

Lawyer Raymond Simon (arrow) enraged these policemen when he showed up at their grievance meeting held in St. Jude's Hall last February.

Simon, shown here being manhandled by some of Chicago's "finest," was attempting to explain Mayor Daley's position on recent police reforms.



Shoving and kicking, the infuriated cops finally threw Simon bodily out of their 2000-man meeting.

as an immovable object. The incompetence and venality in its ranks were legendary. And the arrival of "O.W." followed, by no coincidence, the disclosure of one of the juiciest scandals in its blackened history.

Chicago is populated by realists, and so the realities of Wilson's announced mission to clean up and reorganize the 12,500-man police department were not lost on residents of the nation's second-largest city. One of the department's captains remarked, loud enough to be overheard as the senior officers filed out of the first meeting with the new chief, "He won't last six months." Some of Wilson's best friends agreed, and at least one told him so. Wilson occasionally runs into this chap nowadays. Invariably O.W.'s ruler-thin lips part in the suggestion of a smile, and he says, "Well, I'm still here."

Wilson's continued presence in Chicago is no mere testimony to his capacity for survival under fire. He represents innovations still widely resisted in crime fighting throughout the country: modern system and technique. Most police departments urgently need more of both. For several years the national crime rate has increased four times as fast as the population. Each year new crime records are set. Fear stalks the streets in many sections of our cities. Almost monthly new police scandals boil up. Even the best police departments are enmeshed in a struggle between the ways of the oldtime beat-pounding cop and the new, better-educated officer who knows how to use psychology and business machines as well as a gun.

Wilson's travail, therefore, is worth watching. If the job can be done in Chicago, it can be done anywhere. Is he doing it? "He's doing a tremendous job," says Quinn Tamm, a recently retired assistant director of the FBI who supervises a permanent corps of police experts deployed across the country by the International Association of Chiefs of Police. "The progress that's been made is absolutely astounding."

"He's the greatest impostor that ever hit Chicago," says Frank Carey, a twenty-five-year patrolman and president of the 9000-member Chicago Patrolmen's Association. "The man's a theoretician—paperwork, statistics all day long. We're watchin' him rape the city, spendin' money like it's goin' out of style, taxes goin' up, people gettin' their brains knocked out. They'll have to spend five times what he spent to unscramble the jigsaw and get it back to bein' a police department!"

"Wilson's been had," says a ranking Chicago politician of integrity. "But he doesn't know it. He's in over his head."

We will have occasion to examine these allegations. For the present it should be noted that public life in Chicago is a disciplined affair. Only one man's disenchantment with Wilson would really matter. This man is Mayor Richard J. Daley, fifty-nine, who gave his new superintendent a free hand and has far remained his faithful fan. "I've stood behind him and I'll continue to stand behind him," the mayor told me.

This is remarkable because the two men could hardly have less in common. Wilson, sixty-one, is tall, trim, with deep, craggy facial lines etched into immobility; all three buttons of his suit jacket are usually securely fastened. Daley is short, bulky and smoothly pink-faced. Wilson abhors pressures and politics. Daley is product, disciple and prisoner of these very same forces. Wilson is a chain-of-command organizer; to him, system is everything; people are function performers to be moved about to fit a plan. To Daley, the master politician, the motives and movements of people determine all.

Police headquarters communications center. The new tape machines in the background (left)—a Wilson innovation—record citizens' appeals for help when police phone lines are jammed.

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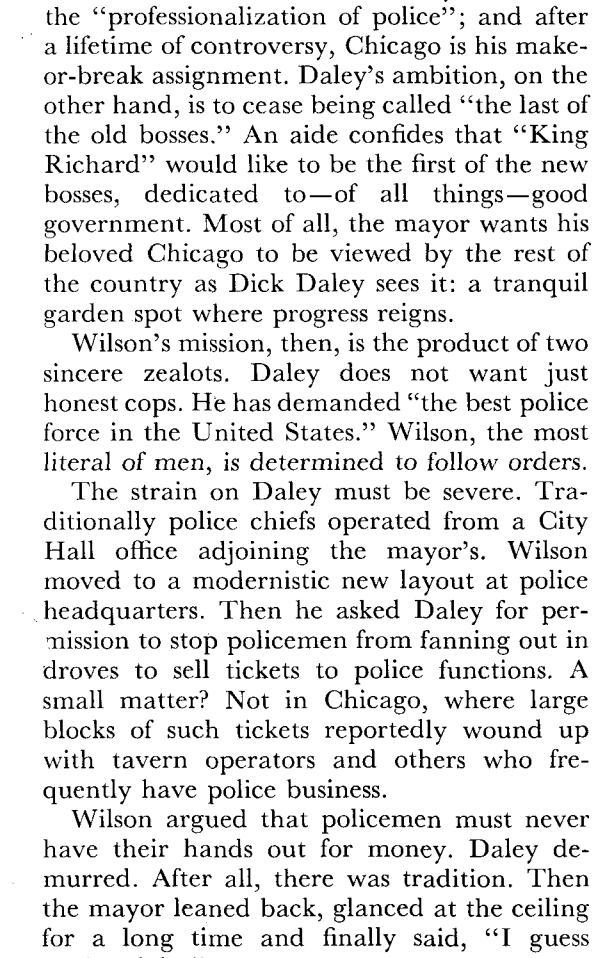
The point is that the two men need each other and know it. Wilson needs Daley because Wilson believes with a missionary's fervor in the "professionalization of police"; and after a lifetime of controversy, Chicago is his make-or-break assignment. Daley's ambition, on the other hand, is to cease being called "the last of the old bosses." An aide confides that "King Richard" would like to be the first of the new bosses, dedicated to—of all things—good government. Most of all, the mayor wants his beloved Chicago to be viewed by the rest of the country as Dick Daley sees it: a tranquil garden spot where progress reigns.

Wilson's mission, then, is the product of two sincere zealots. Daley does not want just honest cops. He has demanded "the best police force in the United States." Wilson, the most literal of men, is determined to follow orders.

The strain on Daley must be severe. Traditionally police chiefs operated from a City Hall office adjoining the mayor's. Wilson moved to a modernistic new layout at police headquarters. Then he asked Daley for permission to stop policemen from fanning out in droves to sell tickets to police functions. A small matter? Not in Chicago, where large blocks of such tickets reportedly wound up with tavern operators and others who frequently have police business.

Wilson argued that policemen must never have their hands out for money. Daley demurred. After all, there was tradition. Then the mayor leaned back, glanced at the ceiling for a long time and finally said, "I guess you're right."

Next Wilson brought in a platoon of outside consultants, including chiefs of police from other cities, at up to $100 a day to blueprint improvements for enforcement services. One expert, who for fifteen years supervised the uniform crime reports (Continued on Page 69)



Right: Patrol cars of the Chicago police department's mobile 430-man task force, which moves without warning into neighborhoods where the crime rate is high.

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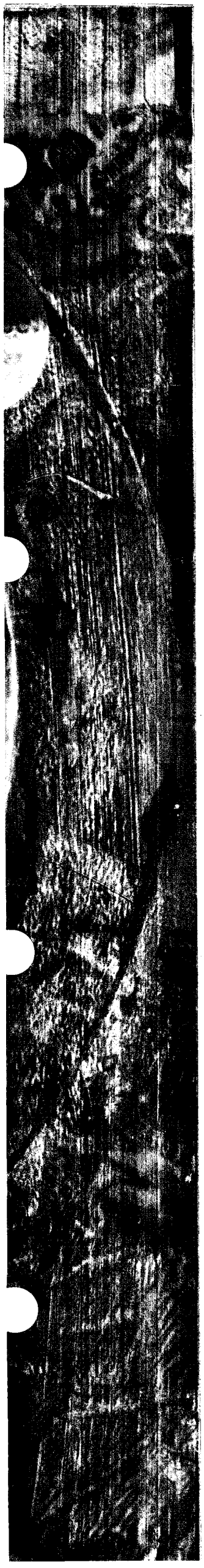

Up there, in the star-shot blackness of outer space, he learned how much he had left on earth.

MAN IN ORBIT

By KENNETH KAY

He was back now and alive, which in his secret heart Ross Claridge had never really expected to be. A Navy carrier standing by in the Atlantic had scooped him up and hustled him ashore by chopper, where the medics grabbed him, stripping the cumbersome, silver-colored pressure suit from his lean body to go over it meticulously, weighing him, testing his reflexes and body fluids, his pulse and metabolism and psychological reactions.

The bemused wonderment which possessed Ross, now that it was all over, made his responses vague, and the psychologists shook their heads, looking dissatisfied. At last, however, they released him, a little reluctantly, for debriefing and interrogation by the NASA and Research and Development scientists and generals. He could not answer all their questions either. Remoteness held him, as if a part of himself were still Out There; and though he tried to remember, some details of the mission were already fading away. The generals did not press him. Indeed, they put their questions with a kind of apologetic diffidence which was not, after all, so surprising, considering that Ross Claridge had just accomplished what no man before him had ever done.

Finally they said he could go home, but please not to tell anyone, even his wife, where he had been and what he had done until the official release on Operation Outbound came through from Washington.

As he began to dress, slowly, languidly, marveling at the light looseness of civilian clothes after the days of armor-heavy protective gear, Ben MacAdams came in. He was one of the Air Force's young space-age generals, as much physicist as flier, more scientist than soldier. They were old friends, having worked closely through the frantic, demanding months of preparation for Outbound, and here in the privacy of Ross's temporary B.O.Q. room there was no hint of grade distinction between the young brigadier and the major.

MacAdams stared for a long moment at Ross's wiry figure as he stood in his shirt and elastic-banded shorts at the washbasin. "By gosh," he said at last, awe in his voice."By gosh, you made it! Now that it's over, Ross, I don't mind telling you that a lot of us weren't confident—not confident at all. In fact, I think we'd have postponed the shot again except for the way you insisted that it was time to go." His lantern-jawed face grinned. "Guess you're a better scientist than the lot of us put together. Because you made it, boy! Yes, sir, you made it! Wait until they get the news in Moscow!"

"Just call me Laika the Dog-face Boy," said Ross, and his shoulders sagged in a deep weariness. As he fumbled with the knot of the tie Marian had bought for Jack and Jeanie to give him last Father's Day, the dreary sense of futility and defeat which had dogged him through the months before Outbound returned. Left to themselves, he reflected somberly, the twins wouldn't have looked up from the television set long enough to give him a nod. In the old days, when they were smaller and he was an ordinary Research and Development Command test pilot who came home each night as regularly as a bank clerk, the kids had idolized him. Now their allegiance had shifted to shadowy horsemen galloping endlessly across a luminous screen.

His mouth twisted as if with pain, and he wondered where Marian's allegiance had shifted. Somewhere along the line he had lost her. What had gone wrong? Once they had shared a rare happiness, but for longer than he could remember all he had known with her was bitter, destructive bickering over his unexplained absences from home, his reticence about his work. As an Air Force wife, Ross brooded, Marian should have guessed at the nature of what he was doing, should have understood the reason for his secrecy and absences by the simple fact of their occurrence. So far as he could (Continued on Page 50)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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Many colorful pageants are held throughout Brittany to honor patron saints. This one is the Procession of St. Yves, at Tréguier. In the background is St. Yves' venerated skull.

Below: Inhabitants of "Little Britain," such as this Caulnes farmer, are stubborn, pious and moody. Although they are taught French in school, they speak Breton by choice.

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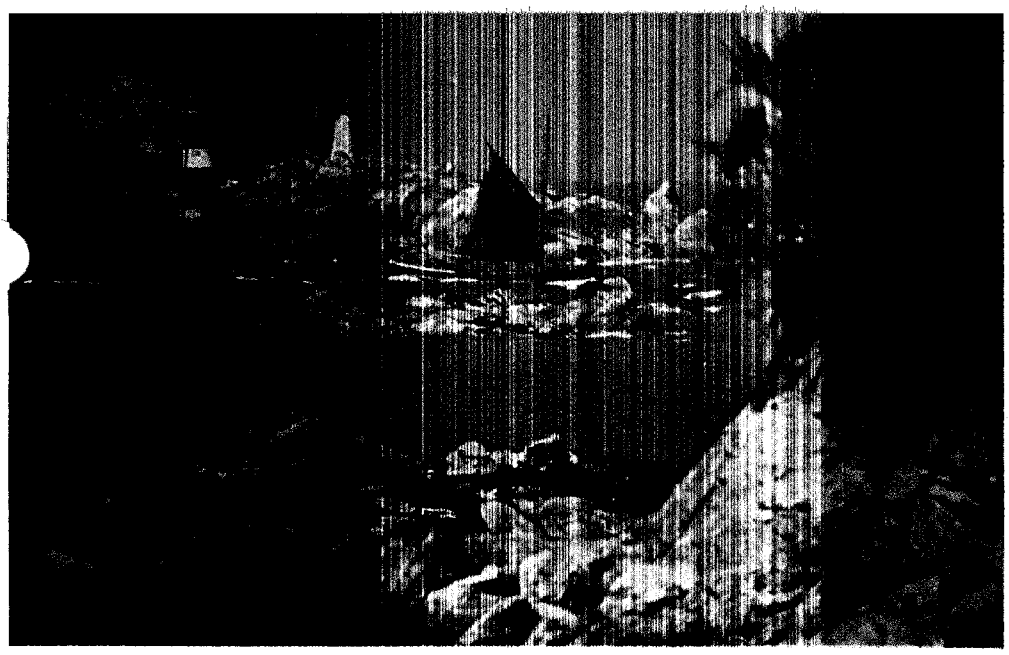
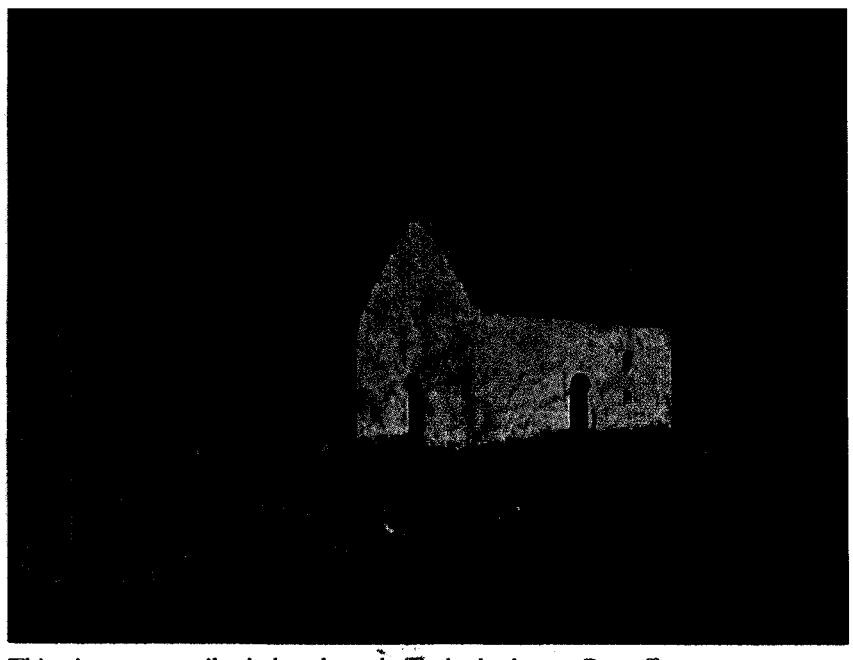


A fishing vessel heading out to sea through the rocky straits near Roscoff. Many Bretons gain their livelihood from surrounding waters, where many varieties of fish, lobsters, crabs and oysters abound.



This picturesque sailors' chapel overlooks the harbor at Roscoff—a peaceful village which was once a notorious haven for privateers.

France's Enchanted Corner

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

For hundreds of years the people of Brittany have fiercely resisted any attempts to change their language or customs. Can their beautiful world survive?

Blanchisseuses at work in St. Guénolé. Their starched, white, twelve-inch-high *coiffes* are traditional in Brittany.

PARIS.

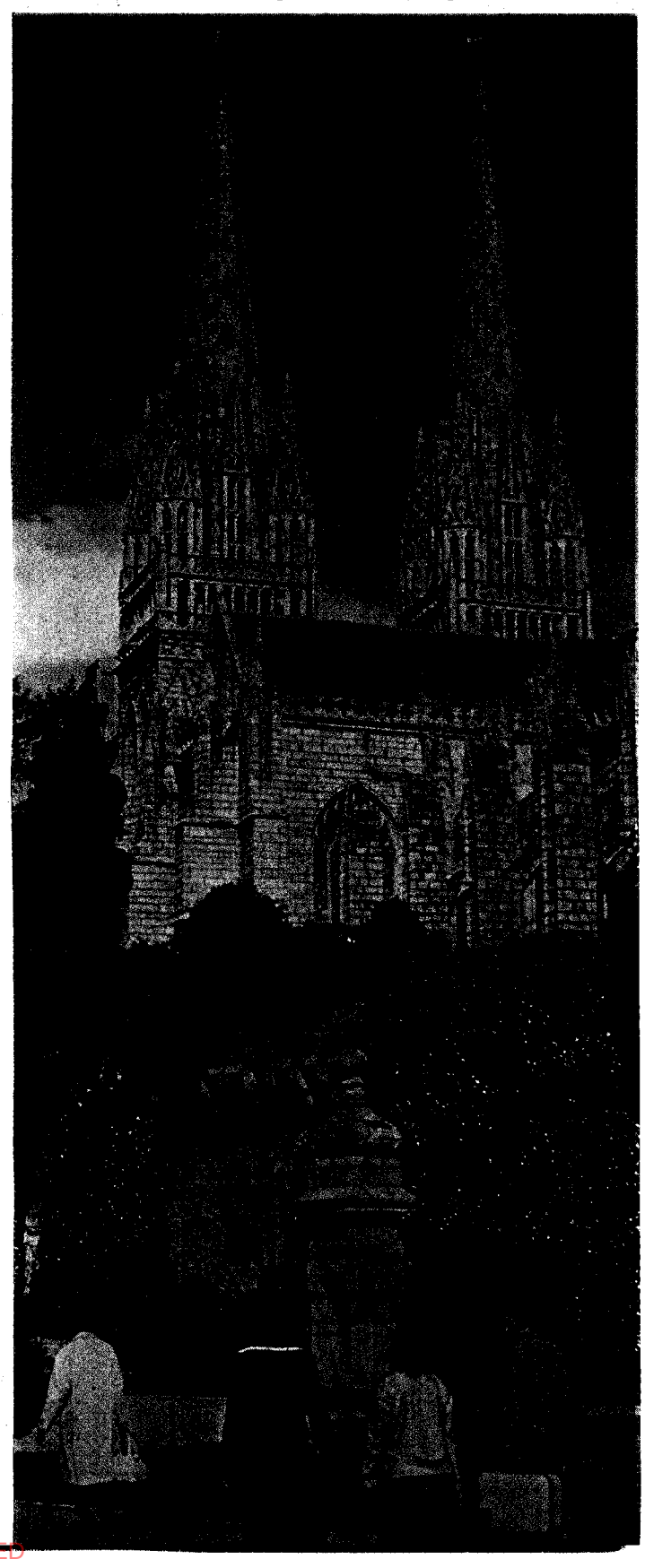
Clambering out over the slippery rocks beyond the lighthouse, you edge along the razor back of a great sunken mountain range protruding into the Atlantic Ocean. Among cyclopean boulders, an innocent profusion of wild flowers softens what otherwise might prove too stark a piece of nature to enjoy. You stand on the Pointe du Raz, at the far end of Brittany, in the French Department of Finistère—"land's end." Facing west, and away from Europe, you look, across one of the deadliest currents in the world, toward the North American continent.

Two hundred feet below, at the base of the sheer granite cliff, the sea attacks. With a triumphant roar, its breakers jump the flank of the stout cape and beat a slow, gurgling retreat to redeploy their forces and renew the onslaught. Had Homer known about this place, how he would have enjoyed letting his hero run afoul of this fierce promontory!

You have got away at last. You are, in fact, about as far out on a limb as you can be in northern Europe. Jutting out from the thickset body of France like a huge groping lobster claw, the Brittany peninsula proves, on acquaintance, a universe all its own—a country rather than a province. Some 170 miles long and 85 miles wide, inhabited by 3,500,000 people, the ancient duchy is distinguished by its own traditions, its own way of life, even a language spoken nowhere else. And though 500,000 French vacationers invade its soft white beaches every July and August, and though the English long ago discovered the attractions of Brittany's mild climate, Americans—with few exceptions—have until now ignored this smiling garden by the sea, within an easy four-hour drive of Paris's western gates.

If your grand European tour leaves you with a few days to spare and if you are looking for the beautiful and the unspoiled, you might have a look at Brittany. Your first reaction, as you get past Rennes, the rather dull regional capital, is a strong impulse to relax. Here, at long last, you have reached a land unmarred by the machine (Continued on Page 71)

The cathedral of St. Corentin, at Quimper. This Gothic edifice has 240-foot, pure-Breton-style spires.



Photographs by Larry Fried

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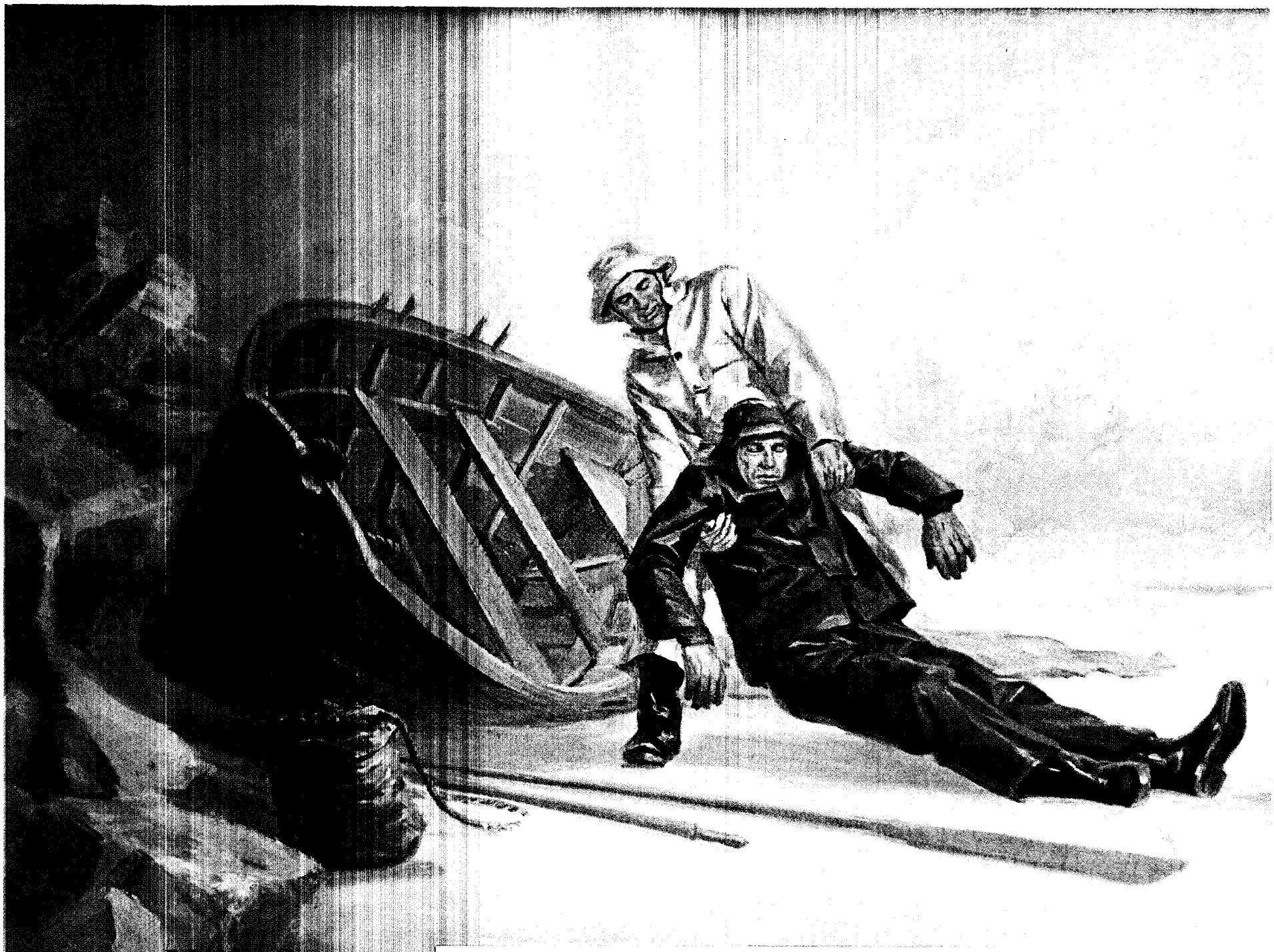

Garry heaved the dory up on its side and moved Simon into the shelter.

Unless he found bait to fish with, he and his dorymate would starve.

ICED sea

By [illegible]

On the western edge of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, a Gloucester dory lay tied up to a trawl buoy, a black keg marking the position of a trawl line that had carried hundreds of baited hooks to the halibut roving forty fathoms below. The two dorymen had set their trawl shortly after daybreak. Now they shrewdly glanced, this way and that, into the fog that streamed gray and thick over their heads.

They were in the worst circumstances known to the Atlantic fishermen. Neither October gales nor December ice caused the fear in their hearts that the fog of springtime created. "Gone astray in fog" had been the epitaph of many a doryman in their time and for generations past. If the fog held, they could not be easily found by their schooner, the *Judith*, that had dropped them there. Nor could they find her. They could barely see a dory's length away. In fact, the trawl buoy vanished at times in the hissing passage of fog.

Worse still, the fog had changed in character. The changes had been so subtle, so difficult to size up, that they hadn't yet figured out their true meaning. The first sign of new trouble had come soon after they had tied up to wait for the schooner to blow a signal that they should begin hauling fish. At breakfast, when the fog had first swirled over the schooner, it had been the captain's opinion that the sun would drive the fog off in no time at all. That opinon had been theirs too. So they had watched without misgivings when the *Judith* sailed off to the northwest, where her nine other dories were to be dropped, one by one. Now, in full morning, the sun had failed to lighten the fog. They had been trying to make out the reason for this failure, most unusual in April.

Garry Bohan, the younger man, was the first to speak of the changes. "This vapor, Simon—it ain't what it was at daybreak. I don't know what it's doing. And it's some degrees colder—the water, I mean." His eyes, gleaming very black in a constant measurement of the fog, were startling in the extraordinary pallor of his face, a natural color in him because sun and (Continued on Page 36)

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Among baseball's worst hidden hazards are the flying debris pitched by displeased fans and the wrath of post-game mobs. Why won't the front office interfere?

BALLPLAYERS VS. THE FANS

By EDWARD LINN

Yankee Stadium: Overenthusiastic fans mobbed center-fielder Mickey Mantle after this Memorial Day, 1960, doubleheader. Before the Yankee star could escape from his pursuers, one of them stole his cap and another almost broke his jaw.

Mantle, warier now after his painful experience, tries to steer clear of the "autograph-seeker set" when he leaves the Stadium. But sometimes frenzied kids will curse, grab, spit, jab pencils and squirt ink at him as he runs for his waiting car.

When the New York Yankees are playing at home, Mickey Mantle has two battles to fight that have nothing to do with either hitting curve balls or catching line drives. The first battle comes when he tries to get off the field after the final out. To clear the vast Yankee Stadium, the spectators have always been allowed to cut across the playing field, and despite a daily announcement requesting them to remain in their seats until the players have reached the dugouts, the field is aswarm with kids—and their elders—almost before the final out is made. The outfielders and the occupants of both bullpens are faced with the sometimes considerable problem of getting back to the dugout with caps, gloves and uniforms intact.

If the Yankees are out in the field at the end of the game, a majority of the kids head straight for Mantle. "Most of the time they just run alongside me," he says philosophically. "It's when some fresh kid throws a body block at me and I find myself hemmed in that I get panicky."

Panic set in one day last year when Mantle, all but knocked off his feet, had to bull his way through a solid wall of howling fans. For some reason the television camera remained on him throughout the entire mob scene, and the ball club's switchboards came alive with calls from nice old ladies demanding to know why that great big man was hitting all those poor little boys. "Some of those little boys," Mantle says bitterly, "were as big as me."

Despite the reports that went out around the country, Mickey insists that he neither punched anybody nor was punched himself. "What happened was that just as I reached second base, a bunch of kids coming toward me from the grandstand grabbed at my cap and almost clawed my eyes out." Instinctively Mickey turned his head after the kid who had stolen the cap. A much bigger mob was bearing down on him from the left-field stands, however, and Mickey's only interest was in getting out of there. "As I turned my head back," he says, "my jaw crashed right into the elbow of a kid who was grabbing for my glove." By the time he had fought his way into the locker room, the jaw was already beginning to swell. Although X rays revealed no fracture, Mickey had to dine on *lasagne* for the next two nights because he was unable to chew any solid food.

Mantle's second battle comes an hour or so after the game, when he has to negotiate a wide expanse of sidewalk to his waiting car. Across the street the kids are lined up three deep as if a parade were about to pass. After a big doubleheader there could be as many as 2000 of them. Policemen are facing them in the street at staggered intervals, but they aren't really of much help. They are there, technically, to direct traffic, not to act as bodyguards for ballplayers.

As soon as Mantle comes through the door, the kids wash right over the cops and rush at him like a lynch mob, their eyes wild and agleam. They grab at him and scream at him; they wave their autograph books before his eyes and thrust pencils and pens toward his hands. Mickey can only plow on through to his car, ignoring the pleas and the insults. As he dives through the door, a shower of self-addressed postcards float into the seat beside him. (He is supposed to sign them and mail them back.) Along with the postcards comes another shower—a shower of saliva.

Mickey gives a shudder of disgust at just the thought of the spitters. And yet, he says, the ink-flippers with fountain pens bother him just as much. Holding their pens low, so as not to be seen, they snap the ink toward him as he passes and send

(Continued on Page 53)

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The Post Exchange at Army Headquarters in Heidelberg, Germany. Such retail outlets throughout the world do a rent-, tax- and duty-free business of $885,000,000 a year.

By TONI HOWARD

THE PX:

FRANKFURT, GERMANY.

To form an idea of a typical United States Army or Air Force community abroad, you should visualize a large compound of barracks, apartment buildings, houses and lawns surrounded by a high wire fence and guarded by military police. Inside this compound you would see an officers' club and mess, an enlisted men's club and mess, a movie theater, a church, a bank and post office, a medical dispensary, a grammar and high school for the children, and a dozen athletic facilities such as bowling alleys, tennis courts, a gymnasium, a football field and a baseball diamond. You would also see a commissary, a grocery supermarket almost as big as a city block, where women wheel their food-laden carts in and out exactly as they do at a modern suburban supermarket. Near the commissary you would see a flower-bordered parking lot full of American cars and American-owned foreign cars. If it weren't for the uniforms and the helicopters buzzing overhead, you might think you were in Levittown, U.S.A.

Finally, in the middle of this placid suburban scene, you would see the glowing magnet of military community life, the PX shopping center with its retail store and liquor store, its snack bars and delicatessen, its beauty shops, tailors, laundries and dry cleaners. And the minute you pushed open its great glass doors you would feel more than ever that you'd never left home. Without a PX card you couldn't buy anything, but if you could, you'd find almost anything you wanted—from perfumes and cameras and console record player to clothing and toys and sporting goods, from beer and wine and whisky to chocolate doughnuts and Danish pastries, plus many things you might never have thought the Army or Air Force would need, such as figurines and cuckoo clocks and lace doilies. Stocked to the rafters with merchandise of all kinds, the entire store would remind you of nothing so much as a super-spectacular discount house, a kind of glamorized military Woolworth's with service shops added.

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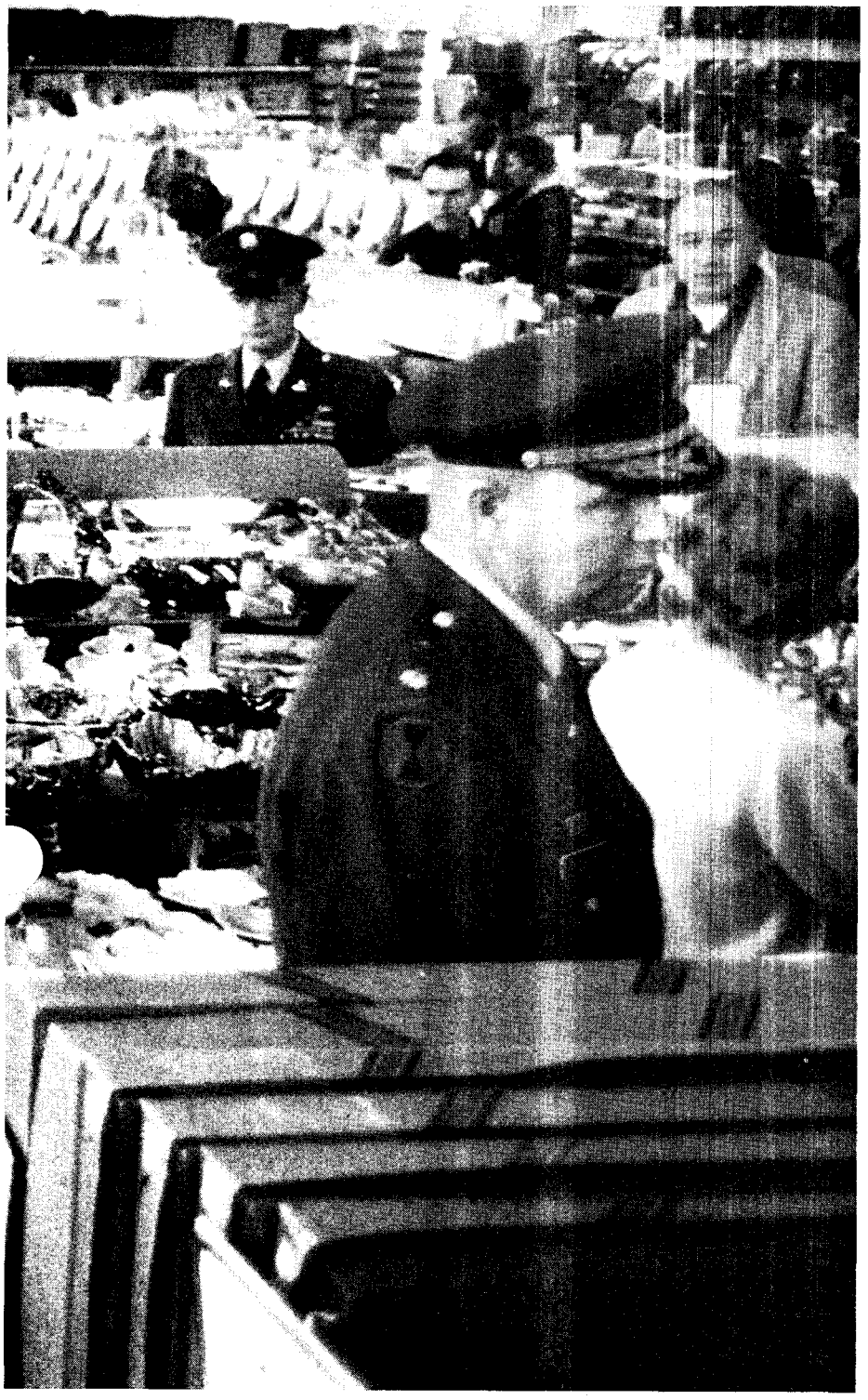

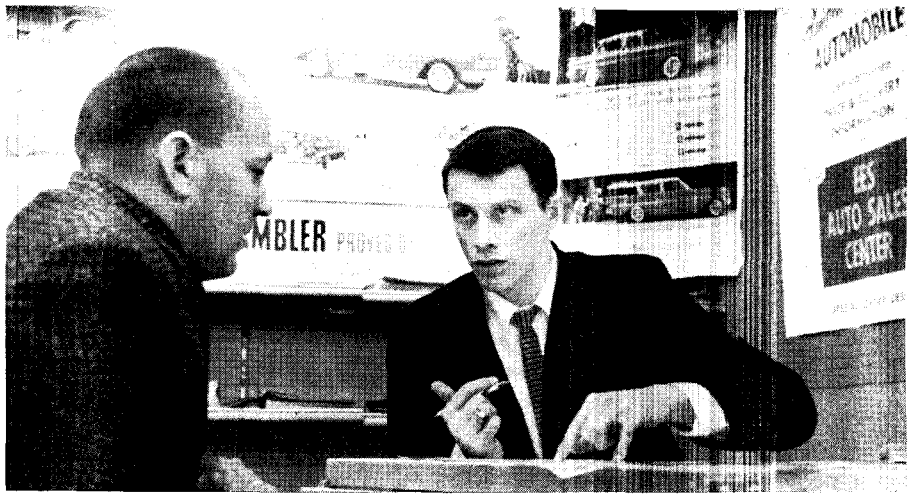

Automobile salesman Richard Ake (right), taking on-the-spot advantage of President Kennedy's "Buy American" edict, at the Heidelberg PX.

Albert L. Williams, clothing warehouse manager at the European PX supply center at Katterbach, Germany. Until recently the racks behind him were loaded with foreign-made items. Now PX's may no longer carry them.

Army children playing at Heidelberg's 100 per cent-American Mark Twain Village. Armed-forces exchanges serve 484,000 dependents overseas.

World's Biggest Discount House

Contrary to public legend, PX's are not all exactly the same. Although all 5933 of them are directed by the central Army and Air Force Exchange Service in New York and supplied through fourteen similar warehouse depots in the fourteen PX districts of the world, some are larger and more luxurious than others, some are better staffed, some have a wider choice of merchandise. Yet big or small, efficient or inefficient, it is the PX that makes each United States military community abroad 100 per cent self-sufficient, entirely independent of the foreign country in which it is stationed. If France's *Grande Armée* in the nineteenth century traveled on its stomach, as Napoleon claimed, American armed forces in the twentieth century bivouac on their PX's.

A star of first magnitude in this military retail constellation is the PX at Heidelberg, Germany, which is headquarters for the United States Army in Europe (USAREUR). One of the very few German towns undamaged in World War II, Heidelberg with its winding river and dark, forested hills, its *Student Prince* atmosphere, is eminently suited for Army headquarters. And so is its PX, a bright, modern two-story building with $1,500,000 worth of merchandise in stock at all times. The two Army communities here—Patrick Henry Village and Mark Twain Village—house predominantly officers' families, which means a customer income well above the Army average. With only 2000 families living in these compounds, this single PX sells $4,500,000 worth of merchandise per year.

Precisely because it's such a big money-maker, the Heidelberg PX is not characteristic of the system as a whole. But it is characteristic of the way the system operates and what it provides. When I visited it recently, its manager, an Army Department civilian named Tom Whiteley, was happy to explain not only how he runs his business but how it was being affected by President Kennedy's "Buy American" order. Walking past the different counters and sections, Mr. Whiteley said

(Continued on Page 55)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE SEVERN

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This is what happened when an American in Japan began celebrating six months ahead of time.

CHRISTMAS

After a forlorn week in Kobe, Oren Haight decided that two timid people were not apt to dance, and he had better get out and do something about it. On a bleak Tuesday night he strolled into the whoop-de-do of the Sannomiya area. He was restless and worried, and he needed to be distracted. Flying out to Japan on his first buying trip for Pandora Ornaments, he had hoped he and the Japanese would get along just fine. They're my kind of characters, he had told himself, for he always had heard the Japanese were a shy and gracious people. And they also had a wickedly playful imagination. Who else would bow respectfully as they entered a public bath and then leap into a vast tub with forty other people?

Turning down one of the narrow, bar-lined lanes, he was approached by so many men with lurid and lively suggestions that he became confused. Embarrassed, he ducked into a club called the Believe Me.

It appeared to be empty, but as soon as he straddled a stool, girls seemed to spring up from everywhere, like bright flowers after a

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As the crowd backed away, Oren felt like a potentate, a shogun, a Shinto priest leading his own small festival.

IN KOBE

By HOBERT SKIDMORE

ower. One hostess lighted his cigarette; another handed him a small chilled towel twisted like a cruller; another, with her head dyed a curious shade of red, placed a minute bowl of peanuts in front of him, and Mamma-san, behind the bar, flashed him a golden smile.

"Well, say!" Oren exclaimed, overwhelmed by the attention. He was a shy man, but impulsive and emotional and given to fretting. About Mother's Day and Easter and Christmas he was sentimental and tender, but when it came to the Fourth of July his ideas for ornaments and decorations tended to verge on the violent. In a wildly imaginative moment he had combined the two in a Christmas-table decoration which he was sure would catapult him into the front ranks of Pandora executives. Even with the girls chattering like magpies, he wondered why Mr. Tanaka, the manufacturer, had not shown up at his hotel with the working model.

Though she was a large woman, Mamma-san turned sidewise and tilted her head flirtatiously. "What ships you on?"

Oren wasn't sure he had heard correctly. "Come again?"

The girls went into gales of giggles. Oren looked at them and then behind himself. He was the only customer in the bar. Blushing, he tried to laugh, too, in case the joke was on him.

"You sailor?"

Oren hesitated. He thought perhaps this lively hospitality was reserved for members of the fleet only, and after a homesick and lonely week he did not (Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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The scene: Bing's home. *Pete:* "You're as inept an electronic Boswell as I am." *Bing:* "It could be a break for both of us if there's nothing on this tape."

I CALL ON PETE MARTIN

By BING CROSBY

One day not long ago Pete Martin, Post senior editor and writer who covers the movie-and-television beat, got together with his good friend Bing Crosby, and the two of them did what the entertainment world calls a switch. They set a tape recorder going, as Pete always does in his interviews, but this time Bing asked the questions. The result was such good fun that we sliced the transcript into two parts and ran the first half in last week's Post. *The second half follows.*

—The Editors

In 1944, on his first Hollywood assignment, Pete went shopping with Hedy Lamarr. She bought a $10.95 flannelette nightie. When the nightie was sold at auction in 1951, Pete got it for six dollars.

CONCLUSION

Bing: Let me ask you a delicate question. Suppose so publicity man says, "Pete, we'd like you to do a sto about so-and-so. We have a picture coming out, and he's in it, and we think a *Post* article by you would help our picture." Does his effort to use you fry you?

Pete: Ordinarily we don't try to tie one of our articles in with the release of a picture. That sort of practice can become a little sticky. When I called you up some years ago and said, "Bing, how about me doing your story?" it wasn't because you had a picture coming up. It was because you'd done many pictures in the past, and the public had great affection for you. That's what we cared about. And your story set new all-time circulation records.

Bing: Actually the studios usually try to co-ordinate all their advertising and publicity with a picture's release.

Pete: That doesn't concern me. I'm always getting calls from publicity men urging me to write up people who don't rate that much space in a nationally circulated publication. I should be blunt and say, "I can't touc it, forget it." But I've been brought up to be polite; I soften the message. The interviews I go for are t ones that appeal to my instincts. My hunch tells me when to go and when to back off. I'm not shocked, of course, to hear that someone wants his story to appear in a national publication. What's wrong about that? It's natural for actors, or their public-relations people, to try. In several cases the stars themselves—not their publicity agents—have called (Continued on Page 73)

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If necessary, they would kill her to keep her from learning their secret.

Dangerous Trespass

By BRIAN CLEEVE

It might have been the beach of Paradise. Pale gold sand running in a new moon from rock headland to rock headland. A wider strip of green turf behind it, and beyond that a wood; dark-green oak and flowering laurel. And all enclosed by the hills, climbing steeply to become mountains. I stopped by a rock to look before I stepped into the vision and spoiled it with humanity. Behind me Leonora halted too, rubbing her soft gray muzzle against my elbow, her long, velvety ears falling forward questioningly.

All the scene needed was Eve—and Adam. And I thought for a moment that Leonora and I would have to play the parts. Until I saw him. A man like a brown statue of Pan sitting in the shadow of the nearest holm oak, his arms hugging his knees. Blue linen trousers that most Sardinian fishermen wear. A faded blue shirt open to the waist. A pattern of leaf shadow on his brown chest. Black, roughly curling hair. And his face set as if he was staring at something—so set and still that I held back from moving and followed the line of his gaze out to sea.

The sun splintered the bright water into gold and sapphire, and I had to shade my eyes with my hand before I could see anything but brightness. And then something moving—swimming. The flash of an arm lifting, the small dark circle of a head. Only someone swimming. And again I nearly moved—to say "*Ciao!*" and wave to the man under the tree and walk on with Leonora, around the curve of sand to the next headland, the next small Paradise. But something held me. I don't know to this day what it was.

I moved back, farther behind the rocks, touching Leonora's questioning muzzle to quieter. The swimmer was racing, coming in with long, reaching strokes, like an arrow in the water. It was only when she stood up that I saw it was a girl. Brown and sleek and shining with the wet, her hands

(Continued on Page 46)

"Let me go," she snapped. "You pig. You filth——"

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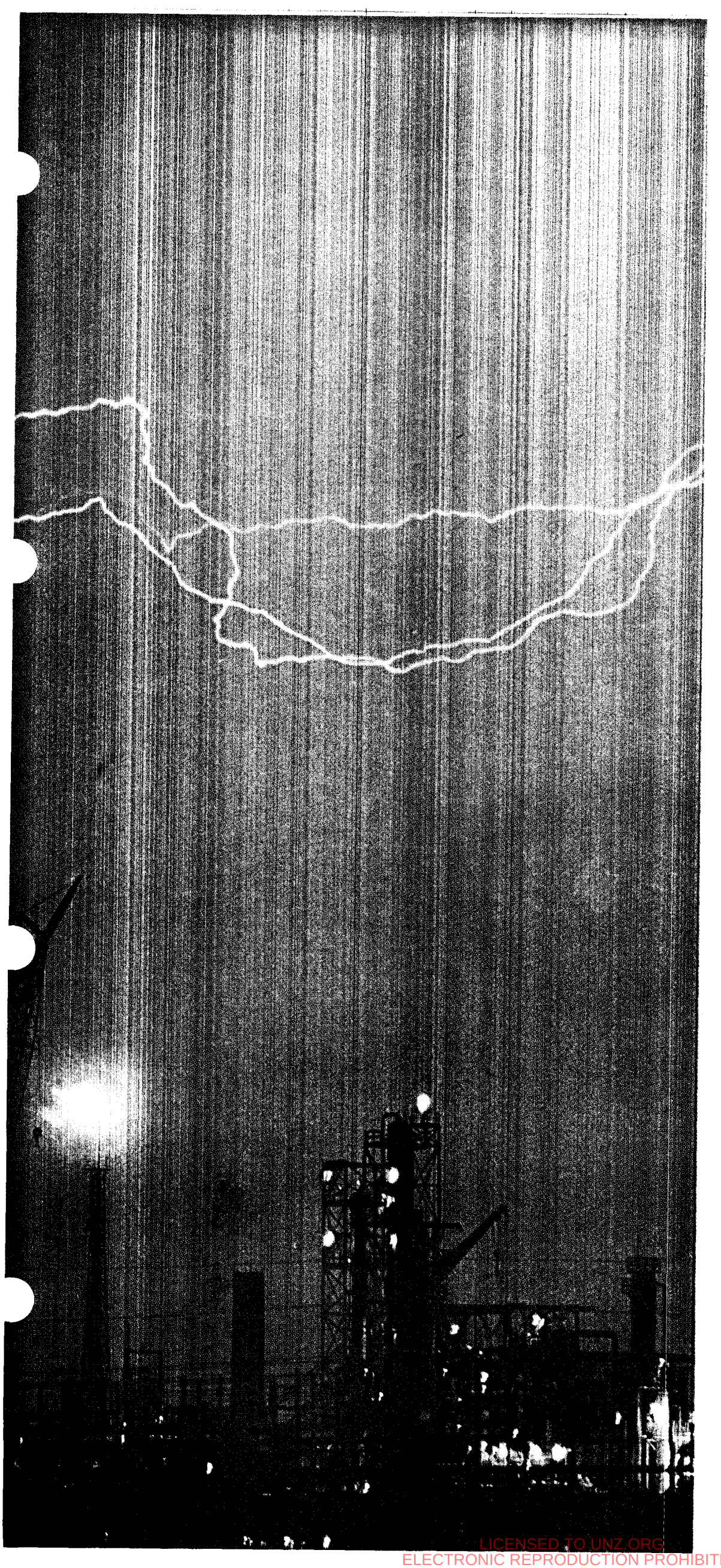

The Face of AMERICA

Heavenly Fireworks

Two centuries ago Ben Franklin proved
that lightning is nothing more than
a king-size spark resulting from an
atmospheric electrical discharge.
These spectacular sparks, accenting
the lights from a Robinson, Illinois,
oil refinery, were accidentally
recorded—to quote the photographer—
"when smack in the middle of
a five-second time exposure,
lightning just walked through the sky."
The horizontal chain lightning
in this picture is of the
cloud-to-cloud variety, the
most common and least dangerous.
Other kinds: cloud-to-ground
and ground-to-cloud.
The latter starts at high structures
and actually progresses upward
to the cloud. Lightning strokes
sometimes contain 200,000 amperes—
enough to illuminate more than
400,000 fifty-watt bulbs.
The sparks can travel 90,000 miles
per second, or half the speed of light—
which proves that one has
to be quicker than greased lightning
to escape a bolt hurtled in his direction.

• Photograph by Arthur Shay

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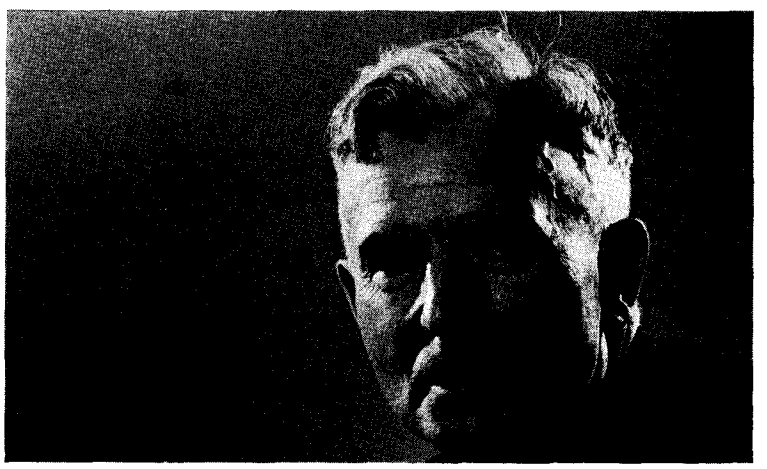
ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Time of

The unique character of human living time, immeasurable by either clock or calendar, determines the humanness of man.



About the Author

N. J. (for Norman John) Berrill, Strathcona Professor of Zoology at Canada's McGill University and Fellow of the Royal Society, of London, is a British-born and -educated scientist whose research work has dealt for the most part with the problems of growth and development in marine invertebrate animals. Professor Berrill has written three scientific books and four volumes on various aspects of natural philosophy intended for the general reader.

The time of our life has many meanings. It can be the normal life span, barring accidents, of the threescore years and ten mentioned in the Bible, a life span now being stretched out a little at its fraying end. It can mean the stages you and I reach in the course of our individual span, so that eventually our time will have come and gone. It can mean this special time, this twentieth century, during which we are alive, placed in its setting within the whole of human or earthly history. Or it can mean that quality of excitement, awareness or joy we associate with a passing intensification of the process of living, for we are creatures of time, and time itself moves within us.

Sir Walter Scott said that "one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name," and we know, or should know, that this is true. How much living, or call it what you will, can be encompassed within an hour, a day, a month or a lifetime? What happens to the long, radiant days of childhood, which dwindle as time goes by and the child grows up, all too often to become a middle-aged grouch? Such questions go to the roots of our humanity, for what sets us apart from the rest of the animal world is not just our oversized brains and hands capable of so much mischief, but the quantity and quality of the time we individually possess. To each one of us there belongs, at least potentially, an amazing amount of uniquely precious time between our coming and our going. We may accept this as our God-given right, taking it for granted and frittering it away, not knowing the gift for what it is. It is our birthright, to be sure; but this birthright is something that we need to examine, to cherish and to understand.

That human beings are endowed with more actual calendar time than almost any other creature is itself a phenomenon to wonder at. Moreover, our time possesses a certain youthful quality that appears to persist in some of us more than in others—as long as we live. In the preface to his play, *Back to Methuselah*, George Bernard Shaw declared that human beings don't grow up emotionally or intellectually. If we could only live a great deal longer, he said, we might reach true maturity and begin to act sensibly. To a biologist, at least, this makes little sense, for much of what troubles mankind is just those

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Our Lives

By N. J. BERRILL

qualities of the mature animal—namely, intolerance and ferocity—that we need so desperately to get rid of. We need more joy of life rather than the cynicism of too much living.

Was Jesus saying this when He said that only as a little child could a man enter the kingdom of heaven, meaning a heaven on earth? For above all, it is the spirit of the child and the joy of youth that set us apart as human beings. Here lie the springs of wonder and creativeness, of love and laughter, of tears and compassion. William Blake summed it all up in two very short lines: "But he who kisses the Joy as it flies, lives in Eternity's sunrise." This capacity for intense living, a timeless quality in the ordinary sense of the word, is the human essence. And the nature and origin of this essence should be as much a legitimate concern of the biologist as are the strictly biological problems. If man's greatest need is to transcend himself, to become more human, not less, here is where our interest lies. In the long run this qualitative concern is far more important than allowing humanity to increase quantitatively in an indefinite multiplication to the limits of the earth, with human surplus exported into dismal distant space.

At present, mankind functions too much like a factory with a superb assembly line thoughtlessly and rapidly running off antiquated models of an early experimental design, with no purpose other than to use up raw materials. Unfortunately there are no better models here to copy, so any improvement on the human assembly line must come from ourselves. So far the only attention we have given the problem has been to the body and chassis. What should concern us most is the quality of the engine, for it is this that sets us in motion. And like any powered vehicle, the distance we can each travel depends not only on how many days we have allotted to us but also on the speed at which we go. We must comprehend the matter of biological speed because it is synonymous with the intensity of life as we travel through time.

We share biological time with all living things, even though we humans have garnered an astonishing amount of it. Just how much we possess is a question, for measuring biological time is very different from measuring calendar or clock time. Yet clock time has to be our basis for comparison if we are to appreciate the real difference between the two kinds of time. Even so we should realize that clock time itself is an arbitrary matter. An hour was the time to cook a vegetable; a moment, to fry a locust. A day might just as well have been divided into ten or forty parts as into the twenty-four we take for granted. Most primitive peoples, in fact, have no such scale as ours. To the early Hopi Indians, for example, time was just a process of getting later and later, something to be felt, not measured. We reckon our time by the alternation of day and night, the period of the earth's rotation about its axis, and we count our years by the succession of summers or winters, a measure of the period of the earth's rotation around the sun. We are adjusted to these rhythms, though they might well have been different. If the earth spun faster we would count more days to the year. Or if we lived on Venus, with its shorter, inside track around the sun, we would, using the Venutian scale, count more than 100 years in the time it takes to reach retirement age here on earth. Calendar time is no absolute measure. The only time that counts is the time of our lives, and it is unaffected by planetary revolutions.

Living time is how much life is encompassed between the beginning and the end of an individual existence. In mammals, such as mice and men, it begins with conception, not with birth. In all forms of life that grow from an egg, living time begins when the egg is fertilized, for at that moment, metabolically speaking, the egg springs to life, with a destiny all its own. The fastest pace along the road occurs at first. Thereafter, step by step, the pace becomes a little slower until, sooner or later, it drags and falters, and the end is reached. The same unwinding holds for man and for mouse except that the mouse, in its own living time, travels for a shorter period at a faster speed.

Several aspects of living time vitally concern man: first, the total amount that we humans possess compared with other forms of life; second, the nature of its changing quality during the course of our lives; finally, the special quality of the living human organism. In considering (Continued on Page 42)

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sitting DUCK

The killer worked by a simple rule: If at first you don't succeed . . .

By RICHARD MARTIN STERN Illustrated by Fred Otnes

CONCLUSION

When Treasury agent Walter Brock kept an appointment for a dead man, he almost ended up dead himself. After a set of counterfeit engraving plates was found in the apartment of a man who died of a heart attack, Brock pieced together enough information to pose as the counterfeiter. As he stepped from a suburban bus at an appointed time and place, an automobile ran him down. His assailant stopped, retrieved Brock's briefcase—which contained dummy plates—and left Brock for dead.

When Brock awoke in a hospital bed, he realized that the trap was set and he was its bait: A man who attempted murder would try again. Brock concealed his official identity from Lieutenant Carter of the local police, but furnished him the license number of one of two cars Brock had seen drive away as he lay in the snow. To bait the trap further, Brock arranged for a registered package, of the size and weight of engraving plates, to arrive for him at the post office. Lieutenant Carter insisted that Brock accept delivery of the package, but he refused. He lay in bed and waited for the killer's next move.

Liz touched Willis's shoulder, shaking him gently. There was blood in his hair.

The tale of Lieutenant Carter's frustration over the matter of the registered package for the stranger in the hospital bed did, as Brock had known it would, spread through the village with the easy currency of the latest off-color joke. Most who heard it reacted with pure amusement, Tom Carter's local reputation being what it was. One person was not amused; his reaction, arising out of comprehension of what the package contained, was fury that almost choked him. The plates, the real plates, were now so near and yet still inaccessible. More trickery. It was unfair, because, in the beginning, it had not even been his idea.

The beginning had been the envelope in his mail one morning almost two months ago, marked PERSONAL and, consequently, unopened by his secretary. He had slit the envelope and taken out the contents and then merely sat, staring. His first thought had been that someone was playing a joke.

Four small, neatly trimmed pieces of paper, good-grade rag bond, two obverse and two reverse, engraved impressions of a twenty-dollar bill. He had stared at them for a long time. In the end, baffled still, but with an expert's eye, he had compared them with a real twenty-dollar bill and found them flawless. And that meant—what? He had not been prepared to say, but he had put the pieces of bond paper back in the envelope and tucked the envelope in his pocket and spoken of the matter to no one. And already the excitement had begun; and wild dreams, improbable dreams began from that moment to obtrude themselves into his thoughts.

For a day, three days, a week, nothing had happened, nothing. And he had told himself that he understood the silence. Whoever had sent him the pieces of paper—samples, really; proof that the plates existed and were good—was waiting to see if a hue and cry was raised, to see if the Treasury people, alerted, began snuffling here and there to locate this source of potential trouble.

It had been another week, and by this time the wild, improbable dreams were almost, but not quite, out of control, before the phone call had come. A voice, obviously disguised, because it bore no resemblance to Walter Brock's voice, had said, "You've kept your mouth shut, eh? Good. That means you're interested."

And he had answered as calmly as he could, "I might be." Because the dreams had by now, through repetition, shuffled and sorted possibilities and impossibilities, keeping the one and discarding the other until even the means were plain.

"Just keep thinking about it," the disguised voice had said. "I'll be in touch."

Keep thinking about it—heavens! It had been almost impossible to think of anything else. Given plates capable of producing perfect twenty-dollar bills, and he had brought all of his expert knowledge to bear on further and satisfying examination of the samples before he finally destroyed them—given those plates, all else arranged itself. The means were almost ridiculously simple.

Manufacture of counterfeit bills was not the problem; distribution was. Oh, there was special paper necessary and special ink, but these were details, not insurmountable. The real test came when the bills were in existenc and had to be put into circulation before their value could be realized.

He remembered with amusement the silly fool who had been picked up a year or so before for passing a phony bill in Lou's Bar. What else could the idiot have expected? Because the place to circulate counterfeit American money was not in the United States, but abroad, in Europe, in South America, in all of the countries where dollars were accepted without question, seized upon eagerly, hard currency to be coveted and held even in these days of convertibility.

And he had business contacts abroad, in Lisbon, Zurich, Rio, Buenos Aires. Who did not, now that world trade and world finance were burgeoning? And through these reputable contacts it would not be difficult to make others, less reputable, to act as—as brokers.

He wondered if the man behind the disguised voice on the telephone had seen all of this, understood it, realized that here, in the respectable world of commerce, not in the untrustworthy underworld, was the ideal market for his beautiful plates. (Continued on Page 65)

The pillow covered Brock's face as he gather himself for one last, lifesaving effo

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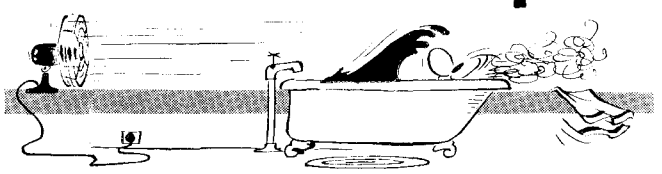
Post Scripts



Sub-Teen Club

Rules and Regulations

DUES—15c a month each.

OFFCERS

PRES.—Janie McMillan

VIC. PRES.—Suzanne Pearson

SECTRAY.—Sherry Cline

TRES.—Peg MacAtee

KEEPER OF THE DOOR—Barbie Strout

No boys or parents allowwed in The Club House.

No fighting, argewing, ect.

MEETINGS—Thur. at 4 p.m. or Sat. morning at 10 A.M. deppendig on Pres.

Bring refreshmints in aphalbeltical order unless you are sick.

No desclosing the solemm Othe.

In case of fighting, Pres. is boss.

RULES TO JOIN—Nobody will kept out of the Club becaus of Race, Cread or Color. Or Church afflations. But no stuck-up persons or anybody younger than 10½ yrs. And you have to go to Manning School and be in the 5th Grade. And live on Hillside Drive and not be the argewing kind. And not have too stricked a Mother.

Old members nomnate new members. Then vote. Then Pres. desides.

You got to hand in your resingnation if you move away or break any Rules or fight too much.

PURRPOS of The Club will be desided at next meeting.

HILARIE BROWN

O.K., O.K., So You're a Gold Mine of Information!

"Hey, George, did I tell you my wife and I once took a trip to Hawaii?"

"The capital of Hawaii is Honolulu, which is on the island of Oahu. Hawaii was organized as a territory in 1900."

"Oh? Well, we took the boat over from San Francisco and ——"

"San Francisco was chartered as a city in 1850."

"Is that right? Well, anyhow, as I was about to say, we ——"

"San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge is the world's largest single-span suspension bridge, having an over-all length of 8940 feet."

"That's interesting. Well, to go on with my story, we took the boat from San Francisco, and we'd only been out on the Pacific for maybe three or four hours when ——"

"The Pacific Ocean has an area of 63,801,668 square miles."

"As I was about to say ——"

"Furthermore it has an average depth of 14,048 feet."

"Well, anyhow, we ——"

"But, of course, one of the greatest known depths is 34,400 feet. That happens to be off Mindanao."

"We hadn't been out on the Pacific for more than three or four hours ——"

"Mindanao is located in the Philippine Islands, and it has an area of 36,537 square miles."

"—— when, suddenly, standing there at the ship's rail, I looked off into the distance and saw a ——"

"Ferdinand Magellan discovered the Philippines on March 16, 1521."

"I looked off into the distance and saw a ——"

"The principal cities of the Philippines are Manila, Cebu, Quezon City, Bacolod and Zamboanga."

"I saw a ——"

"And the languages spoken there are English, Spanish, Tagalog, Ilocano ——"

RAYMOND HOWARD

Not My Style

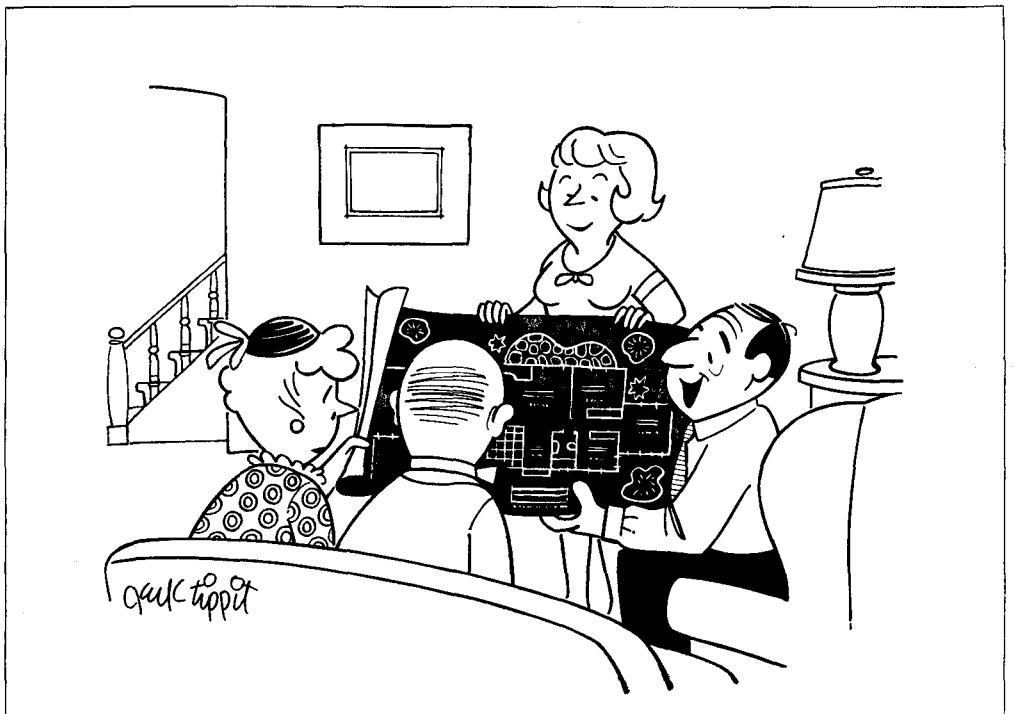
On some, it looks smart;
On some, it has drama.
But I've said from the start,
"No muumuu on Mamma!"

ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG

Lines in Passing

Concerning my pay check,
I've noticed chiefly—
We've never had it so good,
So briefly.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER



"It will be covered by a red tile roof and a back-breaking mortgage."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In Front of All Those People!

I'm sorry, my dear, for the way that I spoke.
I was nasty, I cannot deny it.
But, please, when I get to the point of a joke
KEEP QUIET!

HAL CHADWI

Help Wanted

The switchboard girl is altar-headed;
Two more stenos will soon be wedded.
Hark to the Personnel Manager's sorrow:
Hire today and gone tomorrow!

PENNY PENNINGTON

See the Zebra!

I took my son Mike to the zoo the other day, and he was very imaginative about it all.

"That one looks like our school principal," he said, munching on his popcorn.

"That's a hyena," I said. "Let's move on."

"It does, though. And there's a girl sits behind me looks like that one."

"That's an anteater."

"Where are the ants?"

"He's eaten them. Look at the grizzly bear"

"Looks like Aunt Emma in her new coat."

I glared at him. "It isn't nice to compare animals to people."

"I can't help it. It's their fault if they look like them. Doesn't an anteater eat anything but ants?"

"I don't think so."

"Does he ever eat uncles? Ha-ha-ha!"

I sighed, and we moved onward. "This is a wart hog."

"Where's his warts? You can prevent warts by rubbing chocolate ice cream on your hands. Can I have a chocolate-ice-cream cone?"

"No."

"The wart hog is smiling. Why is it a wart hog?"

"I have no idea."

"The wart hog looks like your boss."

I smiled. "He does, doesn't he?"

"I thought you're not supposed to compare animals to people."

I groaned. "*You're* not."

"Let's go in the monkey house and see w they look like."

Mike looked up at me and grinned and went on, "They look like me!"

I smiled crookedly. "O.K., if you say so."

"And guess who I look like?"

"I think the next time we go to the zoo we'll go to the botanical gardens instead."

"The next time we go to the botanical gardens instead of the zoo, why don't we go to a baseball game instead?"

"I think you've got something there," I agreed.

OLLIN

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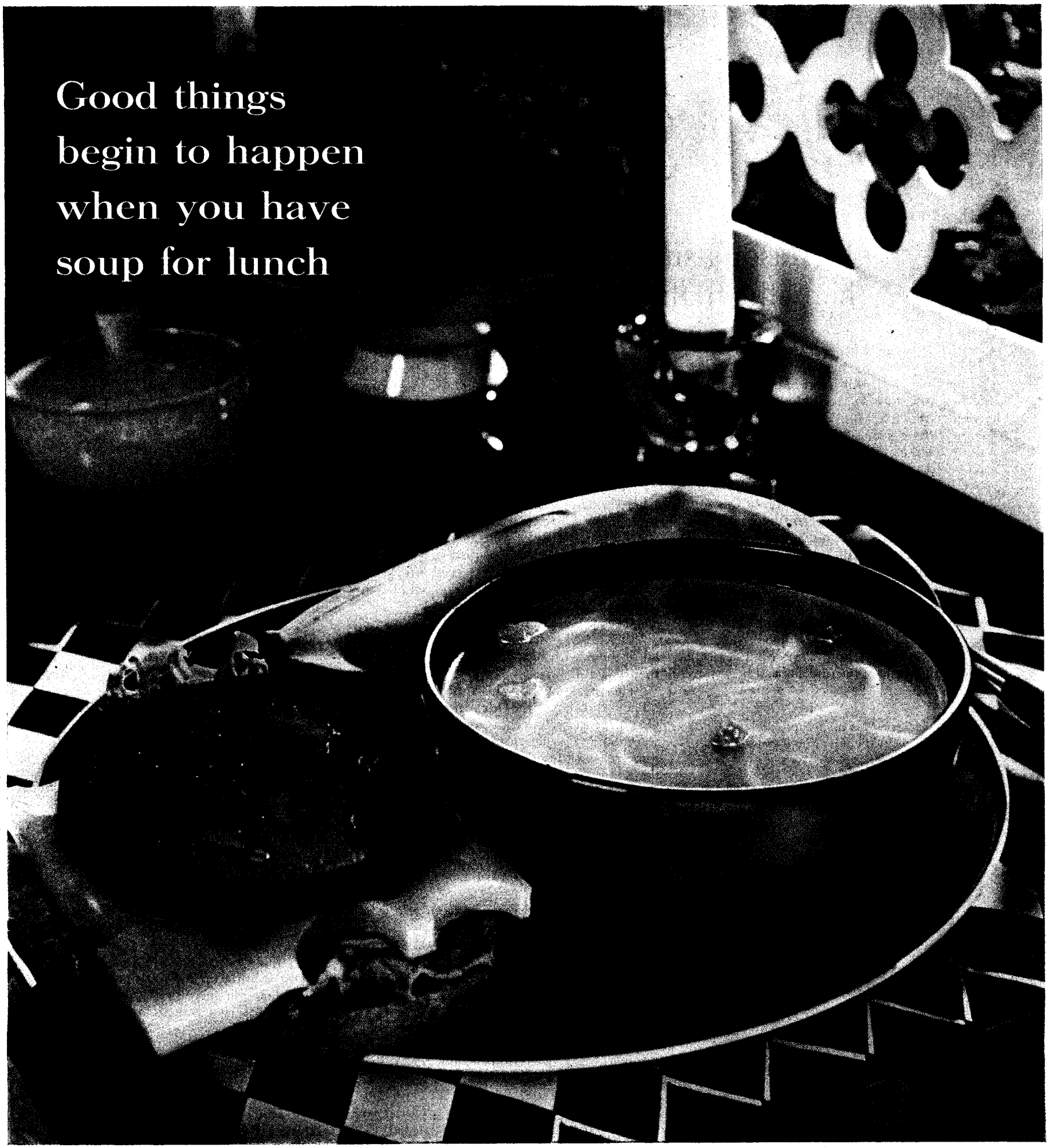

Soup 'n a sandwich—appetizing, nourishing, thrifty, too—when the soup is Campbell's! Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup, for instance. There's a sunny soup. Sip that fragrant chicken broth. Spoon up those enriched egg noodles, those tender chicken pieces. Soup makes any sandwich better-tasting, better for you. Next time you have a sandwich . . . do have soup!

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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the case of the BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

If Mason's suspicions were wrong, he would find himself on the losing end of a $100,000 lawsuit.

Shapely Gwynn Elston, Perry Mason's law client, was being held for the murder of Felting Grimes, the husband of her best friend and her host since she moved into the Grimes residence. But she assured Mason that she was not the killer. Grimes was a bigamist who lived a double life as Frankline Gillett. Gwynn had discovered his body near the Gillett home.

As Perry probed the dead man's past, he learned that Frankline was the son of Gorman Gillett, who had died in a nearby town just three days before. Acting on a hunch, Perry obtained a set of Gorman Gillett's fingerprints and turned them over to detective Paul Drake for classification. Perry also examined the elder Gillett's personal effects and found that Gorman had carefully preserved a magazine article about millionaire George Belding Baxter.

When Paul Drake told Perry that a pistol found at the scene of the murder had been purchased by Baxter and given to his housekeeper about two weeks before the killing, Perry went into action. "Paul," Perry said, "I want you to serve a subpoena on George Belding Baxter as a witness for the defense."

"Look here, Mason," Baxter said, "I've tried to be nice. Now if you want to do it the hard way. . . ."

V

"Put a man on him right now," Mason said. "I want him kept under surveillance so that, when it comes time to serve the subpoena, we'll know where he is. Don't let him know that he's being shadowed, just keep a line on him so we can serve him with a subpoena, and I also want a subpoena served on Minnie Crowder, the housekeeper. And what's that caretaker's name out there?"

"Corley Ketchum."

"O.K.," Mason said, "we're going to serve all of them with subpoenas. What's the police theory, Paul?"

"Heaven knows by this time," Drake said. "They did have the idea that Gillett and Gwynn Elston had got together, that they were having a down-to-earth talk, that for some reason they turned in at the grounds at the Baxter place, and she shot him. They think there probably was someone else with her."

"That was the original theory," Mason said. "Are they holding to it now?"

"I don't know," Drake said. "If Gwynn Elston would tell any kind of a convincing story, I think they'd turn her loose for the time being."

"Only to drag her back in front of a grand jury later on," Mason said.

"Her complete refusal to talk, to answer any questions at all, has put her behind the eight ball as far as publicity is concerned, Perry. Everybody thinks she's guilty or she wouldn't be keeping silent."

"I don't give a damn what everybody thinks," Mason said. "It's what the jury is going to think that counts. Now, what about that man who parked the car out at the gates of the Baxter estate?"

Drake shook his head. "I keep telling you, Perry, there wasn't any such man. There was a man who was with Gwynn Elston when she drove up to the service station. The man walked around the station on the wrong side for the men's rest room. The attendant didn't try to stop him. This fellow just walked around the station and, as soon as he got on the dark side of the station, he evidently took off."

"Leaving Gwynn Elston with a hot gun."

"That's her claim," Drake said. "Do you believe it—in view of all the other evidence?"

"I don't know," Mason said.

"Well, if you believe it, you'll be about the only one who does," Drake told him.

"Then it's up to me to handle the problem of public relations so certain other people believe it too."

"What people?"

"Prospective jurors."

"How do you propose to do that?" Drake asked.

"You furnish me with facts, Paul, and I'll stir them in with a little theory, and we may be able to bake a cake."

"Be careful you don't get your fingers burnt," Drake warned.

"I'll keep your warning in mind."

"I'm going to be mighty careful with my own fingers," Drake said.

"O.K.," Mason said, "get busy ——"

The lawyer broke off as the telephone bell tinkled a summons. Della Street picked up the receiver, motioned to Paul and said, "Your office, Paul."

Drake got on the line, said, "Hello . . . yeah. . . . Let me get that again. . . . O.K., what's the name? . . . Write this down, will you, Della? How do you spell it? . . . Oh, heck, we know all about him," Drake said.

He was silent for a moment, said, "Are you sure? . . . Well, that's a funny thing. Who was the other guy? . . . Collington Halsey? That's H-a-l-s-e-y? Right? . . . Now, what's that first name again? . . . C-o-l-l-i-n-g-t-o-n? . . . Collington? . . . Right.

"And where was this? . . . When was it? . . . O.K. Yeah, I've got it . . . no attempt at changing a name, eh? . . . O.K."

Drake hung up the telephone, said to Mason, "Those fingerprints were those of Gorman Gillett. He served time in Fort Madison, Iowa, for armed robbery—seven years."

"How long ago?"

"Twenty years ago."

"What's the other name?" Mason asked.

"That was the accomplice that was with him, a fellow by the name of Collington Halsey. Halsey and Gillett escaped when they were being taken to the penitentiary. The officers nabbed Gillett, but they never did catch up with Halsey. The FBI got a little excited when the chief of police sent in Gillett's fingerprints. They want to know all about where he is, because they think perhaps he may know where Halsey is. They want to question Halsey about a murder."

"If he knows where Halsey is now," Mason said, "he's going to (Continued on Page 62)

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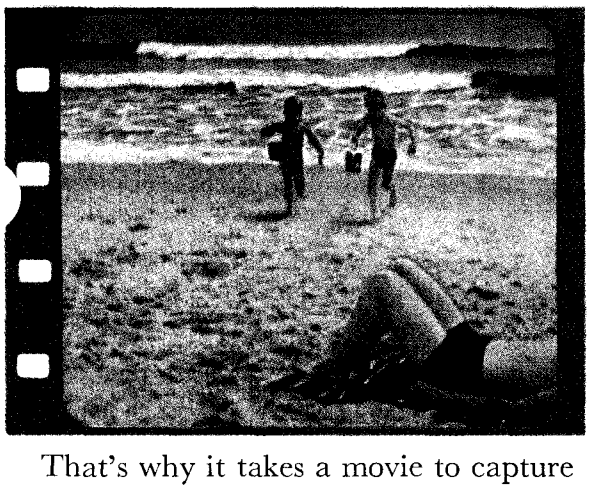
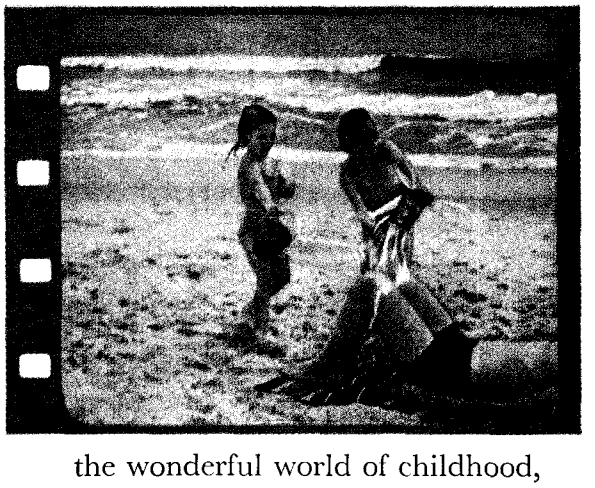
never still a minute . . .

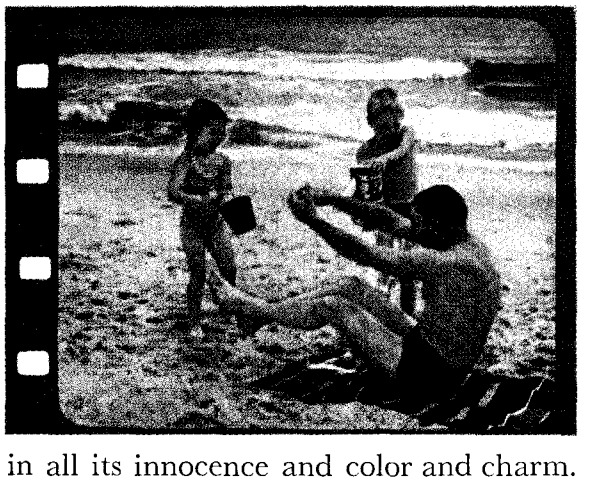
always planning something new to do.



That's why it takes a movie to capture

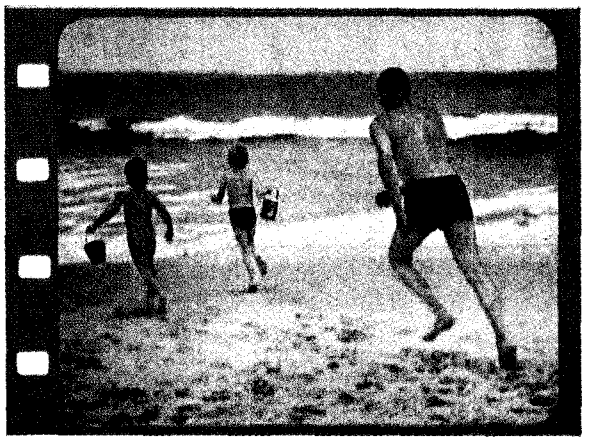


the wonderful world of childhood,



in all its innocence and color and charm.

And movies are so easy to take . . .



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The Frigid Sea (Continued from Page 18)

wind never stained his skin. He looked more like a lithe, able Spaniard than anything else. He was a man of much strength and the best helmsman aboard the *Judith*. In her swift voyages to the lively Wednesday market at Boston, he could steer her "through the eye of a needle," as the Gloucestermen used to say in those old days, the bygone days when such vessels worked under sail only.

His dorymate answered by a despairing strike of his hands together. A freckled man of more than middle age, seeming huge in his black oilskins, he wore an odd bit of dress—a muffler of white wool, roughly tied under his chin. In that foggy dusk, the cloth set off his face clearly and thus showed the gauntness caused by illness. That was the reason for the muffler—he had nearly died in November of pneumonia that had knocked him out during the last trip of the season. The schooner had laid up since.

"More to it," said Garry. "I figure this vapor is wetting up a little—not much, but a little." He ran his hand down his frost-scarred cheek and looked closely at his glove, the white cotton glove of their trade. He raised his arm and examined the tiny drops gathering in the wrinkles of his yellow oilskins. He waited a while, not exactly in deference to the older man, but because he really didn't want to say anything more just then. There was still a chance that the schooner would come to pick them up or, at least, that she would blow a warning signal that they should leave their trawl and meet her.

Simon responded, "This fog ain't what he said 'twould be—something the sun would scoff up quick."

"No, Simon, it won't. The sun ought to do it, but this one don't seem to. I'm beginning to think there's something odd about things. We've our wits to keep about us this day." Garry let a little time pass and, in a passionate rise of his voice, usually grave and low-toned, he said, "It's ice somewhere, Simon. That's what it is, make no mistake about it. It come up on us in the night. And now it's sending a vapor of its own with this fog."

A cross sea, neither high nor heavy, struck the dory and, passing under, heaved it so smartly that the slack came out of the rope fast to the buoy.

By a silence that seemed sullen and the mournful droop of his head, it was plain that the memories of earlier struggles on the Grand Bank were hurting Simon. They had been dorymates a long time and had been in springtime ice before. He didn't believe that he was up to any such fight and he revealed his thought by saying clearly, "I just pray to God it's not so, Garry! Not this time."

Garry thrust up his hand in a warning gesture. "You hear anything just now, Simon? I think I hear something off there. There it goes again!"

A really old-fashioned girl is one who wears her bikini under a bathing suit.

DAVE MURRAY

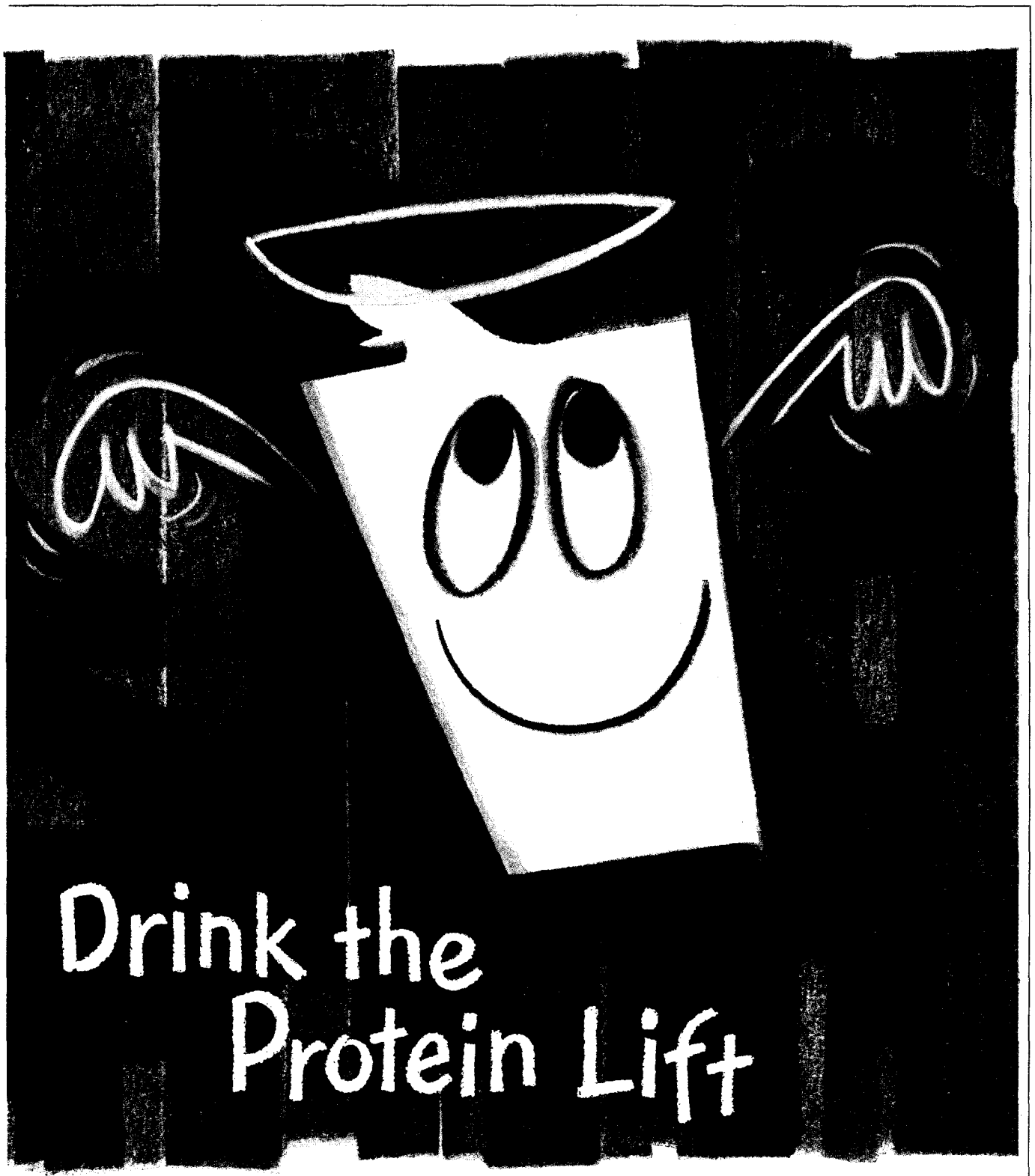
Garry had figured things out correctly. This is what he heard—an iceberg and its vast fields of ice. That new, rainy vapor had come from the berg; so had the sudden chillness of the water.

Four miles through the fog and to the southeast, the black water, in which the dory lay, became a surf beating mildly down a jagged shore of ice. To the eastward the ice field curved out in a headland that kept shifting northward in the shape of a moon's horn. To the southward and five miles from the dory, a second headland seethed forward, its horn pointed toward the first horn and swiftly approaching it.

In the main ice field there stood columns and towers the height of a foremast. Those frost-gilded structures swayed a few degrees. Each tower kept shooting a particular beam, one way or another, into the fog, and so regularly that a man might fancy each tower held an able-bodied seaman making a signal to others imprisoned. There were heaving mounds crackling under a tidal force so violent that blocks of ice frequently vaulted into the fog. In about the middle of the ice a stove boat lay, its boards all awry. It had been abandoned there by seamen long since gone away.

At times, on the farther edge of the ice field, a wind blew the vapor upward; then rose-colored clouds appeared on a blue horizon, and the berg itself, sailing at a one-knot speed, heaved grandly into the brief sunlight. Its topmost pinnacle gleamed two hundred feet above its base. Two streams, colored like a day moon, poured out of caverns below the pinnacle. Lesser peaks and round-topped hills broke the mile-long slope that slanted into the berg's wake.

In the centuries of its creation, snowfall by snowfall, upon the Greenland glacier, the berg had captured quantities of air, held in each crystal and in sealed



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caverns. During the passage down the Labrador Current to the Grand Bank, the deposits of air had become warmer and were rapidly expanding. Where the current began to break up, the berg entered an atmosphere gentled by sunlight and by the influence of the Gulf Stream.

In these last days the berg had driven straight down a gully of one-hundred-fathom water. When the gully shoaled abruptly, the mass of ice under the sea struck the bottom. The berg ceased its voyaging. That shock, and the more rapid expansion of air in the ice held constantly to the sun, shattered the berg. Its pinnacle swayed and crashed into the Atlantic. Clouds of splinters, shaped like arrows, soared outward and darted into the sea. The pinnacle toppled in such a massive plunge that a sea sprang halfway up the sundered walls of ice. A bellow rolled outward, filling the sky with the noise of ten thunderbolts exploding at once.

The destruction of the berg exposed the ice field to the full force of the tide. This force, and the strength of that single outward-rolling sea, changed the course of the field. It began to move to the northward. Its two headlands thrust toward each other at a faster speed. Thus the original half-moon shape took on the shape of pincers, one on either side of the dory, and both swinging into an enclosing movement.

Garry said, "Now I hear it plain—a growling off there." He pointed to the north. "And something there too." He lifted his arm to the west. For a time he stood there, his yellow jacket gleaming, his yellow Cape Ann hat running with water spilled by the fog. He looked down at the bowed figure on the thwart and said, "Stretch out, Simon, and keep out of the wind a while."

Simon lay down on the bottom boards. For a pillow he used a sack of canvas which contained bait knives and spare lines and hooks to repair their trawl.

Garry took his seat on the thwart. "You'll have a drink of tea, Simon? Cook put lots of sugar into it, the way you like it." He handed over the half-gallon water jug and Simon drank. Garry took a long swig. That was all that they carried in the way of food and drink. Such was the custom aboard those vessels, for the dorymen never were away from the schooner more than a few hours and, despite a history of losses by hunger and frost and long wanderings in fog, they had never changed.

By noon the fog had thickened to such a degree that Garry could no longer make out the trawl buoy at all. He set up their oil torch on its staff and held a match to it. The flare didn't carry far. It lighted Simon's face. He had fallen asleep so quickly that Garry became disturbed.

But he'll be all right surely, he told himself. Nevertheless, he unfurled the dory sail and spread it over his dorymate, because the chill had deepened into a frost.

Garry heard again and more distinctly the curious muffled noise that had reached his ears earlier. It became much louder. In such a din it was not possible to hear the schooner's horn. The time for her signal to begin hauling fish had long gone by. In hope, he listened for her recall signal—three blasts repeated. Because he did not hear them, he figured she was having trouble in finding the dories she had dropped last, four or five miles away from his.

He took up his conch horn and, taking care, warmed its silver mouthpiece by pressing it under his oilskins and against his woolen shirt. He began to blow an appeal to the schooner. His distinctive call, the call of Number One Dory, always began with one sweet-toned phrase, nothing more than a sea-bird's cry, then loudening to a trumpet flourish. So he began, blew, breathed deep and blew again. The first blaring note was overwhelmed by a bellowing so stupendous that it staggered him. He let his useless horn fall.

In bewilderment Simon broke out of sleep. "In God's name ——"

"Ice! A berg aground and now she's busted." Garry spoke in a moderate tone because he wasn't at all sure how his dorymate would respond to a shout, to the needed alarm.

Following that uproar, a very high sea, the one caused by the toppling pinnacle, crashed out of the vapor in such force that it hurled blocks of ice against the dory. The sea hammered the dory, making it lurch, and it struck the trawl buoy so violently that the marker sank. This put a strain on the dory's painter that pitched her sharply down. Garry snatched up a bait knife and slashed the rope. Ice and breakers rolled over their trawl gear and carried it away.

Simon awkwardly made his way to the thwart. He drew the sail over him, thus making a hood from which his eyes, turned ruddy by the torchlight, stared into the jangling ice.

Garry marked the changes in the clangors of the ice. There were three chief sources of sound—a rough mooing nearby, like herds leisurely advancing; an unbroken crackling in about northeast; and the same crackling to the northwest. It took him no long time to decide that two headlands had swung toward each other and had caught the dory in a trap not to be broken by their oars nor by the *Judith*'s sails.

In all the calm that he could muster, he explained this to Simon. In answer, Simon flung the sail aside, stood up and, without a word, peered into the fog. He saw a stretch of black water, a jagged lane running into the middle of the ice field. He sat hastily to the oars and drove the dory into that opening, ever widening and yet increasingly obscured by the coming of night. The early setting of the sun had changed the color of the fog from gray to a hue like snow. For the space of an hour, Simon rowed in a channel that finally became quite straight.

"I'll spell you, Simon."

Simon shook his head and quickened his stroke. The swaying torch cast before them a murky wave of reddish light. He shouted, "Won't we make through it, Garry? Like before?"

He rowed a sharp, deep stroke for nearly another hour. He began to grunt and blow hard. The strain was telling on him when the dory struck against an expanse of solid ice. When he backed the oars, they saw that they had been closed in. The ice rolling away from her stern had already started to freeze solid again.

A groan of despair, soon shut off, came from Simon.

Garry comforted him. "We'll drink, chum." He took up the water jar. Ice clinked in it. Garry held it to the torch a while. "Drink plenty. This ice is all old snow and can be melted." He found a warning in his own words and, after Simon had drunk, he said to him, "I'll douse the torch, Simon. We'll be needing fire before daybreak." He made Simon lie down out of the rising wind and again he covered him with the sail.

Bowed on the thwart, Garry measured the frost reaching through the wool into his body, and thus he measured its hold on his dorymate. He knew all too well how such frost subtly numbed a man's mind and he had need of thought.

He stood the night watch. From time to time he got up and beat his arms back and forth. Nothing marked the coming of day for him, except crippling spasms of hunger. Soon he could no longer bear up against the wind that now blew all over the compass, changing the crackling to shrieks and howls. He gave one last look around for the lights of the schooner and he lay down by Simon. He put the water jar under his shirt to keep it from splitting. He waited until he had rested to the point of drowsiness, and then he awakened Simon and persuaded him to drink the last sweet sips of tea.

He watched the vapor of his dorymate's harsh-taken breath. "Turn out, Simon."

"The wind is hauling, Garry."

"Aye! And it's piping up in earnest."

The wind had shifted to the southward. The fog began to swirl faster and to lift. Soon it closed in again. By noontime the Greenland ice lay freezing, block to block all around them. In the late afternoon Simon could no longer stand up. He lay under the sail. The night came on so black that Garry couldn't see Simon's face. He lighted the torch again. Its flare revealed his dorymate lying awake, his eyes too bright. Simon said, "God help us, Garry; we're in for it sure. There's no sign of her lights? She must be on the search."

"No lights, Simon. But you're right—she's after us by now, and they may see our torch."

Garry had now gone more than forty hours without food. Used to the schooner's abundant table, three or four times in a day, his body began to resist his will, yet he believed he could keep his mind fixed on his duty, sacred to him because of the tradition that had carried many a man to death itself in order that his dorymate should live. Even so strengthened by love and duty, the task dismayed him. He required food, water and shelter.

In his growing weakness, it helped him greatly when his mind changed the items to: *Shelter and food.* He counted over the tools he had at his command—oars, gaffs, knives, sail and mast, spare hooks and lines. His clear thought waned. Into the confusion of his mind there rose an image of their lost trawl, its well-baited hooks and the fat halibut thrashing far below. This image interested him too keenly; indeed, it became tantalizing, and he didn't yet know why this should be so. He tried hard to get rid of it because he knew that he should summon up new images, those that must save their lives before frost and hunger lamed him entirely. He succeeded, yet he failed to work out any plan of action.

The breaking of another day brought on a denser fog and made no change at all in the clatter of the ice around the dory. When he put out the torch, he saw Simon's lips moving in words too thin to be heard. He bent down to listen and heard him say, "I'll stay here a bit longer, Garry. I've no faith in my legs."

"All right, Simon. Rest you easy now. I'll figure out maybe what we must do."

The action of the ice made up his mind for him. It rose in a broad hump at the tholepins and it kept rising until the dory lay on a level with the wider shore of ice, a level place, not heaving. On it and nearby lay the other wrecked boat. At times Garry saw it clearly. He understood what its values might be.

"We'll go onto the ice here, Simon—lest the dory be stove in and sink under us." He took the painter in both his hands and jumped to the ice. He heaved. The dory slid forward easily. He took the sail out and laid it down. He removed his oilskin jacket and a black, high-necked sweater of Nova Scotian wool. He carried Simon to the sail. There he put the sweater on him. Simon lay calmly, his face without expression.

Garry heaved the dory up on its side and set the bottom toward the wind. He drew out all their gear and moved Simon into the shelter. He fixed the sail across the open side and lashed it with lines and nailed it with hooks.

He trudged to the wrecked boat. Its men had gone through the trouble he now faced. The thwarts and bottom boards had been taken out for a fire that had been set on a square of sheet iron. Gunwales and risings had been burned. He read the story—seal hunters had been stranded there when the ice had carried the herds down the coast of Newfoundland.

He kicked the snow aside and groped among the ashes. He found a small ax, its handle charred. He had to rest an hour. When he got up, the daylight had much improved. He knocked more pieces out of the boat and carried an armful to the dory. He did this three times. In an attempt to loosen a board, his heel rolled on an object half-buried in snow and frost. This turned out to be a small iron pot. He eagerly thrust his nose into it. Fish had been boiled in the pot. There were bones in the frost-blackened scum.

They were saved, all right. They stuck it out.

This idea gave him comfort. Indeed, before he could stop the words, he repeated them aloud in an exultant way. He struck his mouth roughly with his gloved hand. At once he became so dizzy that he had to lie down. After an even longer rest, he stood up again.

With no more than a glimmer through the vapor, the sun passed over. The wind blew harder. (*Continued on Page 40*)

"I feel it's only fair to warn you, she'll be up and around tomorrow."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 37*) Since it stayed in the same quarter, the dory protected Simon. To this protection Garry added the warmth of a fire near the dory. He lighted it by first setting a match to the torch. He melted snow in the pot. A pleasant, chowdery fragrance rose. This made him feel faint, and he had to kneel down. He couldn't stand up, so he crept to the dory, pushing the pot cleverly before him, steering it ably between humps of ice. He lifted Simon and tried to tip the liquid into his mouth.

Simon turned away, his hand wavering in vague refusal. Garry pushed the hand to one side. "It's hot, Simon. It's kind of chowderlike. A little. Now swallow some."

The answer came so clearly that Garry believed it might be the last courageous effort before death.

"You take it, Garry. Take it and live." A feverish shudder stopped his words. He whispered, "Trust me, lad. I'll not give up until I can breathe no more. I've big strength in me. Big!" He murmured about his two boys at home. Instantly his courage waned. In a desperate rise of his voice, he cried, "Hear me? We're on fish. Kill one. I'm starving, Garry, starving to sure death."

To make his own voice heard above the din of ice and tide, Garry shouted, "I will! Rest easy, Simon." To himself he said, *Why, of course—that's it.*

Taking short, careful steps, he walked to the fire, now glowing brighter in the nightfall. He gazed dreamily at the flames and held out his hands to warm them. He tried to consider the idea that had been so plain a moment earlier. He lost track of it, could only determine that he had forgotten something. He spoke in a jesting voice. "Well, don't that beat all!" He returned to the dory, took out the pot and placed it on the iron sheet. He began mumbling. In a manner close to senseless, he cocked his head as if he were trying to listen carefully to his own words. Although they were empty of meaning, he seemed to take some pride in them. In the end, he struck eagerly on the word "bait" and he droned it over and over.

This solution satisfied him. He had no idea of the problem it was supposed to solve.

He drank some of the warmed water. It had become so foul that he couldn't keep it down. Instead of weakening him, the retching cleared his heart and mind. He crawled nearer the fire and there repeated aloud, and most deliberately, the words his dorymate had uttered. Before he could go on to the next action, he had to rest again. Without meaning to close his eyes, he fell asleep.

The moon, half-full and a little more, passed over the ice field. Between the moon and the berg, a rocket slanted. It burst in a red shower. A scarlet cloud tarried aloft.

A Coast Guard cutter had fired the rocket to warn vessels away from the ice. Half an hour later, in the routine of her ice patrol, the cutter fired a second rocket. The columns of vapor, pouring out of the berg's ravines, became briefly rose-hued. A blinker on the cutter's bridge began making the signal: "Do you require assistance?"

She was speaking to the schooner, where she sailed on the far edge of the ice, her deck lighted by torches, and her crosstrees illuminated by torches and lanterns. No answering signal came from the *Judith* because she had not in her crew an able-bodied seaman; that is, a man who could read such a message and reply to it.

Garry stirred, rolled over and began to beat his heels against the ice. He got to his feet, swayed a moment and then laid wood on the fire. Because he knew he could not use the oars or thwarts, he burned them. By this fresh light he rigged a line of eight fathoms and tied on a hook. He accomplished this task, once a simple thing, so smoothly that he crowed in delight and even ran his finger along the barb.

"Sharp, eh?" Pretending that he could really size it up, he held the hook close to his eyes. His hand shook. Nevertheless, he said in a satisfied tone, "Straight too. No need of a hook-set. No, sir." These words came out poorly because his tongue had swollen and his lips had been charred by frost. He couldn't lick them. As before, he appeared to be listening attentively to himself. He became vexed.

There's something left out. He squatted and let his head hang feebly. He whispered to his hands, "Why, you have no bait!" This time he clung to the word "bait," for it seemed certain that the key to all things lay in its meaning. Unable to puzzle it out, he took up the torch, carried it to the sealers' boat and unscrewed the cap of the oil can. He sprinkled the oil over the wreck. He gazed a long time at the moon and, by the hardest kind of thought, fixed in his mind that the moon must soon set and darkness would follow.

He now tried again to center all his power of thought on his main problem—how to catch a fish. Far back in his inward murk, he heard his captain's voice cheerfully singing out the order, "Bait up! Bait up!" That had happened so long ago. Garry drove the image out of his mind and tried once more to find something that would force him on to a sound action. An image of two kneeling strangers presented itself. This displeased him. He closed his eyes against them, yet they persisted, black and bowed, in the light whirling under his eyelids. Their significance came at last—they were the Newfoundland sealers who had fought it out and had been saved.

How did they take fish, eh?

He knelt and began searching the ashes and snow with his hands. He found a length of fishing line. It had no hook.

He went back to the fire. He could not then, or ever afterward, trace the rise of the true solution. In trancelike slowness, he removed the sodden glove from his right hand. While he stared at his salt-reddened fingers, a warning rang loud and clear through the whirligig of his thought—*Right-handed man!* He obeyed by restoring the glove. He took the glove off his left hand. His examination of those fingers proved something to him. He did not perceive it at once. He nodded shrewdly over his hand until he figured it out. The warning had not been repeated.

But what am I up to?

This time the inevitable answer shaped itself, not in gross excitement or in dismay or horror, but in the calmness created by his faithful heart. He said aloud, "I'll do it in God's name. For I am the only living thing on the ice, 'cept him."

There seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary in his decision. This may have been because the necessity of it had been studied far within him and there accepted. He couldn't really think about it. His unfaltering heart drove him to the first action. When that had been done, boldly and skillfully, and the bait provided, his heart maintained him through the baiting of the hook and the lowering of it over the edge of ice.

At once a fish struck and lunged. Garry set the hook by a strong heave. He held his boot slightly over the edge so that he could haul the line across the smooth leather and not against jagged ice. He hauled hard until the halibut thrashed near him. He bent over and gaffed it through the eye. He drew the fish onto the ice, seized his gobstick and smashed its skull. He slashed the fish's belly open, ripped out the entrails and carved the liver into bits. He threw these fragments into the pot and tossed in several handfuls of snow. When the pot began to simmer, he cut three steaks out of the halibut and laid them neatly on the glowing iron.

In order to create the strength to feed Simon, he nibbled delicately at a steak. After he had swallowed half of it, his body took hold of the fresh energy so forcefully that the blood raved in his heart. He laughed boisterously and cried out, "Didn't I tell you so, kid?"

He carried the broth to Simon and fed him slowly, sip by sip, for half an hour. He ate two of the charred steaks, cut others and set them to cook. He fed one to Simon, waited a time and fed him again.

In an hour it was over. He looked again to the moon and found its rim about to vanish. He held the torch over the fire until the wick and the oil can, too, blazed. Holding it firmly in both his hands, he walked to the sealers' boat. He flung the torch onto the timbers. The oil caught fire, and soon his beacon flamed ten feet high.

"The work isn't bad here—once you learn to ignore it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Everything accomplished, he lay down, his right hand clutched over the other reddening glove. He passed into sleep. Once he cried out a phrase that had something in it about Simon's boys. After that, the tears glided to the corners of his eyes, where the frost caught them.

He came back to life in the cutter's sick bay, where sunlight, flashing off the berg's wall, filled the quiet room. To the wonderment in his eyes, the surgeon said, "Yes. You're here—aboard the cutter, mister. All's well."

From a glass vessel suspended above Garry's head, a rubber tube led to his arm and passed under bandages there. The surgeon said, "We've been feeding you some sugar, mister. And some blood—you've had that too."

"Sugar and blood." Garry thought it over a moment. "A well-found ship. I'm obliged to you." And then he asked, "My dorymate?"

"Next to you. Don't turn, please. He's come through it all right." Knowing what the other questions must be, the surgeon went on talking quietly. "The schooner's alongside. She followed us into the ice. All the other dories were picked up. A tough time. Now, mister, if you'll lie perfectly still—will you?"

"Aye."

"I'll let your skipper speak to you—a few words." He whispered, "There's one thing more I must tell you now, mister. I've told your skipper. You lost something—a little finger." He touched the bandaged left hand. "The ax, perhaps, when you broke up that boat. The frost killed the pain, eh? Well, I had a little mending to do. That's the story."

"I'm obliged to you, doctor."

The skipper of the *Judith*, a gray man, haggard now to a pitiful degree of sunken cheeks and shadowed eyes, came to the bedside. He tried a word and failed. This didn't bother him much. A change came over his face; brightness drove the shadows off, and a grave joy altered his creased forehead, gentled his lips.

"Well done, Garry. My best thanks to you. I tried hard to reach you, but the ice kept swinging in and freezing hard, and I feared I'd lose all our chums, vessel and all. Such days and nights—God spare us from such a thing!—and then your fire and the rockets."

"Simon had best lay off some trips, captain—maybe three."

"That's surely so, Garry."

"I'll take one of his boys, if he'll go dorymates with me, once I'm mended."

"An honor to him, and I hear your heart speaking again the same good tune, lad. Yes, take him, if you like, Garry. Surely." He shut off his words in the same way and for the same inward reason. He seemed like a man who had been looking for something a long, long time and had found it here. He said, "I couldn't go onto the ice, Garry. I'm too old for that. Those that took you off to me—they said you saved Simon by killing a halibut. And cooked the liver in a pot and fed it to him—so he says—and cut steaks and cooked them on that sheet iron. Eh, Garry?"

"That's so, captain; I do remember now. Forty pounds the fish was—or thereabouts."

"And I was wondering, Garry, what you did for bait? The ice being empty of everything."

"Captain, a man can always find a bait—somehow or other, if great need be."

The skipper spent a little more time in thought. He laid his hand on Garry's bandaged one. "You say true, Garry—a man can." He put ever so slight a stress on the word "man" and went away.

THE END

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The Time of Our Lives (Continued from Page 29)

each of these aspects we must make comparisons. For in our consideration of living time we are dealing with the quality of life as well as with the concept of time. To see a man for both what he is and what he is not, you should someday look an ape straight in the face—whether what you see makes you want to laugh or cry is beside the point. To see a man in other ways, the mouse will do. Inasmuch as calendar, or cosmic, time is relative, so also is living, or biological, time. Mouse time can serve us as a yardstick.

How long does a mouse live? A deceptively simple question, like any other we may ask of living nature. Under laboratory care, which to a mouse is equivalent to the welfare state, mice normally live about two years, an advanced age for so small a creature. By that time the mouse has usually become senile and doddering; it is a rare mouse that starts its third trip around the sun. A mouse, which spends only three weeks developing in the womb, reaches sexual maturity a month after birth. In living time it is traveling fast. Compared with the somewhat lower human body temperature, it literally lives at a fever pitch, as its quivering whiskers and rapid movements suggest. To a wakeful mouse a day must seem enormous, almost a lifetime in itself from dusk to dusk. Can we estimate this mouse time in terms that make any sort of common or scientific sense? One indicator, although a rough one, is the rate at which the heart beats. A mouse heart beats about four times as rapidly as a man's, suggesting that a mouse lives four times as fast and compresses as much living time into one day as we do into four. Accordingly, a mouse consumes oxygen and produces heat at a correspondingly higher rate.

The essence of mouse life, then, is burning up several times as fast as our own life. This analogy to a flame is by no means farfetched, as all forms of life are involved in a continuous process of combustion. Yet there is cause for thought in the fact that anything we can burn has at some time been part of life. How fast or how slow the living flame burns depends on many factors. For example, a mouse has a much larger body surface compared with its weight than does a human. Because it rapidly loses heat from this surface, the mouse must stoke its heat-producing furnace furiously to stay warm enough to live. A sluggish mouse is a dead mouse. If a mouse is to live at all, it must live fast.

A short life is the penalty all creatures pay for being both warm-blooded and small. Cold-blooded creatures enjoy more latitude. Fish live fast or slow according to the temperature of the water, as do their invertebrate companions. In fact, one of the tiny, ubiquitous crustaceans, known as the water flea, gives us a clue to the nature of biological time. A correlation has been established between heartbeats—visible through its almost transparent body—its temperature and the length of its life. At low temperatures the water flea's heart beats slowly, and the animal may live about four months before it dies. At the higher temperatures in which it normally lives, the water flea's heart beats faster, and the creature ages and dies within a month. The striking fact here is that regardless of its life span or the tempo of its heartbeat, the lifetime total number of the water flea's heartbeats is practically the same, approximately 15,000,000.

In this case, at least, the beating heart accurately records the passing of living time. Whether the organism dies because the heart dies or vice versa remains a question. Either way, when the initial supply of the living essence is exhausted, whether quickly or slowly, life comes to an end. And we have no good reason to think that this principle is any less valid for ourselves.

Human beings live an astonishingly long time, whether the time is measured by the calendar or by the beating heart. Mouse stuff may burn more fiercely than human, but the mouse's lamp is a small one, and the total amount of living time for a mouse is brief compared with ours. The human heart generally beats from three to four billion times before it ceases, with never a rest except the split second between two beats.

The outstanding feature of all life is that the living flame burns most fiercely at the very first and that it wanes steadily as long as it persists. This is true for all forms of life. The human heart, which beats around 140 times per minute at birth, slows progressively until about the twenty-fifth year when it levels off at approximately seventy beats per minute with the body at rest. But this is not the whole story, for the rate of heartbeat is only a rough indicator of something more important—how fast the blood is flowing, and even so, only during the first two decades of human life. The rate of flow, which affects every cell and organ in the body, continues to diminish day by day as long as we live. This has been shown by introducing radioactive salt into the human blood stream at the elbow and keeping track of its passage by means of a Geiger counter. When we are twenty, it takes blood twenty seconds to reach the heart. It takes twice as long when we're forty and three times as long at sixty because the heart, although beating just as fast, does less and less work per beat.

The rates of the heartbeat and the blood flow are two indicators of our life force. There are others less simple to measure. A skin wound of about two inches across on a boy of ten heals in twenty days. At the age of twenty the same area requires about thirty days, and at fifty it takes from seventy to eighty days. The rate of skin healing slows down steadily as life continues and is another expression of the gradual waning of the vital flame. (Such changes are not peculiar to the human family, but are typical of all living matter.) Yet it is exactly this quality of being alive that must be understood if we are to comprehend what is so special about ourselves.

The analogy of life with a flame is more than a matter of combustion and heat function. In any flame, such as a candle, there is a persisting, though changing, pattern of shape, color and temperature. Oxygen and combustible substance are continuously drawn into the vortex from below and burn with the release of heat, carbon dioxide and water, the same end products that result from our own respiration. The shape and colors of the candle flame are simply the pattern of the continuing activity, like the shape of a whirlpool, and so it is with the shape and other characteristics of living things. Virtually every atom and molecule in the body is periodically replaced.

Those 100 to 200 pounds of heavy matter that register on your bathroom scales are for the most part not the same pounds that you weighed a few years ago. Every tissue, cell and molecule in living matter, whether of blood, hair or bone, is continually being rebuilt or replaced. Atoms of iron in the blood and elsewhere, phosphorus in bone, teeth, muscle and brain, iodine in the thyroid gland, even the carbon in your genes, all obey the rule: here today, gone tomorrow, with others taking their place. As Justice Holmes once wrote, "We must all be born again atom by atom from hour to hour, or perish all at once beyond repair." Matter itself flows through us as it does through a flame, though in more complex ways. As matter flows through living substance, it creates a persisting pattern which we recognize as the shape and structure of the living thing. This flow of matter is the essence of life itself. It is the capacity to maintain the flow that is destroyed by exposure to massive nuclear radiation.

It is not surprising that living flames are readily blown out. The wonder is that they last so long, each having a persisting identity in spite of the material flux. No atom now present in your body was there when you were a child, but you have always felt yourself to be you, continuously identifiable with what you have been and hope yet to be. The questions thus become: why do some living flames burn longer or faster than others, and what is so special about the human flame? Let us first seek an answer to the latter question, for the first conjecture involves the secret of life itself.

"Gloria!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Old age overtakes most animals approximately the size of man before they reach the age of twenty. Dogs die much earlier, and horses are put out to pasture before the end of their second decade. Even for the whale, a quarter century is about the limit. The blue whale, the largest animal that has ever lived, dies of old age in its early twenties. During its nine-month gestation period the whale egg, which, like the human egg, is smaller than a pinhead, grows into a baby whale twenty feet long, weighing two tons. In the same time, the human egg develops into an infant weighing not much more than eleven pounds at most. Three years later the young whale is fifty feet long and ready to breed. Eventually it will exceed eighty feet and 100 tons of living matter—only to die of old age when the human is just reaching his prime. Size alone, then, apparently has little to do with the vitality of the living flame, except that large size permits longevity whereas smallness prohibits it.

Here, it seems, we are getting closer to the essential difference that places humans in a category of their own. We grow to a reasonably large size, but we do so slowly. By the standards of the animal kingdom, a child of five ought to be completely grown and fully about its business instead of just about to enter school. Even a male gorilla attains the chest-thumping stage by that time, whereas it takes the human male another ten years before he starts doing that sort of thing. Somewhere along the line of our evolutionary past something happened to draw out our span of life, not by adding extra time, but by causing the living flame to burn more slowly, and therefore longer, while retaining an intensity whose exact nature eludes us.

Here comparisons can help again. The common family plan of mammals is the production of litters, or multiple births. The main exceptions are the large vegetarians that are too big to hide themselves and can only gallop away from danger. These have to be born ready-made, so to speak, fleet of foot and fully equipped to meet the hazards of their nomadic life. The rest of the mammals bear several or many offspring at once, though only one or two may survive to maturity. In such litters there is a premium on being among the first to be born. First come, first served is the rule when teats for suckling are fewer than the number of offspring. The late arrivals, the ones that grew a little slower and were born a little later or smaller than the rest, fail to get as much milk and soon are eliminated in the struggle to survive. Thus, as long as multiple births prevail, any retardation of the rate of development and growth is incompatible with survival.

This is where our anthropoid ancestry comes into the picture. Whatever our relationship may be to apes and monkeys now existing, there is no doubt in the mind of any biologist that the human species has had an arboreal phase somewhere in its rather distant past, and that many of our structural and mental specialties are legacies from that particular way of life. Manipulative, grasping hands, full binocular vision, and a sense of space and motion come down to us from that time. So does reduction of the typical mammalian litter to single births characteristic of all anthropoids. Obviously treetops never were a very good place for a mother to try to rear more than one clinging offspring at a time. In such lofty circumstances the force of gravity sanctioned no more and permitted no carelessness.

There is little doubt that such were the conditions under which the prehuman stock acquired its (*Continued on Page 45*)

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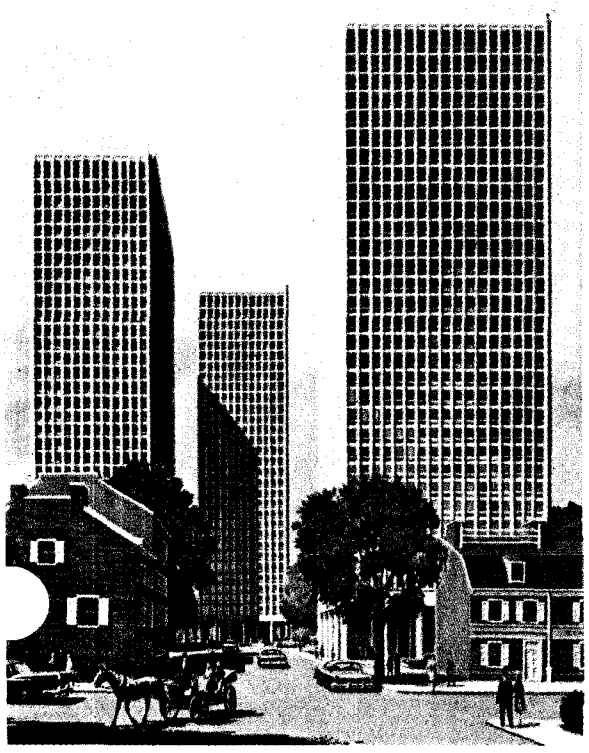
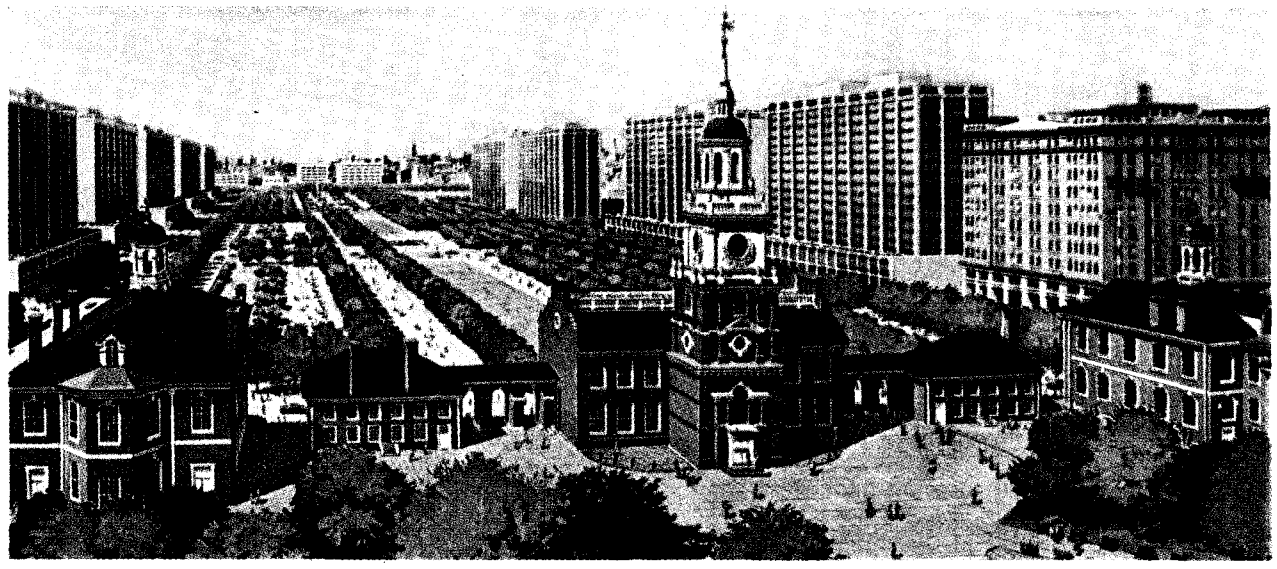
Freedom and progress go hand in hand in Greater Philadelphia



FUTURE SKYLINE—WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST



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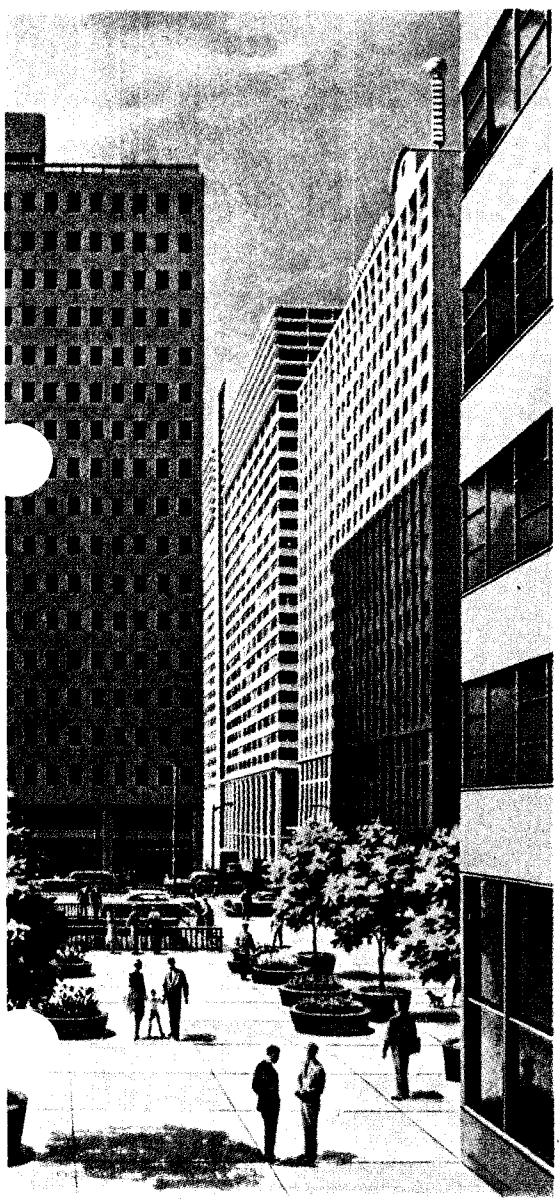

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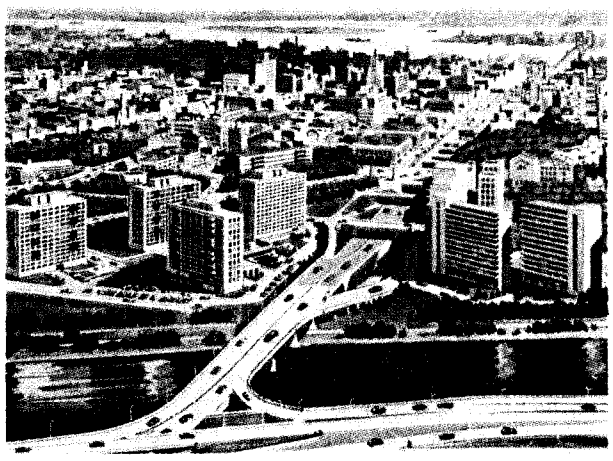

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Governor Pyle gets the story behind a remarkable achievement from Employers Mutuals' first "Mr. Safety First," Mr. J. C. Youmans (right)

AFTER 50 YEARS . . .

THE SAFEST PLACE A MAN CAN BE IS AT HIS WORK

Wausau Story

by **HOWARD PYLE,** *President, National Safety Council*

"You are as aware as I am that for years 'Men at Work' inevitably meant 'Men in Danger'.

"But that no longer is the case.

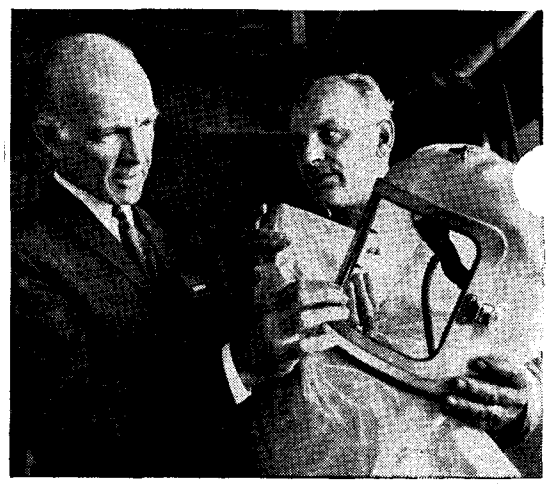
"Our National Safety Council statistics show work accidents now account for 14% of the national total. More than twice as many accidents occur in our homes, almost three times as many on our streets and highways.

"Mr. J. C. Youmans is retired now but he can give us a first-hand account of the years of learning, work and cooperation required to achieve our present record. It's significant that in 1911, Mr. Youmans, probably one of the first safety specialists, should be the first man hired by the then newly formed insurance company, Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"This marked the beginning of organized safety. The first Workmen's Compensation Law to be declared constitutional was passed in Wisconsin in 1911. Safety meetings were being held, foretelling the founding of the National Safety Council in 1913. The result of all this is evident: Work accidents have been reduced by 47% in the last 50 years . . . though our labor force has increased by the millions.

"I give Employers Mutuals of Wausau great credit for their pioneering work in industrial safety.

"All of us whose business is safety know now what an organized safety effort can accomplish: Today, the safest place a man can be is at his work."



At A. B. Dick Company in Chicago, makers of duplicating machinery and supplies, Governor Pyle sees protective clothing (above) and guarded machinery (left)–two safety devices commonly used tod but unusual 50 years A. B. Dick Company an Employers Mutuals' policyholder.

September 1, the 50th anniversary of Employers Mutuals of Wausau, is being designated as Safety Re-Dedication Day. All of us and all our policyholders—managers, supervisors, and employees—will be asked to re-dedicate ourselves to continue working for safety together.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has 138 offices throughout the country to provide prompt and thorough service for policyholders. We write all forms of fire, group health and accident, and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Employers Mutuals representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

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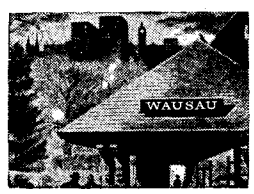

FOR 50 YEARS
"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 42*) custom of producing but a single egg each month. By itself this limitation was merely a safety factor, yet it set the stage for what was to come by eliminating competition among unborn and newly born offspring. No longer was there a penalty for being a little slow in developing and getting born. Any possible advantages that might come from slowing down the process of growth and maturing could now be exploited with impunity.

We do not know how well established single births were when our ancestors abandoned their arboreal existence and began running for their lives upon the ground. The important fact is that sooner or later the rate of development and growth of prehumans and early humans slowed down. In effect, the life of the individual was extended. During the last half million years of our evolutionary existence human beings have remained young for progressively longer periods because they have grown more slowly. Concomitantly they have been living longer. We know that this has happened, although we cannot date the various stages of the evolutionary process. The intriguing question is, why did this change of growth rate take place?

To find the answer we need to picture man or pre-man when he first left the trees for life on the ground. A large-brained creature with an unusual sense of space and distance, but clawless, fangless and relatively thin-skinned, early man had to survive amidst the teeming life we now associate with Central Africa. His survival depended upon his wits, his hands, his ability to move in a hurry and, above all, on his adaptability. Adaptability is the ability to use one's basic equipment, in this case brains, hands and binocular vision, to the best advantage in all circumstances, especially in circumstances that are new and strange. This adaptability combined with a capacity to learn from experience, both personal and communicated, was the asset that put mankind upon its road.

The determining factor of this adjustment was undoubtedly youth. The ability to learn is a youthful trait. And so for several hundred thousand years natural selection operated on the subhuman race in a persistent and unchanging way to lengthen that period of life during which learning is most readily accomplished. This involved learning both new and old skills, new ways of surmounting difficulties and, perhaps above all, acquiring the lessons of experience from older members of the tribe. Speech, in fact, grew where it grows today, in the close bondage between children and parents.

The more drawn out the youthful phase of prehuman life became, the more readily did these ancestors of ours survive and reproduce. Natural selection in this case means simply that among the numerous offspring born to the prehuman population at a particular time, there would be some who grew and developed more slowly and who were educable for a longer period than others. These late bloomers would, under the circumstances, be more likely to live to maturity and produce progeny that would tend to be slow-growing like themselves. And so, generation by generation, almost imperceptibly, the age in years at which full growth and sexual maturity were attained became just a little later, until at long last the period from infancy to maturity lasted for almost two decades.

This is the heart of it. Nature in the past never reckoned on a creature living into what we euphemistically call middle age and beyond. All she was concerned with was that stretching out of adaptable, educable youth, plus an adequate phase for reproduction. Humanity was youth itself, the spirit of youth, the joy of youth, the zest for high adventure, the receptiveness for new ideas, the freshness of the morning and the lust for life, even though death was always at the door. This was human life until the beginning of recorded history. Since then, at first slowly and later at an ever-increasing pace, mankind has been getting older.

As recently as the sixteenth century, in relatively advanced Western Europe, Montaigne could write that he rarely met a man over fifty. Living beyond that age, for mankind at large, is something new. With the birth and growth of the scientific revolution, with its impact upon personal health and public welfare, human beings in all so-called advanced societies are for the most part living until their body machinery falls apart. By warding off the old common forms of death from starvation, accident and infection, we have rather suddenly doubled the life expectancy of the average man.

For the individual this is not an unmixed blessing, for aging can become a very disagreeable process. It is much less a blessing for mankind as a whole, unless we are prepared to look upon this older population as a desirable change from what oldsters called irresponsible youth. However this may be, it is startling and somewhat disturbing to realize that 25 per cent of all human beings over sixty-five who have ever lived are alive at this moment. To the extent that the average age of the human population increases, we are, in effect, diluting the intensity of life. Insofar as joy and creativeness belong to youth, humanity becomes staid, dull and set in its ways as the ratio of youth to middle and old age decreases.

Yet there is no turning back. It is the earnest intent of all mankind to attain some sort of welfare state in which almost every individual will live out his or her whole biological life. There is little doubt, too, that the world population will stabilize, with births and deaths in balance—probably sooner than we think. What then? Do we all settle down for most of our lives to cabbage and corn and a comfortable chair, the climax of billions of years of struggling life? Or do we pick up where nature seems to have left off and, to mix the metaphor a little, take to the road again? Will we increase the living content of human life and become more human than we are, or will we betray the whole of our human and prehuman past?

What can we do to increase the quantity or quality of living time within the time of our lives? Dragging out the tag end of life, whether by extending the aging process or by adding a few years by some sort of living mummification process, is futile and in its own way indecent. No one truly wants to wither on the vine. It is better, I say, to drop off, even though reluctantly, while the spark of life is still evident. The real problem lies at the beginning of life, not at its end, and it is twofold. On the one hand it concerns the nature of the fundamental difference between the human egg or human protoplasm and that of other mammals. On the other it concerns the practical possibility of increasing this difference. The first relates to knowledge and understanding, the second to the control of human nature by human beings. Understanding usually leads to control, though this is not necessarily true. Nor does control necessarily involve understanding. A comparable situation exists in the problem of cancer, where eventual scientific understanding of the nature of malignancy does not guarantee that control will follow, and where a practical cure may be stumbled on without any greater comprehension than we now possess.

Some control over the allotment and the character of human living time is already within our reach. Enough is known about stock improvement by selective breeding to apply this practice effectively to human stock. We could selectively breed to emphasize almost any quality or feature of the human animal. We could select as breeding stock for the next and subsequent generations those individuals who have matured later than most, the late bloomers rather than the precocious. Given time, patience and determination, an isolated human community could genetically improve itself and become a more human variety of the human race. The obstacles to such a course are now principally of a traditional character.

A self-improvement program of this sort is usually implied when we talk of assuming control of our own future evolution. It is feasible, though a thousand years might be needed to produce significant results. Human nature being what it is, what man can do, man most likely will do. Sooner or later the experiment will begin, for a journey in this dimension makes far more sense than commuting among the planets. There will be time enough and more, once we see the problem in perspective.

Though such a program is obviously for the future, the prospect already engages the human mind. What concerns us here and now is the inner core of the problem, the secret of our real humanity in terms of biological and biochemical science. For obvious reasons it is exceptionally difficult to perform research on human eggs and human tissue. It is much easier to investigate the biologic processes of other creatures. Hence we know much more about them than we do about ourselves. But the human question is there and demands an answer. What peculiarities of the living human egg are responsible for the retardation of the normal developmental processes? What properties result in the postponement of maturity, the intensification of living, especially in the earlier years, and ultimately in the over-all prolongation of life?

This is not, of course, an isolated question. Most of the fundamental questions concerning the nature of developmental processes and the growth and specialization of tissues still await an answer. The answers will come, for the great days of biological science lie ahead, just as those of physics may have already passed. As we attain new understandings of the nature of all living matter, we will better be able to analyze and understand the difference between man and his fellow creatures. On the basis of that understanding we may be able to add youth to our years. In any case, if it is the destiny of man to know, and to know himself above all, this is the next big step along the way.

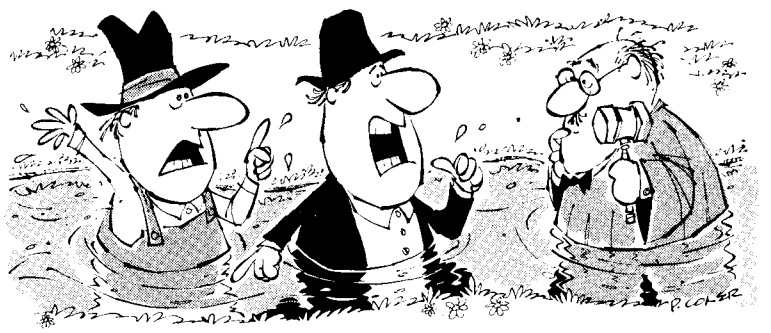
For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Berrill, N. J.
Man's Emerging Mind
Apollo
$1.95

Berrill, N. J.
You and the Universe
Dodd, Mead and Company
$3.50

Herrick, C. Judson
The Evolution of Human Nature
University of Texas
$7.50

Ashley Montagu, M. F.
Anthropology and Human Nature
Sargent
$6.00



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Pepe and Peter lived on opposite sides of a small river, the middle of which was their boundary line. The river shifted its course, however, so that much of Peter's land was on Pepe's side. Pepe claimed it. Peter sued.

"My title covers the land to the center of the river bed," Peter maintained. "The bed is still where it was, even though the river has moved. Therefore my property rights remain unchanged."

"On the contrary, the bed is where the river is now, not where it used to be," Pepe responded. "Therefore the property that it cut off from your land belongs to me."

If you were the judge, would you let the land shift stand?

• •

Pepe and the river won. The court said that a river takes its bed with it, in keeping with the age-old rule of law that riparian landowners gain or lose property as the shore expands or erodes.

Based upon a 1957 Federal decision.

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Dangerous Trespass (Continued from Page 25)

lifted to wring out her black hair. She was wearing a Bikini of the kind you might see on the beach at Ostia or Alassio, but that would make the trees themselves stare in Sardinia, and I thought I understood why the man was hiding, waiting for her to come. Playing Peeping Tom at a tourist. Although this was a surprising place to find a tourist, with no roads and no way of reaching it except on foot or horseback.

She came up the beach, humming under her breath, stepping with a slow luxury on the warm sand, her hair falling to her shoulders now, a dark frame for her face. She passed within ten yards of me and on up toward the grass. And still the man in the shadows waited. I saw him grow tense, half lift from where he was squatting on his haunches. But the girl didn't see him, because her face was tilted toward the sky, her hands linked behind the nape of her neck. I could imagine her eyes half shut, drinking in the warmth of the sun. As she stepped onto the grass, the man moved with a smooth litheness like a snake striking. One moment he was as still as a part of the shadows; the next, he had her arms twisted behind her back, her body pressed against his. And all so swiftly that for a long second I couldn't move. I heard her gasp and then the start of a scream close off as he kissed her mouth. And still I hesitated. It could be two lovers after a quarrel—even a husband and wife. He stopped kissing her and her head fell back.

"Listen to me," he said. "Listen to me, Anna. I want to be your friend ——"

"Let me go," she snapped. "You pig. You filth——"

He slid a hand down from her hair to cover her mouth. "Not till you listen to me," he said. "I want to warn you ——"

And as he said it she wrenched herself free and swung her hand across his face. A full, open-handed smack that sent him staggering. A tussock of green grass caught his foot and he went sprawling on his back. The girl turned and ran, snatching up her dress from behind a bush, and the man rolled to his feet like a tumbler and was after her, his face white with rage, except for the dark mark of her hand on his cheek. I started to run, too, yelling, "Stop!" He hesitated, looking over his shoulder. Then he started to run again, but I was almost up with him. The man checked at a bush, and I dived for him in a flying tackle, my shoulder against the back of his knees. He went down with a slam that sent the breath out of him like a burst balloon, and he lay still, making little gasping noises. I reached forward and pulled the fisherman's knife out of his belt, tossing it into a bush, and then sat up, catching my own breath.

The girl had heard me shout and came stepping back to the edge of the little clearing where I had floored him, her bare feet feeling for soft places on the grass, the green dress held across her breast. She stared at me in bewilderment.

"Who are you?" she said. I noticed she kept at a safe distance.

"I'm not sure yet. Either Adam or the serpent, according to the circumstances. Had this man any kind of license to chase you?"

She smiled briefly and shook her head. "That Eduardo! None at all. You saw what he tried to do?" Her voice matched her Bikini. An educated voice. From the mainland. Genoa, I guessed. She was very beautiful.

The man on the ground rolled himself into a ball, lashed out with his bare feet at the side of my head, and the world dissolved into black and scarlet streaks of fire. I lay staring at them, not sure if my neck was broken, hearing from a long way off the sound of running feet. Then hands were touching my face. Very cool, still damp from the sea. She was kneeling beside me, lifting my head, making horrified sounds in her throat as she probed with her finger tips my jaw and temple. The fingers seemed to know what they were doing, and I lay and let them explore the bruise.

"Nothing broken," she said. "Although I'm afraid it'll feel as though there is for a week or two. I'm awfully sorry."

"You sound like a doctor," I said, feeling to see if my teeth were still there.

"I am a doctor."

"You don't look like one."

She let my head lie back on the ground at that, turning my face away from her. "Then I'd better get dressed," she said. She went behind a bush, and I lay still, sorry that I'd spoken. A minute later she came back in the green dress, her hair twisted into a damp knot at the nape of her neck.

"You still don't look very like a doctor," I said. I sat up, trying not to feel faint. It had been like a kick from a horse.

"Perhaps that's because I'm only just qualified," she said. She spread her hands in a gesture that included the beach, the clearing, my bruised face. "I'm sorry to have involved you in this."

"I'm glad to have helped. If I have," I said. "But I'd love to know what it was all about. What did he mean, 'I must warn you ——'"

She spread her hands again. "I wish I knew." She looked at me, and then round us at the wood that seemed suddenly full of shadow and soft movements. "Let's go back onto the beach," she said and shivered slightly. "Is that your donkey?"

"Yes. I'm on a walking tour." We went back into the sunlight, full and heavy and golden in this last hour of the afternoon as a bowl of wine. I undid Leonora's straps and slid the two baskets to the ground. She semaphored her pleasure with her ears and stretched out her muzzle, first to me and then to the girl, to be stroked, wrinkling back her black, rubbery lips from her small yellow teeth in a caricature of a smile. Then she went off to roll in the sand, and we sat down on the edge of the grass. In front of us the sea stretched like a blue carpet. But to one side of the little bay there was the dark shadow of a reef, running out straight and even as a wall, as far as I could trace it beneath the surface. As a wall. I sat forward.

"That reef?" I said. "Have you swum along it? Under the surface, I mean?"

She stared at me as if I had gone mad. "No," she said. "No—why?"

I realized how the question must have sounded and laughed. "I'm sorry. I'm an archaeologist. At least whenever I can afford to take time off from being an engineer. And that reef looks too even to be natural rock. I'm afraid it's just one of those passions—but you were telling me about what's just happened."

"I wasn't—because I can't. I just don't understand anything any more." She sat almost as he had been sitting, her arms round her brown shins, her chin resting on her knees. She looked less like a doctor than ever. "We have a farm up there." She nodded over her shoulder. "At least it used to be a farm. My grandfather kept it going till he died. But my father is a professor of chemistry in Milan, and we live there, just coming here for holidays. And for the last few years, while I've been studying, we haven't come at all. There's an old woman keeps the cottage for us, and four days ago I came for a holiday, and to see how things were. It's"—she spread her hands—"it's been like a nightmare ever since."

"How?" I said. "You mean things like just now?"

"No—not quite. That was the first time, although he's been pestering me since I came back. No. It's as though I've been surrounded by things I couldn't see. As if I'm being watched and followed. And when I meet people they seem to look sideways at me—people I've known all my life. Like the boy just now, Eduardo, and his father, Giovanni, and the uncles, all of them—as if they're trying to drive me away."

"Perhaps they are. Is there any reason why they should want to?"

"None at all," she said. "This is my home—my real home. I told them I was coming back here, now that I was a doctor, to practice. And from that moment they seemed to change ——"

"Have they tried to buy the farm from you?"

"Why, yes," she said, surprised. "About a year ago old Giovanni wrote to my father, asking to buy it. But my father would never sell, least of all to him."

"Are they enemies? Is that why this happened just now perhaps?"

"N-no," she said doubtfully. "I don't think so. They're not exactly enemies. My father never lived here enough for that. But the whole family ——" She made a gesture of disgust with her fingers, as if she were brushing filth from them. "All of them would rather steal than work, and Giovanni is the worst. I've always felt there was something evil about him. Slimy and evil." She shuddered, and I realized the sun was nearly gone behind the mountains.

"Could I come up and see your farm?" I said. "And maybe beg a corner of your barn to sleep in?"

"You're more than welcome. And to a meal as well," she said. "You've been a very good Samaritan." I got up and gave her my hands to help her to her feet. She came up as smoothly and easily as a boy, her cool, long fingers barely touching mine. She was nearly as tall as I was, too, her eyes not much below my own as we stood close together, facing each other. I could understand what the boy Eduardo had felt. "Perhaps we should introduce ourselves," she said. "I'm Anna Arborea."

"And I'm Ennio Vespucci, engineer."

Leonora nudged me from behind, almost throwing me into the girl's arms, and I had to fling out my own arms to save myself. She stepped back with a little catching of her breath.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was Leonora telling me she's hungry. She's a bit rough."

Anna laughed and began to help me load the baskets back onto the donkey. "We'll feed her, too," she said. . . . "Come, Leonora." She stroked the donkey's blunt, heavy muzzle, and we went across the darkening semicircle of grass and into the wood, following an almost invisible path that wound for 200 yards through shadowy thickets of dwarf oak. A place for fauns and satyrs. Real satyrs, with devils' feet and evil in their eyes. I shivered in the swift evening chill and was glad when we came out onto the open hillside. It was already too dark to see very much. A few hundred yards ahead a yellow lamp glowed in a window, pale as a twilight star. Beyond it the mountain range was a black, jagged line against the crimson sky.

"The farmhouse," Anna said, pointing to the lamp. I made out a low, one-story building and a separate roof that must be a barn. And as I looked at it I heard the shot. And the bullet. Like a hornet rasping past our heads. A rifle bullet. I threw the girl flat to the ground and myself beside her. A second shot, and behind us Leonora cried out in pain like a human being, a little, choking scream of shock. A long way up the hillside a voice shouted in triumph, and another voice cursed the first one into silence. From where I lay I could see two men running, bent double, their backs no more than moving humps, now breaking the sky line, now hidden below it in the shadows. I started to run after them, realized it was hopeless, and turned back to Leonora. She was still standing, whimpering in her throat. I felt her body and her head. Nothing. She laid her nose against my chest and I stroked her ears.

"Is she all right?" Anna whispered. I looked at my right hand, and it was dark with blood.

"They must have hit one of her ears," I said. "Let's get up to the house."

"The swine," Anna said. "The filthy swine!"

We half ran, half walked the rest of the way, Leonora trotting and whimpering behind me. I took her up to the barn, while Anna fetched a lamp.

"How is she?"

I held the lamp close. There was a hole straight through her left ear, as if it had been made with a punch. It had almost stopped bleeding, and I thought it best to leave it alone. (*Continued on Page 48*)

"Desk, please!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When it comes time to buy heating and/or cooling units...

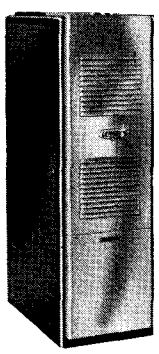
Don't let the Lennox reputation for quality concern you

In heating and air conditioning equipment you must have "Quality" or the operating and maintenance costs will shoot sky high

There is a strange penalty connected with having a known reputation for dependability, as does Lennox. Although more Americans buy Lennox air comfort equipment by far—a small percentage of the people never go near a Lennox dealer because they have the impression Lennox "Quality" would be beyond their budgets.

What these people don't know about heating-cooling units can cost them $500 or more

The trouble is—in heating and cooling if we get too cheap we cost too much! Or we deliver less than full comfort. Our big problem stems from the fact that we handle air in motion and do a lot of things to it. If we aren't extremely careful in design, manufacture and installation we would cause people to waste a great deal of money in operating and maintaining their heating-cooling units. We have seen hundreds of cheap units built to a price and "slam-bang" installed that cost *as much as 50% more to operate*. This is a lot of money. On the other hand we have seen thousands of Lennox installations where typical savings in operating costs were 20%. This, too, is a lot of money—but on the right side of the ledger! Economy like this can add up to hundreds of dollars very quickly.



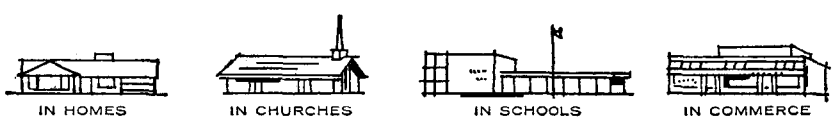
The Lennox "Quality" features that some people worry about are really features of economy. They more than pay for themselves. But in addition, this quality—and the wonderful comfort it provides—is the basket in which we have all of our eggs! Heating and cooling is our exclusive business. It is not a sideline. It has been proved to us that most people want dependable quality that provides real economy over the period of ownership. And that's what we are going to continue to give them!

Competitive Installed Prices

There aren't enough rich people in the nation to buy all the Lennox units sold. Lennox installed prices are low—usually as low as any others—but not always. There are limits beyond which we will not go because we cannot assure lasting economy of operation. Be sure to check Lennox prices. We think you will find the difference, if any, is only in pennies a day over a period of years. For further information, write 204 S. 12th Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa, and ask for free booklet on selecting heating and air conditioning. Or call your local dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning" and/or "Furnaces."

This is what to expect:

1. **Uniform temperature throughout your house.**
2. **Draft-free comfort . . . no hot or cold zones.**
3. **Gentle, continuous air circulation.**
4. **Economical, dependable operation.**
5. **Freedom from noise disturbance . . . whisper-quiet.**
6. **Automatic, safe and carefree comfort.**
7. **You'll feel better . . . eat better . . . sleep better.**
8. **Your home will be easier to keep clean.**
9. **Your furniture and furnishings will last longer.**
10. **You'll gain extra space—for more modern living.**
11. **You'll heat and cool at lower cost—save money.**
12. **Your property will actually increase in value.**



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(*Continued from Page 46*) Anna spread hay for her and gave her a bucket of water.

"Poor Leonora," she whispered. "Both of you hurt now." She tried to smile, but I knew what she was thinking. *It could have been one of us they shot. And tomorrow, or the next day* ——

She led the way into the house. A low, dark room only half lighted by a paraffin lamp. An oak table and heavy, rush-seated chairs. An old woman crouching in the corner of the big stone hearth, holding out her wrinkled claws to the embers of the fire. She turned slowly toward us as we came in. A face like a walnut, two glittering black eyes sunk far back in the dark hollows of their sockets, and coming strangely alive as she saw me with her mistress. Had she heard the shots? Had she known there were going to be any?

"Bring us some wine, Clara," Anna said. She flung herself down in one of the straight-backed chairs, shading her eyes from the lamplight with her hand. Her face looked very drawn and pale.

"What are you going to do?" I said.

"I don't know yet," she said. "But they'll never drive me out."

"Na, na, na, na," the old woman mumbled. She had come back as silent as a shadow. "You should go away, lovikins. Go away." She put down a jar of wine on the table beside us, and two tall Venetian glasses. I caught her wrist, and held it. It felt like a lizard under my fingers. Cold.

"Why should she go?" I said. "What do you know about everything?"

"Na, na, na," she mumbled, trying to drag her hand away. But suddenly I was looking at the jug of wine. Red-and-black pottery, with painted dancers in a wild, leaping procession of dark silhouettes winding round the belly of the jug. I let go of the old woman and picked it up, instinctively using two hands to cradle it, touching the surface with my finger tips unbelievingly. Surely it must be only a copy? I held it up to the light. Yet if it was, it was miraculously done. But how could it be genuine? I had seen jugs like it in museums. Very few, though, as perfect as this. Etruscan. Two thousand five hundred years old or more.

"Where did you get this?" I said to Anna.

Anna bent forward, puzzled. "I don't know. I never saw it before." She touched it, too, and looked at Clara. "Where did you get this, Clara?"

The old woman grinned and mumbled, clowning imbecility. "Na, na, na," she repeated and reached out to take the jug.

"No," I said.

Behind me the door swung open, creaking on its iron hinges. A cold whisper of the night air touched my neck, and the hairs rose on my nape. I swung around on the chair, feeling the palms of my hands sweating, half expecting to see the muzzle of a gun pointing through the doorway. But the man who was standing there had empty hands. A thin, wry-necked man of perhaps fifty, and I knew without even looking at Anna, that this was Giovanni, Eduardo's father. Evil. Slimy and evil, she had said. He seemed to breathe evil. He wore an old coat with sagging pockets and hunter's boots. I wondered if he had fired one of the shots. He bent his head in a mockery of humility, half hiding a thin, twisted, sneering smile of pretended deference and real hatred.

"Good evening to you, Anna, neighbor. . . . Good evening to the strange gentleman." He bowed and mopped at me in turn.

"Did some of your people shoot at us just now?" Anna said in a hard voice.

"God and the saints in Heaven forbid, Anna, neighbor," he said. "My son and my brother went shooting a fox. A fox. Yes, a fox." He bowed and mopped each time he said "fox," as if he was pleased with the word.

"Have they a license for their guns?" I said. "For army rifles?"

He turned on me, a snarl now behind the smile. "Is the kind, good gentleman a policeman, perhaps, to ask about licenses?"

"No," I said.

"Then I suggest the kind, good gentleman goes away quickly before he needs a policeman—or a priest."

"We don't need suggestions," said Anna. "What do you want?"

"Something very neighborly, Anna. Very neighborly." He came forward into the lamplight, a gray stubble glinting on his cheeks, his head nodding and bobbing twistedly on his wryneck. A curious smell seemed to come with him, like decay. The smell of a grave. "I want to buy your farm. Or lease it, Anna, neighbor, if you won't sell ——"

"Why do you want to drive me away?"

"Drive you away?" He lifted his dirty hands in horror, arched his tufted gray eyebrows, twisted his face into a caricature of dismay. "Drive you away, Anna, neighbor? Never. But truly never. Yet what is this place for you, an educated lady, among such ignorant peasants as ourselves? How could you be happy here?"

"Get out," said Anna. "Get out. I'll find out what this all means if I have to have policemen sent here from Cagliari."

"So," he whispered. "So. You would bring policemen here? Is that friendly, Anna, neighbor? Is that wise?" And there were such cold depths of menace in his voice that I felt frozen where I sat. I remembered how far it was from civilization here in this remote corner of Sardinia. A thousand years away from it.

"Get out," said Anna. "You have half a minute, before my friend puts you out."

He looked at me with hatred, and for a second I thought he wouldn't go. Beyond him in the darkness, through the open doorway, I saw a shadow moving. He hadn't come alone.

"Are you going?" said Anna. He looked from one of us to the other, smiling again, but only with his mouth, the thin lips twisting over his yellow teeth.

"You are not very wise," he said. "Neither of you." Then he was gone. I got up and shut the door, and the smell seemed to hang where he had been standing. Like an opened grave. I turned back to the table, trying to think. And it must have been almost a minute before I realized that the jug was gone. The glasses were still there, but the fat, red-and-black pottery jug with its dancing Etruscan figures had disappeared. I was in the stone kitchen, opening off the living room, in four strides. The old woman was sweeping the last crushed fragments of pottery under a heavy dresser.

"You old witch," I shouted. "What have you done?" I bent down, scrabbling for the pieces with trembling hands. She struck at me with the broom, mumbling and snarling through her toothless mouth. "Na, na, na, na," striking at me like an ancient snake. I stood up and gripped her cold, serpent neck, shuddering as I touched her.

"Where did you get that jug?" I said. She stared at me with dumb hatred, and I shook her softly to and fro. "I am from the police," I said, hoping that she hadn't heard me deny it just now. Her eyes widened in terror, and she clawed at my wrists.

"You'll be put into prison unless you tell me the truth. Now." I thought for a second she was going to spit in my face. Then suddenly the fight went out of her.

"Prison?" she whispered. "I'm old. I've done nothing. They did it. They robbed the graves. I just begged them for the jug, for my wine and milk. I did nothing else, I swear, *signóre*. I never went back. I was afraid. All the time they rob, but I am afraid of the spirits. I never go now—na, na, never any more."

Anna was behind me, listening. "What graves?" she said. "You mean the ones up by the stone tower?"

The old woman nodded, rubbing her neck with her clawlike hands where I had held her, her mouth dribbling.

"There are some grass mounds up the hills," Anna said, turning to me. "The country people call them Giants' graves, but no one ever opened them."

"They have now," I said, turning over the fragment of pottery I had rescued from the floor. "This is your mystery. This is what Eduardo wanted to warn you of—in exchange for a suitable reward, I suppose. There's a big trade in this kind of thing. Your neighbors are evidently busy gutting an Etruscan cemetery on your farm. The only one that's ever been found in Sardinia, what's more. That reef down by the beach is probably the remains of a harbor mole. Where are these graves? Could we go and look at them now?"

"Now?" said Anna in a very small voice. I saw her looking at the darkness outside the window.

"We'll be safer now than in the daytime, when they could see us. Or I will, rather. There's no need for you to come. Just tell me where to look." I picked up the lamp. I wasn't being a hero. I still had more than a vivid memory of those two shots in the twilight. But I had an even more vivid memory of that perfect, unbelievable Etruscan jug. What else was up there, being looted day by day, to be sold first to some black marketeer in antiquities in Cagliari, and to wind up in some crooked dealer's secret showrooms in Rome or Paris or New York?

"I'll come," said Anna. She opened the back door and stepped out into the darkness as if she were stepping into icy water. From a corner the old woman stared at us between fear and hatred, still caressing her stringy, grimy throat. I followed Anna, pulling the door shut behind us. The lamp threw a circle of yellow light on the muddy yard. Through the open door of the stable Leonora stared at us, a whisp of hay sticking out of her mouth, her injured ear drooping.

"It's about half a mile," said Anna. "I haven't been up there for years." Unconsciously she moved closer to me, and her bare forearm brushed mine. I knew that I ought to send her back, but it was very pleasant to walk beside her in the darkness, the scent of the woods and the sea drifting up the hillside to us. We walked almost in silence for a quarter of an hour. Ahead of us I saw the hump of what might be the stone tower she had spoken of, a nuraghe, older even than the Etruscans.

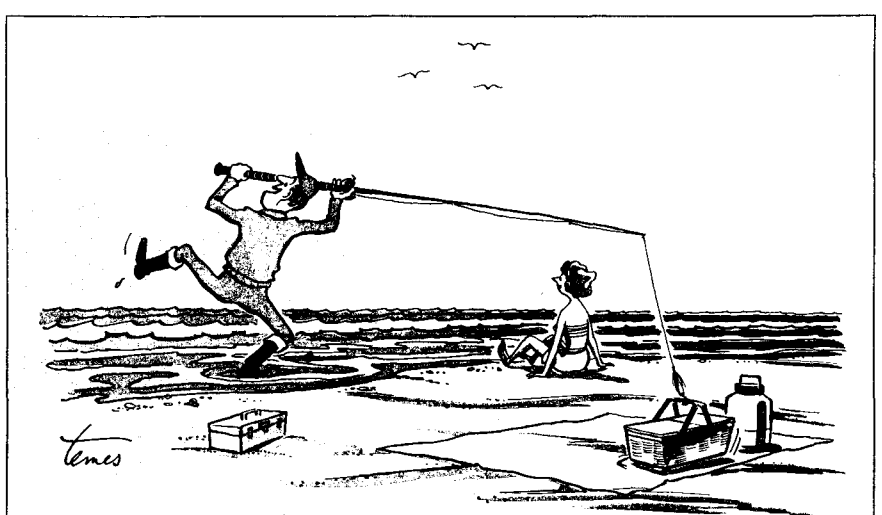
"About here," whispered Anna. I gave her the lamp, and she cast about for a minute or two until we were standing between two smooth swells of green turf, twenty feet high at the center perhaps, and ninety or a hundred feet across. "There are about a dozen of these," she said. "The peasants say you can't count them except on Midsummer Eve."

It seemed hopeless to look for where they had been digging. The graves were probably scattered over half a square mile. I climbed over the first, stamping as I came near the center. Nothing. The second, nothing. And the third. Still nothing. And then as I was letting my weight carry me at a run down the side of the mound, something shifted under my foot. I half fell, turned back, probed and found it. A crude trap of wood, with turf laid over it. I lifted it away and shone the lamp inside. The same smell of decay and death swept up to meet me as had hung on Giovanni's clothes. Anna's footsteps came running.

"Are you all right?"

"I've found it. Or one of them," I said. "The one they must be robbing at present." I leaned my head and shoulders through the opening, peering into the dark stillness of a stone room, maybe twenty feet each way and nine feet high. I saw the shadowy outline of a stone coffin, a sculptured lid pushed roughly to one side and broken. Carved pillars. A pile of jars and objects in one corner. "I'm going in," I said. "Hold the lamp." I dropped down into the grave, into the heavy, ice-cold silence. And for a second, until Anna handed the lamp down and joined me, I felt the chill weight of death on me.

"It's horrible," she whispered, and the whisper echoed softly among the pillars holding up the huge weight of the roof. I held the lamp close to one of them. It was carved with scenes from a butcher's shop. An Etruscan lady held out money in her small, cupped hand, and the butcher smiled at her as he chopped her meat, his hand and cleaver poised as they had been for twenty-five hundred years. I turned to the coffin. Whatever bones had been there had crumbled into dust, but the owner of the grave and his lady lay in stone on the tumbled lid. A stout man with a balding head and an enigmatic smile, his wife lying on hip and elbow beside him, gazing into his face; and at their feet a little dog, its muzzle tucked between its paws, its eyes asleep.



"One more cast and then we eat . . . O.K.?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In the corner was the obvious result of Giovanni's last day's work before Anna's homecoming halted the looting. Grave goods piled haphazardly for packing into boxes that would be taken by mule cart to the nearest main road and a discreet lorry. Jugs and vases of black figure pottery. Little jars that had held make-up, with the face of the goddess of love molded into the lid. A child's pottery toys. A great bronze bowl with the figures of warriors dancing round the rim. A bronze statuette of Hercules. I picked it up and showed it to Anna, caressing the deep-green patina that was as hard and smooth as glaze.

"Thank Heaven we found it before everything was gone," I said. "This stuff is beyond price ——"

The slightest of sounds, the faintest brush of a foot on the grass by the trap door. And the sharp, small snick of a rifle bolt. There wasn't time to think. I flung the lamp against the far wall, pushed Anna headlong, and dropped flat behind the stone coffin. The explosion of the shot came as I dropped. Immense, almost unbearable in the closed stone tomb, slamming my eardrums. The bullet whined and sang and ricocheted round

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Nowadays a rugged individualist is a man who pushes a lawnmower.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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the floor and walls, showering splinters of stone.

"Are you all right, Anna?" I whispered, and a second shot deafened me. The lamp had flared and died, and I could see him now, outlined in the pale opening of the roof. Giovanni. The silhouette of his narrow head and bent wryneck. The glint of starlight on the barrel of his gun. My outstretched left hand touched Anna's foot, and she lifted it slightly, once, twice, to tell me that she wasn't hurt. But for how long? Trapped in a stone grave? How long before he realized that all he needed to do was to block up the one way of escape? And wait. Put back the trap door and pile stones on top of it. Who would hear us? Who would miss us until it was too late? Who would find us even then? A cold sweat ran between my shoulder blades, bathed my face.

"You wouldn't be warned," said Giovanni. "No, Anna, neighbor. . . . No, my kind gentleman. You were too wise. Too clever for old Giovanni. And so it must be like this. What a pity, what a shame."

"Will you be a murderer as well as a thief?" said Anna bitterly, and Giovanni laughed—and fired. This time there was no ricochet. Under my hand Anna's foot twitched and lay still.

If I had thought, I wouldn't have done it. But it was as if something snapped in my mind, as if the chain of fear that had been holding me had broken. I vaulted the stone coffin, dodged sideways and leaped. The muzzle of the gun swung, slammed like a battery of rockets six inches from the side of my head; then I had my hands on his throat, hanging from him with my full weight, my feet clear of the ground. But he was lying full length on the sloping grass outside, his feet lower than his shoulders, and he held firm. I tried to pull myself up, but his throat was too awkward a handhold. I slid one arm round the back of his neck, and I heard the breath suck back into his lungs. One fist smashed at my face, but I couldn't protect myself. With his other hand he was drawing back the gun, working the muzzle around until it would be in my ribs. And I couldn't stop him; couldn't do anything; because if I let go of my hold I'd fall, and he would fire. I tried to lock his other arm with my elbow. Tried to twist his neck, squeeze the breath out of him with my gripping hand and arm. I heard him choking for breath, stared into his bulging eyes. In a minute—less—I could win. But the muzzle of the gun crept in the grass like a living thing, like a serpent with a broken back. His finger sliding, inching, fumbling toward the trigger. The muzzle almost against my heart. Ten seconds more and he would fire. And as I began to count them I saw her. Quite close to us, like a gray shadow against the darker sky. Leonora—browsing on the long, sweet grass of the grave. She had been lonely down in the barn and followed me.

"Leonora," I shouted, hoping that Giovanni would think a human being was there, try to look, forget his finger creeping toward the trigger, give me a few seconds more to strangle him before he fired. Leonora heard me and came running toward us. I wrenched desperately at Giovanni's throat, swung myself from his neck like a pendulum and felt his body shift. The edge of the hole crumbled. Earth and small stones pattered onto the floor below. Leonora was behind him, bending down her muzzle, doing what she always did, nudging for caresses, for attention. Nudging him between the shoulders. Giovanni's eyes went wild with fright. He dragged desperately at the gun, and I swung again and the earth gave, blinding me as we fell. The gun crashed to the stone flags and fired aimlessly. The world rose up and struck the back of my head, closed over me, burying me a thousand feet below the starlight.

The risen moon was pouring its brightness into the grave when I came to. Beside me Giovanni groaned in agony, one arm folded under his body, very obviously broken. Afterward, in the prison hospital, they found that more than his arm had been broken in that fall. He thought that the spirits of the grave had taken their revenge on him, and even in his cell he screams so much in the dark that they leave his light on all night long. But that night I had no time to spare for him. I carried Anna into the moonlight and, using the stone coffin as a step, got her out onto the grass. The bullet had smashed her right collarbone. I tore up my shirt to bandage her and make a sling for her arm, and lifted her onto Leonora's back. She was conscious, but it took all her strength not to cry out with every movement. I put my arm round her waist to hold her, and we went slowly down the hillside. In the hours to come there would be a great deal to do. Messengers to find; to go for the police, for a doctor. But now it was enough to be alive—to know that Anna was alive. To hold her, my arm around her warm, bending waist, swaying as Leonora stepped with her small black hoofs among the tussocks of long grass. Below us the cottage lay washed with pale rose in the moonlight, and beyond it the beach, and the wine-dark spread of the sea. I remembered that afternoon, thinking that it might have been the beach of Paradise. *Had I found Eve there?*

"Eve," I whispered. "This isn't the time to tell you, but you're very beautiful."

She bent down her dark head with its cloud of black, soft hair and put her good arm around my shoulders. And I knew then, long, long before all the formal things were said and done, and my ring put on her finger, that it had been the beach of Paradise. THE END

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Man in Orbit (Continued from Page 15)

tell, she hadn't even tried. His exhaustion pressed down, and his despondency deepened. He guessed it was all up between Marian and him.

Then, distinctly as the kicking-in of a third-stage booster, something altered inside him. Once more he was Out There, alone in space and time, the loneliest mortal in man's history, the earth and his own fretful earth problems far away and well lost. The bemused wonderment of where he had been and what he had done returned, detaching him from this time and this place. He turned slowly, taking in every mean detail of the B.O.Q. room's box-square bleakness as if he had never seen it before. He regarded MacAdams with a chill, queer smile as he might have a presumptuous stranger, and when he spoke, his voice was hollow and distant. "You're wrong. I wasn't confident. Actually I didn't expect to make it."

"What's that?" said MacAdams.

"I said I never expected to get back."

The general's jaw dropped. "Then what the devil did you insist on going for?"

Ross shrugged. "I figured it was time we quit stalling and gave it a try—if we ever hoped to beat the Soviets at anything. I thought it was worth the gamble. And anyway"—he shrugged again—"I guess it didn't seem to matter very much whether I came back or not."

MacAdams reddened angrily. Before he could speak, the door opened, and Sergeant Solomon, the B.O.Q. steward, put his head in. "You find your clothes all right, Major Claridge?"

"Clothes? Sure, Sol. Right where I left them."

"Thass right. I hung them new gabardine britches of yours ——" Seeing MacAdams, Solomon ducked back hastily. "'Scuse me, general. Didn't know you was in here, sir. 'Scuse me for buttin' in." He closed the door quickly.

"Damn your hide, Claridge!" sputtered MacAdams. "I ought to fire you off the project! I ought to have you court-martialed! You think this country poured millions into Outbound so you could play martyr? What the hell's the matter with you? I thought you were a rational man. What's come over you?"

The remoteness which held Ross intensified. Ignoring MacAdams, he thought of Marian again, considering her, too, as he might have a stranger. Once she had spelled magic for him. Now the prospect of going home to her was repugnant. Fatigue bore down on him. He wished MacAdams would go away.

"Skip it, Ben," he said indifferently. "I guess I didn't really mean that. I'm just depressed. Reaction, I guess. Drugged to sleep, drugged to wake up again—like an automaton. Right now I'm so pooped I can't think straight. Of course I expected to get back. You think I'm crazy?"

"For a minute there I did," grumbled the general, and Ross could see relief in his eyes. "And don't pull anything like that again. We've got plans for you, boy."

"Yeah. I bet you have." Wearily Ross turned to the clothes rack and from a wire hanger took the gabardine sport slacks he had bought at the PX a couple of days before Outbound. He remembered now that they were too small, that he would have to have the waist let out. At that instant, as if by a miracle, his bone-deep exhaustion sloughed off. A curious zest, a sudden sensation of boundless energy, flooded through him. He felt almost lightheaded. Then he caught sight of his face in the mirror and was puzzled. After his ordeal, it should have been drawn and weary, but instead it had a healthy, youthful look. His eyes sparkled. And there was something else.

He peered closer. It could have been the dim light bulb over the mirror, but it seemed to him that he could no longer detect the beginning sprinkle of gray he had seen in his sandy hair those last worrisome days before Outbound.

Perplexed, he stepped into his new slacks and made an astonishing discovery. They fitted loosely. He thrust his hands inside his waistband. "Look at this, Ben! Before I left, these pants were too tight. Now look!"

MacAdams whistled. "Good grief! How could you lose that much weight?"

"Sweating out Recovery," said Ross dazedly, but knew that this was no weight loss. According to the medics, he had actually gained half a pound on that controlled regimen of concentrated protein paste sucked from "toothpaste" tubes. Besides, the rigid physical conditioning they had put him through before Outbound had left no fat on his frame. This was something startling and inexplicable.

"That's not good," said the general. "You shouldn't have lost that way. Did the doctors say anything about it?"

Ross shook his head. *Something happened to me Out There*, he thought. *Is there something Out There we don't know about and didn't count on? Some unsuspected radiation effect? Something about cosmic rays—solar energy?*

"I think," said MacAdams, "we'd better have Doc Goldberg and his boys check you over again. This isn't a thing to ignore."

The strange sensation of tireless vigor surged through Ross. He flexed his muscles, marveling at their feel of supple strength. *By heaven*, he thought wonderingly, *something has happened to me*. He stared down at his hard, concave belly, tested the slack in his trousers again. *Young*, he pondered. *That's how I feel. I feel young again. Not that thirty-seven was old, but it wasn't young.*

His imagination leaped. Since it was not weight loss that had trimmed his waistline, you might almost speculate that something had redistributed the basic molecules of his body, reshaping them to the contours of his youth. But what could do that?

"Let's go," said the general. "Let's see those medics."

"Wait a minute," said Ross, suddenly excited. "Wait a minute, Ben." He'd had enough of doctors' poking at him. Besides, this was something he wanted to explore alone, work out for himself. *By gosh*, he thought, *I believe I am younger. I believe I've come back younger!* Startling possibilities swarmed upon him. Were the science-fiction writers right? Could you actually make a time shift Out There, slip back in time? Nonsense, scoffed the trained engineer's part of his brain. Why nonsense? argued his imagination. For years scientists have suspected that time might have a different dimension and meaning Out There. What do we really know about Out There? We're only on the threshold of discoveries.

A fantastic notion seized him. If this could happen, equally incredible things might happen. Perhaps he could time-slip back to what he had been once and had once and lost. For a long time now, since his final gloomy realization that happiness with Marian was finished, that they were condemned to a dreary penal servitude together for life, he had subconsciously longed to return to the one time in his life when he had been happiest, to a lost time ten years past.

Fantasy, of course. Nobody could do that. But what if he tried? How could he know till he tried? If he really had come back younger from Out There; even if he had merely regained some of the lost characteristics of his youth, why, anything might happen!

A memory of the carefree happiness of that time ten years before when he had been stationed in this same Florida town swept through him. In a sense that had been second youth too.

Aching nostalgia for that lost time seized him. He had been a twenty-seven-year-old undergraduate, a bachelor officer detached by the Air Force after a combat tour in Korea to work full time on an aeronautical-engineering degree at the Technological Institute here. He was older than most students, but he had slipped back easily into undergraduate life. He thought now of the careless, happy freedom of those days and of a laughing girl he had called Midge. Midge! The remembered sound of the name sang in his blood. Midge! Could he—somehow—could he through this miraculous transformation which had come upon him slip back in time and find her again?

Nonsense, he thought, but his imagination soared off, urging and tempting him. *Try it! What can you lose by trying?*

How? he thought wildly. Where would you start from to make a journey back in time?

It would have to be a place that was a link to those days. Vic's! he thought. Vic Icino's bar and grill across the tracks from the institute in the Little Naples section—Vic's, where Midge and he went every afternoon after classes to avoid the campus crowd, to drink beer with old Vic and eat his pizza. Vic's was the place to start. If there was a Vic's now. He hadn't been in Little Naples in ten years.

"Let's go, Ross. I want Elliott Goldberg's opinion of this."

"No," said Ross obstinately. This was nothing for Doc Goldberg. Not yet. This was for him alone and, by the grace of God, for Midge as well. If there was a Midge any more. Unless all that had happened in the time between had destroyed the girl she was.

"Look, Ben," he said almost pleadingly. "Suppose I did lose a little weight? So what? Way I see it, I'm lucky to be alive. Ben, right now I'm fed up with flight surgeons and space-medicine men. I want to go somewhere and sit with a drink and think about where I've been and who I am and what the world is all about. Maybe I'm what the psychologists call disoriented. Damn it, Ben, I've been a long way away. Give me a chance

Midnight Penance

By Thomas Congdon

What mother did beyond the kitchen door
So late at night her family knew, of course.
Her conscience hurt. This was, we'd seen before,
Her way of dealing with her own remorse
For being cross with us, or guilt she bore
About the friend her heedless comment bruised.
She scrubbed the ache out on the kitchen floor.
The worse she felt, the bigger brush she used.

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to get back, won't you? Give me a chance to get my feet on the ground."

"Drink?" said MacAdams, frowning. "I didn't know you drank. What are you going to do—go out and get stoned? Listen, when this news breaks, you're going to be the most famous man in the country. We can't have you plastered."

Ross grinned a little. "Ben, my idea of a spree is about two beers, and it's a long time since I had that much. I just want to go somewhere and think about things. Can't you understand that?"

"Oh, all right," said MacAdams exasperatedly. "I suppose you've earned it. But as for understanding—frankly I haven't understood a thing about you since I walked in here. First you mumble about not coming back from Outbound, and all of a sudden you brighten up, start staring at yourself in that mirror and making muscles all over the place. But all right. Do what you want. Only don't forget—when they break the news, we'll need you. I suppose you'll be home?"

Ross scowled. "Is Marian expecting me? What have you told her?"

" Why, nothing, really," said MacAdams a little uneasily. "Ordinarily we'd have told her something, but with the security classification on Outbound—well, we couldn't chance the slightest leak. No, I don't see how she could be expecting you."

"So you just let her sweat," said Ross grimly. "Well, don't call me at home. Not until you've heard from me. I'm not going there right away."

MacAdams stared at him suspiciously.

The route to Little Naples took the cab past the scabby stucco walls of the Tech Institute. In the warm afternoon, students were spilling out on the sidewalks, young men in sport shirts mostly, but with here and there a rare coed lost in the sea of males. Midge had been one of them once—a small, neatly made blonde with a bouncing pony-tail and an eager, happy face. Ross remembered how it had been in those long-ago afternoons to come up behind her on the crowded sidewalk, to take her hand and stride off under the scrubby palms, laughing together on the way to Vic Icino's.

The cab crossed the railroad tracks and turned left into Forsythia Street. Panic seized Ross, and he closed his eyes. What if Vic's Bar was gone? Ten years, he thought desperately. If Vic's was gone, there would be no link with that time. How could you expect to go back ten years and find no change? "This the place, bud?" said the cab driver.

Ross opened his eyes. There was the Italian grocery on the corner; there was the Chinese laundry, and between them, faded gold letters spelling out its name on a grimy plate-glass front, was Vic's Bar and Grill, the same as ever. Forsythia Street had resisted time. "Right," said Ross, and his hand trembled when he took his change from the driver.

He opened Vic's door and walked in. The old familiar smells of spilled beer and garlic sausage and *pasta* baking somewhere in the rear, welled up. Nothing had changed, except for a TV set where nce the radio had been, but the baseball announcer's laconic chatter sounded the same and the half-dozen men in blue work shirts, watching the game at the bar, might have been the same taciturn afternoon beer drinkers of ten years before. Vic stood as he always had, thick arms folded across his white apron, a little balder, a shade fatter. He turned when Ross entered and something flickered in his black eyes. "Yes, sir?"

"Beer, please, Vic."

Vic drew a glass, combed the foam off, put it on the bar and smiled. "Got you." He wiped his hand on his apron and extended it. "Got you now. You used to come in every afternoon with a little blond doll. How long ago was that? Must be four or five years."

"Ten," said Ross, smiling and shaking hands. "Ten years, Vic."

"Is that a fact?" The bartender wagged his head. "Ten more years standing here on my flat feet, drawing beer for the customers, and it don't seem half that long. Where you been all this time?"

"Lots of places, Vic." Ross took a cautious sip. It tasted fine. He had forgotten how good beer could taste. "California. Europe. Japan. You name it."

"That's right. You told me you were a flier. Think of that now. You been all those places and you come back, and here's old Vic still standing in the same spot. Makes you think, don't it? Ten years. You ain't changed much. Little gray in your hair, but that's nothing."

"Gray?" Dismayed, Ross looked in the bar mirror. It was back again, the gray around his ears. Or maybe it had never been gone. Maybe he had only thought so. Disturbed, he slipped his fingers inside his waistband. It was still loose, but even so. . . .

"The little blonde," said Vic pleasantly, "what happened to her? Always figured you two might make a pair. That was a nice little dame, a real lady and a pleasure to have in the place. Made you feel good just to talk to her."

"I lost her," said Ross gloomily and peered at the mirror. It was there all right. You had to catch the light on it, but the gray was there. And now a premonitory weariness descended on him, and in the mirror his face looked drawn and tired. Was the—the miraculous transformation wearing off? Was it a transient thing? Maybe he'd better hurry. "Lost her, Vic. A long time ago."

Vic made a regretful sound. "Too bad. But that's the way it goes."

"Kind of had an idea," said Ross moodily, "that if I came back here, maybe I could find her again."

"Here?" said Vic. "I never seen her here without you. She wasn't the kind would come to a place like this alone."

"What I meant," said Ross, "was that maybe I could get her back from here, that I could call her from here." He shook his head. "You don't understand what I mean. Can't expect you to. But this is the one place I could hope to get her back from. Where's your phone?"

Vic looked perturbed. "After ten years? Not my business, but things change in ten years, friend. People don't stay the same. Good-looking doll like that, she's likely got a husband and family by now. Could be you're making a mistake."

"I probably am," said Ross, suddenly despondent. He yawned and felt an urge for sleep. "But I've got to try. Where's the phone?"

"Over there," said Vic and frowned.

When he started to dial her number, Ross's hand shook again, worse than it had in the cab. *Fool!* he thought. *There's no Midge any more. You can't call back the past. They haven't invented that kind of telephone yet. Go on,* he told himself then, almost savagely. *Go on and call. What's left to lose?*

At the sound of the phone ringing at the other end of the line, sweat broke out on his forehead. Suddenly nausea twisted his insides. Then she answered, and at the sound of her voice, Ross quivered. "Hello," she said. "Hello," said her clear, resonant, never-to-be-forgotten voice. "Who is it, please?"

"Midge!" His voice cracked. "Midge? It's—it's Ross. I've come back. I've—I've been away, a long way away, and I want you back. It's Ross, Midge."

He heard the sharp intake of her voice. "What did you call me?"

"Midge!" he cried. "You have to be Midge! Oh, Midge! I need you."

She made a sound like a sob suppressed. "But where have you been? No! No! I swore I'd never ask that! Where are you?"

In the hot phone booth, sweat stung his eyes. "Vic's, Midge. The only place I could think of to call you from. The one place I had the nerve to. Vic's Bar in Little Naples. Remember?"

"Remember? How could I ever forget? And, oh, it was the place to call from! It was the right place!"

"Could you—" He hesitated. "Would you come here?"

She laughed breathlessly, sounding excited. "There? Why don't you come here?"

"Because it has to be Vic's," he said urgently. "Because this is where it has to start from between us. This is where we have to begin again." He laughed, too, suddenly exultant. "Besides, you've probably got a stuffed-shirt husband who'd object to my going there."

Her laugh was warmly intimate. "Husband? Yes. Somewhere. But he doesn't call me Midge. You want me there, darling? You really want me? Then you wait right there. I'm coming as fast as I can!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Feeling giddy, Ross stumbled from the telephone, moved unseeingly to the bar. Vic put a beer before him, stared at him a moment and poured a shot of whisky. "You better drink that, friend. You look like you seen a ghost."

"Ghost?" Ross grinned, lifted the whisky shakily and downed it. It burned. It tasted terrible. "I guess you could say I was talking to one. Vic, she's coming! She's coming here to meet me!"

"After ten years?" said Vic incredulously. "You wait ten years to call her, and she comes running? Well, no telling about dames. But didn't she have a husband around or nothing?"

Ross grinned again. "Sure, she's got a husband. But she's coming anyway."

Vic looked shocked. Then he shrugged and turned away, his broad back stiff and disapproving. Ross moved to a booth near the door. When he sat down, fatigue rolled over him, weighing him down. With it his sense of remoteness came back, his bemused wonderment at where he had been and what he had done. He blinked his eyes. Once more he was Out There in that black, star-shot void where no man had been before, which he would never be able to describe and was almost beginning to doubt that he had really seen. He was Out There, but in some confusing fashion he was also here in Vic's, the tabletop hard under his elbows and the smell of beer rising around him. The baseball announcer's voice made a soporific murmur, seducing him toward sleep. He was here in Vic's, and it was now; but it was somehow also ten years before, and Midge was coming to him.

His weariness became insupportable. The compelling drowsiness blunted his senses. Time drifted, and he was unaware of its passage.

Then he heard Midge's voice. He struggled awake. She was just inside the door, looking trim and small as ever in a sleeveless linen frock and shaking hands with Vic, whose black-browed face was a study in welcome and pleasure mingled with disapproval. Ross came to his feet. With the freshness of his new-found vision, he saw her as the years had marked her—the lines of strain at her hazel eyes, and the way her bright hair had faded. But he saw in her also the Midge she had been ten years before and would now always be for him.

He took her shoulders fiercely. She swayed toward him, her mouth trembling, her eyes wet and beseeching. Then they were together in the booth, clutching hands across the table. "Midge," said Ross hoarsely. "I thought I'd lost you. I thought you were gone forever. I never thought I'd find you again!"

"Why did you wait so long?" she cried. "Why didn't you do this before? Oh, it was all you ever had to do, but I'd given up hope."

Exhaustion pressed him. He fought it, his stinging eyes feeding hungrily on her face. "Can you still love me? After what I've done to you? Can it be the way it was?"

"Can't you tell?" she said breathlessly. "Must you ask? But what made you do this? No! I don't care! I don't need to know, as long as it's happened."

"But I want you to know." He blinked, having trouble now focusing his eyes. "I have to tell you. I was—I've been a long way off. I can't say where. They won't let me yet. But I came back and I found that this strange thing had happened to me. I"—he gestured helplessly—"I can't explain it. But it seemed to me that if that could happen, maybe I could make this happen."

"Thing?" She frowned. "What thing?"

He yawned. "I'm tired," he said thickly. "Terribly tired. For a long time I haven't had natural sleep. They call it a controlled

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regimen, going to sleep on drugs, waking up on them—stuff mixed with what they gave me to eat. I can't talk about that yet. But I came back from—from that place, and, Midge, I was young!"

"Young?" she said, puzzled. "I don't understand."

"Young! Physically, literally young! As if I'd moved back a good ten years." He gestured again, impatiently. "Oh, I don't profess to understand it, but that doesn't matter. What matters is that it worked. It got me back to you, across all the time between! It gave me the courage to try. Look at me! Of course, I'm younger. You can see it, can't you?"

She stared, perplexed. "I don't see anything. Except that you're terribly tired. I can see that."

"You're just not looking." He smiled, yawned and stroked her hand. "You see, for a long time I've thought it was you who went away from me. I thought it was your fault. Now I know it wasn't. But I had to be young again to see that. And I had to be young—or at least feel young—to find my way back to you."

"Are you sure you're all right?" she said doubtfully.

"All right? Of course, I'm all right! I'm just younger! Can't you see it?"

She shook her head, mystified.

"But look at my hair! It was gray before, but now—no, that part of it's worn off. I forgot. But there was something else. I was full of vigor and energy; alive all over, a way I haven't felt in ——" An involuntary yawn stopped him, and he looked sheepish. "Well, I guess that part of it's wearing off too. But here's something else! Look at this!" He stood up, slipped his belt buckle and tugged the slack of his waistband. "That isn't weight loss either, the way Ben thought! It's a sign of youth! Why, a week ago these pants were too tight. Now look!"

She bit her lip. "Oh, darling! Did you think it took a miracle? Did you think you needed a miracle to come back to me? Your slacks? Oh, darling, my poor darling, listen ——"

Excited words from the TV set interrupted her, and the baseball announcer in midsentence. "Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program for a special news bulletin from the White House! The President has just announced that an American has been around the moon and back in a manned missile! This man, ladies and gentlemen, whose picture we show you. United States Air Force Major Ross J. Claridge. . . ."

A stupefying, absolute necessity for sleep closed Ross's eyes. He swayed, oblivious to the television announcer's words. He blinked, saw Midge's eyes widen with horror, saw her hand go to her throat. Vaguely he wondered what was the matter.

". . .half million miles through space," proclaimed the excited voice. ". . .other side of moon and back safely. . . . This morning off the Florida coast a Navy carrier recovered Major Claridge's space capsule. . . ."

"Good Lord," whispered Marian Claridge. "Is that where you've been? Darling, oh, darling!"

"*Mamma mia!*" shouted Vic Icino and clapped his hand to his forehead.

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"Hey, you guys!" roared Vic. "That's him there! The guy in the booth!"

Ross pillowed his head on his arms. "Take me home," he said sleepily. "Take me home, Midge baby."

He roused briefly when she drove into their street. It was choked with cars, with television and newsreel vans. Photographers rushed to the car, exploding flash bulbs in Ross's sleep-bleary eyes. Policemen drove them off, made a path for Marian across the sidewalk and into the carport of their house. The door burst open, and Jack and Jeanie rushed out screaming, "Daddy! We saw you on the TV! They showed you on the TV!"

"Hi, kids," said Ross and, at the adoration in their eyes, smiled blissfully "Tell you all about it—soon's daddy's had a little nap." He dropped his head to Marian's shoulder again. "Put me to bed, baby. Put me to bed, Midge."

She touched his cheek. "I'm Marian, remember? Here, I'm Marian. Midge is a flighty young hussy who meets you in beer joints."

"O.K.," said Ross agreeably and yawned. "But don't forget, underneath you're still Midge. When we're alone, you're still Midge." He winked owlishly. "For instance, when I wake up after this, you be Midge again. O.K.?"

"O.K.," she whispered and bent to kiss him, but his head lolled, and he dropped into deep slumber, unaware of Ben MacAdams and Dr. Elliott Goldberg from the Space Medicine Laboratory hauling him out of the car.

When he waked, it was dark and still. He started from his sleep, thinking for an instant that he was Out There again, doubled up and strapped into the form-fitting sponge-rubber couch. Then reality returned. He reached out, but Marian was not beside him. He got up and walked barefoot to the bedroom door. He heard voices from the breakfast nook—Ben MacAdams' sounding querulous and Elliott Goldberg's rumbling baritone.

"Bosh," Goldberg was saying. "I might conceivably accept the proposition of his hair *turning* gray, but not the reverse of the process. It's medically unsound. It's preposterous."

"Oh, that was just an idea he had," protested MacAdams. "Just one more delusion. He recognized it in time. Marian told us that. But why would he get such an idea?"

"Why?" said Goldberg, turning. . . . "Thanks, Marian. More coffee would be fine. I want to be here when Ross wakens, if it means staying up all night. . . . Why, Ben? Good heavens! That's a rather mild hallucination, considering the ordeal he'd been through. Consider how long he was in that thing—strapped down, nothing but a periscopic view of what was outside, hurtling through space, and his imagination working at what his destiny would be if the slightest detail went wrong ——"

"Oh, hush!" cried Marian. "Hush, Elliott! I don't want to hear about it!"

"Well, all right about his hair," said MacAdams. "But what about the other things? How about that magical change I saw there in the B.O.Q. with my own eyes? When I went in, he looked like he'd been dragged through a knothole. He was depressed; he said so. He was drawn, beat up. He even mumbled something about not caring whether he came back or not."

Marian caught her breath.

"And then," said MacAdams, "all of a sudden he underwent a physical transformation. All of a sudden his eyes flashed, he straightened up, began flexing his muscles in the mirror like a high-school gymnast. Explain that."

"I've been thinking about it," said Goldberg slowly. "There's only one conclusion that makes sense. We must have overestimated the dextroamphetamine-sulfate dosage in his diet. . . . You see, Marian, no man could stay awake as long as Ross's trip required; and while it would be perfectly safe for him to sleep at certain stages, it was absolutely essential for him to be awake at others. Not merely awake either. He had to be energetic, in full possession of his faculties. So he was on a controlled regimen, sedatives to put him to sleep at predetermined intervals, other drugs—fatigue suppressors, you might call them—to give him wakeful energy when he needed it. What happened was that Ross received a belated shot of dextroamphetamine after he was on the ground, while he was changing clothes. For a little while it turned him into a human dynamo. Coupled with the strain and stresses he had been subjected to . . . which neither you nor I nor anyone else, Ben, can really know . . . it must have had a vivid and profound psychological effect. We'll know better next time. We'll reduce the dosage."

"There won't be a next time," said Marian. "Not for Ross. You gentlemen can get yourselves another guinea pig."

"Now, now, Marian," said Goldberg easily. "Another symptom to support my theory, Ben, is the rapidity with which it wore off. By the time Marian reached him, he was already yawning, already feeling a deep urge for normal sleep as he quite properly should have. . . . Incidentally, Marian, why did he ask you to meet him in that Little Naples dive? That strikes me as rather odd. It might have some psychological significance."

"It was a private affair," she said sweetly. "It's got nothing to do with any old psychological significance—not the kind you're thinking about."

"But what about his waistline?" said MacAdams. "You say his weight was not changed to any appreciable degree, but I saw those pants, doc! By gosh, he'd lost a good two inches!"

"That one puzzles me," confesse Goldberg. "And I must say I'm a little annoyed that you let him get away without our knowing that detail. Frankly, I don't believe it. That is to say, I accept your word, Ben, naturally, but there isn't a single decent scientific explanation."

"Isn't science wonderful?" said Marian. "Why don't you two big brains ask me?"

"You?"

"Yes!" she said vehemently. "Ask me! Oh, you two know so much, but you don't know anything! You certainly don't know anything about a wife. All you do is send her husband off to the moon without even telling her where he's going! What do you think it's like to be shut out of your husband's life—to have a lot of generals and scientists running his life and not even letting him tell his wife what he's doing?"

"Now, Marian," said Ben MacAdams. "You knew—generally—the kind of thing Ross was doing. He's been a tes pilot for years. You know—generally—what he does."

"But it's not the same thing as knowing exactly! It's not as if he could take me in his confidence. Oh, that last morning he was here, pretending that he was just going to work as usual—but I knew better. There was something about him. Maybe it was the way he fumed and raged about those silly pants he had bought being too tight. Ross isn't a person to care about something like that. The way he acted I knew there was something on his mind, something troubling him. I knew I wasn't going to see him again for a long time. I could sense it! Oh, that isn't scientific, but it's true! For all I knew, I wasn't going to see him again ever!"

She wept an instant, softly.

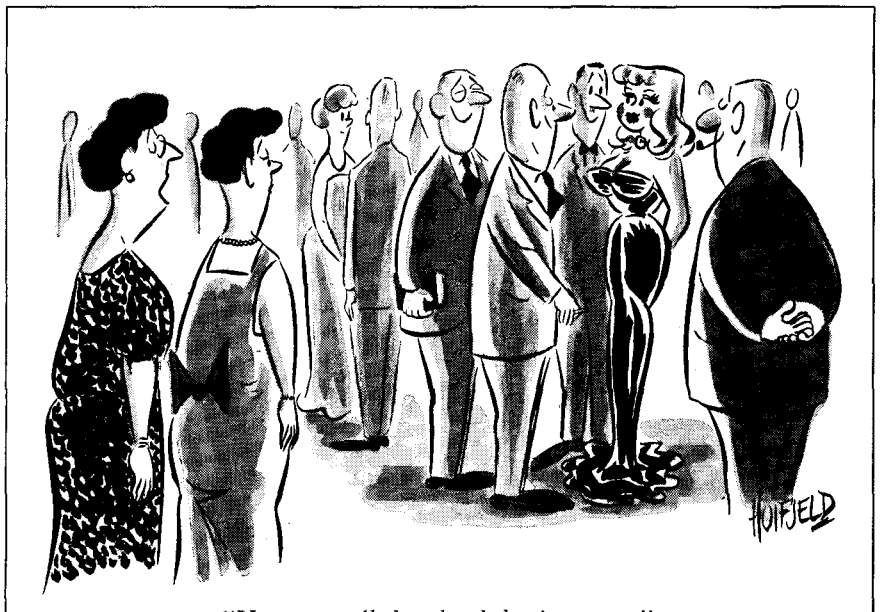
In the darkness Ross scowled, started toward the breakfast nook, then hesitated.

"And I wanted to do something for him," said Marian, sniffling. "Some littl unimportant, stupid, wifely thing. And called Sergeant Solomon at the B.O.Q. the next morning, when Ross hadn't come home. None of you would tell me anything, but he at least, bless him, said he reckoned the major wouldn't be back for quite a little spell. Those were his exact words, bless him! And I wanted to do something. I wanted to do something so I could feel that I was still, even a little bit, part of Ross's life. So I drove out, and Sergeant Solomon gave me those slacks, and I took them to the PX and got them let out. And I guess the tailor made a mistake. I guess he made a mistake and let them out too much, that's all!"

"Good heavens!" said Elliott Goldberg.

"And don't you ever let Ross know!" said Marian furiously. "Because it was a wonderful thing. Because I want him to believe in his—his magical transformation if he wants to. I'm not going to have hir finding out and feeling like a fool! I'l taking up those pants myself, tonight, on my sewing machine. Let him think that part of his transformation wore off too! Let him believe it really happened. And I don't care whether that's scientific or not!"

In the darkness Ross grinned ruefully. He shook his head, turned and tiptoed back to bed. He stretched out, wriggling his toes under the sheet. It was good to be back from Out There. It was good to be able to stretch out again. He grinned happily. It was worth being all kinds of a fool to have Midge back. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ballplayers vs. the Fans

(Continued from Page 19)

blue streaks splattering down the leg of his pants.

Says Mantle, "They're the same kids there every day. I can recognize most of them." Mickey also firmly believes that they are there not so much to get his autograph as to become part of a mob scene. "They know I can't stop to sign. If I did, I'd be stuck for hours. I'd never give any of them an autograph now, because I might be giving it to one of the little so-and-sos who flipped ink on me."

Ink-flipping is solely a New York phenomenon, and it has been a part of the scene for years. Bob Feller can remember getting splattered back in his days of glory. Yogi Berra gets the ink treatment on occasion, although hardly as often as Mantle. "What bothers me most," says the usually sweet-natured Yogi, "are the little sharp pencils they jab into you. Into your back and into your neck and right up your nostrils."

Willie Mays had somewhat similar difficulties when the Giants were in New York at the Polo Grounds. Willie's worst experience, however, came just outside Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia, when he and Ruben Gomez—then a Giant pitcher—stopped to sign autographs for a bunch of kids waiting in front of the team's bus. Gomez soon felt a strange stirring in his back pocket. Upon investigation he found a grubby little hand clamped over his wallet. Being no fool, Ruben quickly shook himself loose and boarded the bus. As for Willie, the kids quite literally began to rip his pants off. A cordon of his teammates had to rush out of the bus to rescue him.

To a great degree, this kind of juvenile hooliganism is obviously a carry-over of the more widespread juvenile delinquency of the times. Hall-of-Famer George Sisler, now a Pittsburgh batting coach, has witnessed the change. "When I was playing," Sisler says, "we had incidents with adults, but never with children. I can't remember kids ever going onto the field or rushing players. Children didn't take liberties in those days."

Ex-Yankee Billy Martin, as a former roommate of both Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle, has seen a mob or two in his time. "Players like me don't have that kind of trouble," he points out, "and kids are only hard to handle in the mass. Every once in a while someone will write on the back of your jersey or slap you on the back of your head, but most of them are real good kids. The trouble is that the fresh ones push their way up front and the good kids hang back."

Billy, now with the Minnesota Twins, is one of the few players who will admit that he still sometimes gets a thrill out of being asked for his autograph. "We always joke that no adult ever asks for an autograph for himself; it's always for his son or his nephew. But every once in a while a man will come up and ask for an autograph for himself, very politely, very sincerely. I don't care what anybody says; it makes me feel real good."

On the other hand, some of the adult fans seem to encourage the kids to misbehave. "Philadelphia fans are just miserable," says Richie Ashburn, who was traded to Chicago in 1960 after twelve years with the Phillies. "While you'd be running off the field, some kid would stick an autograph book in your face. If you didn't stop to sign, his father would curse you out. And I mean curse. Isn't that a wonderful example for the boy?"

The classic example of what might be called the corruption of the young took place in Boston a few years ago when two brawny men passed out apples to the kids around them with instructions to hurl them at Ted Williams. Acting upon the complaint of another customer, the Red Sox sent a policeman to investigate. The two men, it was discovered, were Boston cops enjoying their day off.

The baseball players' great complaint today is that they are being bombarded not with fruit alone but with all kinds of dangerous weapons. Detroit's Al Kaline had an open penknife thrown at him in Chicago two years ago. Detroit fans, for their part, took to manufacturing do-it-yourself bombs by the simple device of tying an outer wrapping of hairpins with heavy wire around a giant firecracker. The metal provided the heft needed to control the firecracker, plus enough shrapnel to do some damage.

A recent innovation in several cities has been the firing of heavy paper clips and ball bearings out of slingshots. Sometimes three or four paper clips are entwined together to form a missile which bristles with sharp, cutting points. The day before Mantle was mobbed at Yankee Stadium last year, Jimmy Piersall of Cleveland underwent something like an artillery barrage at Detroit. One might hope that Piersall would be shown

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One trouble with television is that too many young men went West.

ADDISON H. HALLOCK

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some special consideration by all fans, since they know he was in a mental hospital back in 1952. Instead, the vicious element extends such greetings as "Jimmy the Bug" and "When are they going to put you back in your strait jacket?"

In his 1960 Detroit episode the fans in the center-field bleachers peppered him with bolts and ice cubes, and zeroed in with the paper clips. Every time he'd go back for a fly ball, they'd drop a firecracker down on him. "When I caught the last fly of the game, a firecracker went off so close to me that the ball dropped into my glove through a cloud of smoke."

It was Piersall who spurred a protest over this state of affairs when player representatives met with league officials during an All-Star Game break last summer. Harvey Kuenn, who was the spokesman for American League players at that time, demanded that the league order individual clubs to provide greater protection for the players.

League president Joe Cronin was able to tell Kuenn that he himself had become so concerned about the reports that had been coming to him unofficially that he had sent a bulletin to all the clubs five weeks earlier. In a telegram dated June seventh he had written: "We cannot emphasize too much the potential harm that can come to players and spectators from thrown or propelled objects and remind all that it is the responsibility of the home club to provide the protection necessary to insure that all such practices will be exterminated."

Three days after the regular schedule was resumed, there was trouble again in Detroit. With the Tigers leading the Yankees 2–0 in the eighth inning, umpire Joe Paparella called a Bill Skowron drive into the right-field bleachers a fair ball for a two-run homer, an opinion not shared by the Tigers and fans in the park.

The fans in right field underscored their dissent after the teams changed sides by firing beer bottles and whisky bottles at the Yanks' Roger Maris as he took his position in the field. When Maris chased down a ball hit along the right-field foul line, a wooden slat torn from the back of a grandstand chair came whizzing past him. Maris picked it up, took one look at the jagged, pointed end and raced into the infield.

The umpires would promise the furious Maris only that they would "watch" what was going on out there. Meanwhile a heavy bag filled with garbage, beer cans and assorted trash was dropped into the Yankee bull pen right alongside Art Ditmar. The bull-pen crew, which had been under a heavy barrage all along, thereupon retired to the dugout. The Yankees finished the game—and lost, 3–2—without having any relief pitcher warming up.

Subsequently Joe Cronin whipped off a telegram to Detroit president Bill DeWitt—now at Cincinnati—calling his attention to the earlier bulletin. DeWitt responded by stationing a special guard behind every ticket taker. Any customer espied carrying beer or whisky into the park was told to check it at the window or take it back to his car.

It remained easy, of course, for a man to smuggle in a pint bottle on his hip, not to mention firecrackers and ball bearings. On August 25th, at the request of the Tigers, the Detroit Common Council adopted an ordinance—commonly called the DeWitt Law—providing ninety days in jail and a $500 fine for anyone caught throwing objects during a sports contest.

The law got its first test on opening day this year when Piersall was bombarded again. Among the more esoteric objects thrown at him were a hairbrush, two golf balls—one of them brand new—and a tape measure. A fifteen-year-old boy was placed under arrest, and Piersall was asked whether he wanted to prosecute. "I told them I certainly did," Jim says. "I've got to protect my life out there." The boy was found guilty and placed on probation.

The next time Cleveland came to town though, Piersall found himself ducking flying objects again. Still, Rick Ferrell, who succeeded DeWitt at Detroit, insists that the law has been effective. "Except for Piersall," says Ferrell, "we've had no trouble at all this year. And Piersall brings it on himself."

It is with extreme reluctance that baseball officials resort to such measures, because, as Cronin puts it, "We don't want to interfere with the enthusiasm of the fans." Commissioner Ford Frick prefers to remain above the conflict. "These things are a matter for the league presidents," he said at the time. "The Commissioner's office would become involved only if the situation deteriorated to the point where it became detrimental to baseball."

By and large, the dugout does not really expect any help from the front office. "The only way to stop it," Casey Stengel says, "is to throw the stuff back at them."

Gene Woodling tried a variation of that strategy when he was playing for the Yankees during the Browns' last years in St. Louis. Wearing of ducking bottles thrown at him from the left-field stands, Woodling came in to ask second-base umpire Bill Summers to threaten the customers with a forfeited game.

"It isn't that bad yet," Summers told him. "Just ignore it."

"All right," Woodling said. "Everything that's thrown at me, I'm going to pick up and throw at you. You and me will ignore it together."

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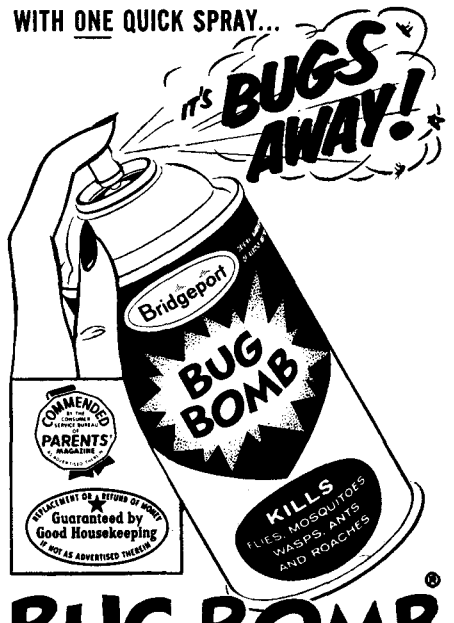

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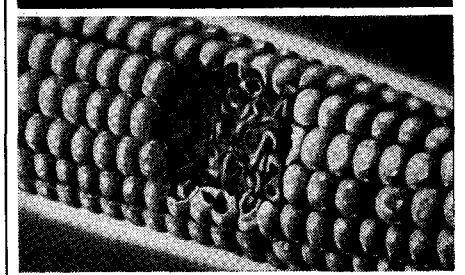

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Says Woodling, "There were three more bottles thrown at me, and I picked them up and threw them all at the umpire. I didn't hit him, but I won't say I wasn't trying. I wasn't getting any protection and I was mad." The umpires got the point. The requested announcement was quickly made, and all bottle throwing came to an abrupt end.

It is possibly significant that the last forfeit in the major leagues was declared in a game in 1949 after rioting Philadelphia fans had hit umpire Lee Ballanfant on the head with a bottle and decorated umpire-in-chief Al Barlick with a particularly juicy tomato.

It is obvious that the drinking that takes place in ball parks is a major factor in the abuse the players have to take. "Every park in baseball stinks of beer," a Pittsburgh Pirate official said last year. "Especially on Sunday morning. And especially ours."

If they would stop selling beer in the parks, one might think, the problem would be solved. It is not that simple. Until recently, Pennsylvania blue laws made the sale of beer illegal in the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh ball parks, and yet Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were the worst towns in the National League.

Where beer is sold inside the park, it is dispensed to the customer in a paper container. In Pennsylvania the adult delinquents used to buy six-packs right across the street, line up the empty cans in neat little rows and wait, somewhat impatiently, for a chance to unfurl their pitching arms.

When Pittsburgh finally felt impelled last August to prohibit the fans from bringing their own beer into Forbes Field, the management was wise enough to request that the order be handed down officially by the city's safety director. Policemen were stationed at every gate to enforce the ban and, according to a club spokesman, there has been no difficulty since.

In Philadelphia, which has not had to cope with such large crowds as Pittsburgh, the old state of affairs prevailed for much of this year. The second game of a double-header against the Giants was held up for ten minutes when the fans hurled beer cans and other refuse onto the field to protest the expulsion of Philadelphia catcher Jim Coker. Almost a dozen of the offenders—ranging from juveniles to full-fledged adults—were brought into court by the club and charged with disorderly conduct. The adults were each fined five dollars plus costs. Not long after this the Pennsylvania state legislature passed a bill which now makes it possible for the Phils to sell beer inside the park in paper cups.

Sometimes a much-abused player attempts direct retaliation upon his tormentors. Ted Williams fought back on his own terms early in his career when he came to bat at Boston's Fenway Park determined to stuff a baseball down the throat of a loud-mouthed fan in the left-field corner of the grandstand. Ted was not supposed to be able to hit to left field, but on his first attempt he whistled a line drive up into the stands that came within inches of his target. On the next swing, alas, his aim was off. The ball dropped along the foul line, and he had to be content with a two-base hit.

Joe Cronin, who was then managing the Red Sox, promptly slapped a $250 fine on Ted, not so much because he objected to the destruction of obnoxious fans but because he wanted to discourage Ted from saddling himself with two quick strikes.

In Boston there has always been a group of Williams-baiters which gathered in the left-field stands and shouted unprintable—and unbelievable—filth at him. At Fenway Park the left-field corner of the grandstand runs so close to the foul line that there is not more than a foot of foul territory. The anti-Williams brigade would line up at the barrier with containers of beer and dare him to chase a ball within range. To protect Williams the Red Sox had to adopt a policy of withholding that entire area from sale until every other grandstand seat had been sold.

In his stormy relations with the Boston fans Williams was not altogether blameless. His worst offense came in the spring of 1950. In the first game of a double-header against Detroit Ted dropped a short fly ball and was greeted with the usual baying from the left-field stands. He answered in kind by putting his hands to his ears and waggling his fingers in imitation of a donkey, an obvious critique on their mentality.

After losing the first game, the Red Sox were leading 3–1 in the eighth inning of a comparatively quiet second game when the Tigers loaded the bases. Vic Wertz thereupon sliced a line drive to left which skidded past Ted and rolled to the foot of the wall. Ted then did something inexcusable for a big-league ballplayer. He jogged leisurely after the ball, studied it for a moment after he picked it up, and lobbed it back to the infield. Wertz ended up on third base, undoubtedly the only man ever to get three bases on a ball hit to Fenway Park's short left-field wall.

The left-field stands howled imprecations down upon Ted. As he raced back to the dugout at the end of the inning, the grandstand fans, always his most faithful rooters and defenders, arose in unison and filled the air with boos. Ted had been seething all day, and he now erupted. In the full stride of his six-four frame, he leaped forward as if he were clearing some invisible hurdle, and with bent elbow and open palm gave vent to an obscene gesture. To make certain his feelings weren't lost to the multitudes, he wheeled to his left and to his right and gave it two more times. The Boston papers all had pictures of Teddy in action, but none dared to print them. The next day the Red Sox issued a brief statement that said, in part, that Ted "wishes to apologize to any and all whom he may have offended." Ted himself said nothing.

Almost every player concedes that the paying customer buys the right to criticize anything relating to his performance. "But," they say to a man, "he has no right to get personal." Once they are off the field, the players cannot see why they should be subject to any kind of abuse. There exists, in fact, a judicial ruling on this point, which may or may not constitute a binding precedent.

After Don Newcombe of the Dodgers had been shelled off the mound in the second game of the 1956 World Series, he was accosted in the parking lot by one of the attendants and called "a yellow-bellied choke-up" and "a bum with no guts." Newcombe, said the attendant in filing criminal charges, thereupon became angry and punched him in the stomach. Ruled the magistrate, in dismissing the charge, "A man who is a celebrity, whether in baseball, football, the theater or anything else, has a right to go to his car and not be slandered." In other words, if the complainant wanted to go around insulting people, he had to be prepared to face the consequences.

Birdie Tebbetts got himself acquitted on an assault charge, too, and he managed to do it in enemy territory. The Tebbetts hearing was the final act of the 1940 season, a year in which the baseball fans of the American League influenced the pennant race as no pennant race has ever been influenced before or since. That was the year Cleveland seemed slated to coast to the title until a delegation of players petitioned owner Alva Bradley to fire their sharp-tongued manager, Ossie Vitt. Vitt remained, and his players were ridiculed by fans throughout the league as "The Cry Baby Indians." Instead of beer bottles, baby bottles were hurled down at them. The wail of bawling babies and the "cry-baby" chant followed them wherever they went. Diapers were waved in every park.

In the last week of the season, the Indians—having blown a five-and-a-half-game lead—came to Detroit tied with the Tigers for first place. Detroit fans, eager to keep the Indians' morale at low tide, greeted them outside the railroad station with a volley of eggs, tomatoes and other small, ripe tokens of their regard. To get the players to their hotel, the police had to sneak them through the baggage room and out into the alley where the mail trucks were being loaded. Throughout the night, shifting bands of musicians serenaded them outside the hotel to make certain they got a maximum of music and a minimum of sleep.

At the park the next afternoon, the Indians found diapers hanging from their dugout. During the game baby carriages were rolled across the dugout roof. Megaphones had been distributed outside the park to enable the fans to get the full import of their message across. The Tigers won two of the three games and went into first place.

Two days later, when Detroit came to Cleveland for the final three games of the season, the Cleveland fans were in a mood to retaliate. They poured into the park carrying baskets filled with fruit and vegetables. On the first pitch in the home half of the first inning, Roy Weatherly lifted a high fly along the left-field foul line. As Hank Greenberg settled under the ball a cascade of fruit came down upon him. Hank—whose uniform already bore the marks of a pregame pasting—somehow kept his eye on the white thing in the middle of all that flying produce and made the catch. Umpire Bill Summers took over the public-address system to announce he would forfeit the game if there was any further disturbance, a particularly meaningful threat in that the Tigers had to win only one game to clinch the pennant.

Manager Vitt pleaded with the crowd not to jeopardize his team's last chance. The park police fanned out to put down any pockets of resistance. One particularly rowdy group in the upper-deck left-field stands hastily tossed their food and bottles into a basket and, upon approach of the police, heaved it overboard. Tebbetts happened to be standing in the Detroit bull pen just below. The basket hit him on the head, knocking him cold.

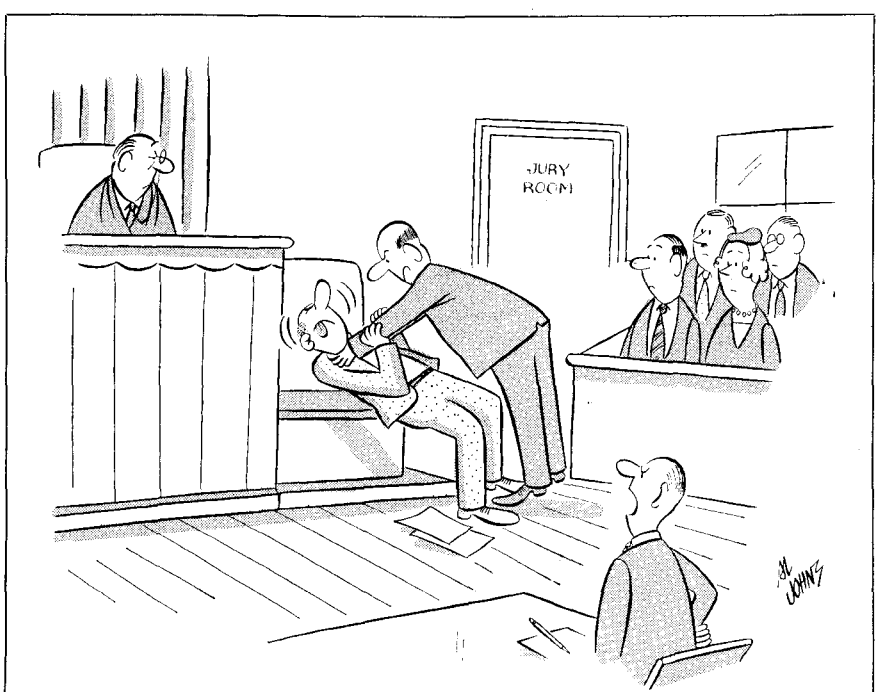
Birdie was revived in the bull pen and taken back to the clubhouse. Before he got there the police confronted him with the man they said had dropped the basket. They asked Birdie if he felt well enough to accompany them to the police station to prefer charges. Birdie felt well enough to handle the matter himself. To put it another way, he either knocked the guy down or the guy slipped on a wet piece of concrete. "I couldn't have hit him," Birdie likes to say, "because I was acquitted."

Birdie has put on a few gray hairs and more than a few pounds since that day. He is now executive vice president at Milwaukee, a position that takes him out of the line of fire. But Birdie graduated from college with a degree in psychology, and the psychology of the fan still interests him. "Some one-hundred-and-thirty-pound runt will be yelling at a two-hundred-and-ten-pound athlete, calling him everything in the book, when a wall is separating them," he says. "If they were alone, face to face, you'd see an entirely different person. They're trying to create an impression on people who don't know them. The desire to make one's presence felt is universal."

Jim Brosnan, also a psychologist by education, has a slightly different approach. "I can put myself in their place," says the Cincinnati relief ace and author, "because I've found myself doing the same thing at a professional football game. I'll think some player has made a mistake, and I'll find myself shouting the same kind of thing at him that I resent a baseball fan yelling at me. And I really know no more about football than the fan knows about baseball."

Bob Feller, no psychologist, had a standard line he used on customers who got on him too roughly. "I'm on an attendance-bonus clause," he would shout. "So come back tomorrow and bring all your friends."

Feller explains, "I'd only use that line because it always seemed to shut them up. I didn't want them back. Not them or their family or their friends. There's no business in the world where a man is getting paid to be defamed." THE END



"Your honor, I object to this line of questioning!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The PX: World's Biggest Discount House

(Continued from Page 21)

that in terms of value about two thirds of his stock at that moment was "Stateside" and the other third "economy." What he meant was that two thirds was American goods, purchased by the central Army and Air Force Exchange Service headquarters in New York and shipped to Germany free in Army transport ships, and the other one third was foreign goods bought on the spot from local manufacturers.

That word "economy"—the way the Army uses it—has nothing to do with economical items, but means "foreign, non-U.S.A." So I was not too surprised when Whiteley added that most of his "economy" merchandise was luxury goods, on which the markup ran from 20 to 30 per cent. This is the foreign merchandise the PX system is eliminating because of the President's order, and he explained that they intended to replace it with Stateside merchandise where and when they could. Nevertheless, he expected both his volume of business and his profits to drop sharply—for what Army wife was going to buy a set of American dishes to take home to the States as a souvenir of her tour abroad? What sergeant was going to buy an American stereo and overload his weight allowance going home when he could wait and get a wider selection back in the States?

Having served over eleven years in this job, Whiteley could be philosophic about losing his foreign goods. "Naturally there's going to be some serious riffing around here as a result," he said. "And we'll have to make a lot of cuts all along the line. Still, it's better than sending the dependents home, the way President Eisenhower had it figured. That way, I'd have no business at all except in cigarettes and shaving cream."

Another reason Whiteley could be philosophic about the changes in buying practice was that he had no control over it anyway. PX buying is highly centralized under an "automatic supply" system, a system patterned on the chain store but considerably less flexible. In most American retail chains the individual store has at least some say as to its requirements; in the Army and Air Force Exchange Service it has none. At each PX retail store, merchandise arrives when it arrives, already price-tagged and ready to go on the shelves. If the store manager doesn't want it or if some customer wants it in another color or size, it's just too bad for store and customer both. Whiteley is, he said laconically, his own personnel manager and peripatetic complaint department—"Somebody's got to listen to them." But all decisions on quantity, quality and price are made "up there." He jerked his thumb toward the ceiling to indicate a higher echelon.

To understand how "up there" works, you must drive with me due east from Heidelberg to a tiny mud-road village in Middle Franconia called Katterbach, where the Army PX system has its central European warehouse depot. It seems a strange place to have such a depot, less than 100 miles from the Iron Curtain and in a village so small that anyone in a hurry could drive right through it and come out the other side without knowing it was there.

Yet there it is, a flat 200-acre field surrounded by barbed wire. Driving along the road outside and looking through the fence at the neatly painted blue-and-white buildings and hangars inside, you might at first take this for an airfield, which is what it used to be, a bomber and fighter base for Hitler's *Luftwaffe*. Today it has the United States Army star and USAREUR insignia on its main gate and is guarded by white-gloved American military police. Once you are through that gate and free to walk around, you see what it contains—the greatest concentration of assorted American retail merchandise outside the continental limits of the U.S.A.

To give you an idea of the depot's size, there are more than 100 buildings inside this compound, linked together by three miles of railroad track and five miles of road, and in these buildings are stocked quantities of 50,000 different items—from tennis rackets to corsets, from the tiniest repair parts for watches to the biggest twelve-ply truck tires. Run by an Army colonel, it has 1200 civilian employees who spend their time loading and unloading, wrapping and unwrapping, checking and price-tagging, and putting 1,200,000 inventory cards a month through eighty computers and calculators.

American automation at work in Katterbach is something of a shock, but as Whiteley had pointed out, the PX system wouldn't be the same without it. These machines, ticking or clattering, are engaged in what the Army calls "requirements computation"—figuring out electronically what each store of the PX chain in Europe needs before the store knows it even needs it. Impersonal and efficient, inventory here is perpetual motion. One entire building is stacked to the roof with 25,000,000 perforated inventory cards, and the holes in those cards speak volumes about the buying habits of United States military personnel abroad.

To satisfy those buying habits, the Katterbach warehouses keep in stock about $10,000,000 worth of merchandise and boast a turnover of $6,000,000 worth per month. To transport it, the depot has a fleet of 1500 trucks and also that railroad belt line, bringing the goods in to be sorted and price-tagged and then shipping them out again to the 500 big PX retail stores like Whiteley's, and to 2418 smaller PX outlets strung all across Europe from the Iron Curtain to the Atlantic. All together, the Army PX system in Europe does $185,000,000 worth of business per year in goods and such services as snack bars, restaurants and beauty and tailor shops, with a gross profit of 26 per cent and a net profit of 8 per cent.

It does not require a mathematical genius to calculate swiftly that this is not what Webster's Collegiate calls "grass mowed and cured for fodder." And with the United States Air Force up in Wiesbaden running the same kind of show—called AFEX for Air Force Exchange—and doing a tidy $108,000,000 a year at a net profit of around 7 per cent, all you need do is add the two totals together. And what you come up with for the Army and Air Force Exchange Service—for Europe alone—is a sales total of $293,000,000, and a net profit of $22,300,000 a year. Liquor sales, which for some reason are euphemistically referred to as "Class VI" and kept separate, would bring those two totals to $313,580,000 in sales and $27,100,000 in net profits. (World-wide figures, even without liquor, are spectacular: total sales of $885,000,000 per year, with a net profit of $53,100,000. The Navy and Marine Corps have their own separate store system which sells over $360,000,000 worth of goods a year and nets an annual profit of around $24,000,000.)

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Well, it's nice to see the military in business—and making money at that—but when you tot up all those figures you may begin to see why some American businessmen, their mouths watering, have come to a slow boil. Operated on self-generated funds, with free transportation of its merchandise, no income tax, no customs duty abroad, and seldom paying even nominal rent for its stores and premises, the Army and Air Force Exchange Service is the sort of business retailers' dreams are made of. And it has no competition. It has what TV experts would call a closed-circuit clientele—around 630,000 servicemen and dependents in Europe and the Near East, plus another 1,000,000 scattered elsewhere around the globe. It is the military equivalent of a world-wide company store.

One of the most interesting—and saddest—of Katterbach's warehouses is the one in which they used to stock all the foreign merchandise before the "Stop-the-Dollar-Drain" order put an end to PX foreign buying. Here, when I saw it, there were a few European goods still in stock and a few more in the pipeline, but no more being ordered. When these were gone, there would be no more. I picked some of it up, sorrowfully, to look it over—Dutch stainless-steel tableware, Danish pewter and pottery, Irish woolens and linens, Italian ceramics and lace and knitwear, Swedish crystal, Moroccan leather goods, British cashmeres and Sheffield silver, Egyptian brass and copper gewgaws, French perfumes and costume jewelry, Swiss electric shavers, German cameras and transistor radios and tape recorders. Putting it down and walking out of the half-empty warehouse, I felt it was the end of an era.

Then it occurred to me that what we've done is come full circle, back to what the PX system was set up for originally—to keep the military supplied not with foreign luxuries but with the few American-made personal items the men needed. The PX literature says it was founded sixty-six years ago, in 1895, as a string of rude frontier canteens selling knives, rum, chewing tobacco and snuff to soldiers in the "wild West." And this is probably quite true. But it didn't become a real Army enterprise until 1941, when Gen. George C. Marshall organized it and put it under the War Department. In World War II our PX's were still pretty primitive affairs, sometimes mobile, sometimes in a dirt-floored Quonset hut with G.I.'s shuffling along in the mud to collect their weekly rations of cigarettes and pick up some shoelaces or toothpaste.

What first changed all that—and introduced a note of elegance—was the wives' coming over at the end of the war to join their husbands on duty abroad. This started in April of 1946, when the first postwar shipment of dependents arrived at Bremerhaven—Mrs. (General) Lucius D. Clay, Mrs. (General) Mark W. Clark, and some thousand other Army wives of slightly lesser rank steaming in on the reconverted ex-troopship, the Queen Mary, nylons and diapers fluttering bravely from her rigging, masculine cheers echoing along the dock. Within a matter of days there was candlelight over the canned meat and the canned fruit salad, napkins next to the plates, and somehow everyone began shaving more and drinking less, and also editing his language a little. The next thing you knew the PX's went de luxe, moved into new and expanded quarters with tile floors and indirect lighting, and began stocking everything from salted almonds and crème de menthe to nylon petticoats and Teddy bears.

Shortly after that, the United States launched the Marshall Plan to help Europe's war-weakened economies get back on their feet. So the PX system, going along with America's new economic-aid program, began contracting for European goods whenever it could and encouraging its customers to buy them. Guaranteed no United States customs duty, and free transportation home for their household goods, the military wives took the hint and went on a real buying spree, laying in bargains in teakwood furniture and hand-made fabrics, Meissen china and Baccarat glass. Meanwhile their husbands were picking up British golf clubs, Leica cameras and Telefunken radios, and ordering Mercedes, Alfa Romeo and Citroën autos at low tax-free prices and getting them shipped home duty-free and transport-free, too—and sometimes selling them at a lush profit as soon as they hit the States. It was one big ball for the military, for European manufacturers, and also for the PX, whose sales and profits climbed year after year to new all-time highs. Since all PX profits go into an Army and Air Force welfare-fund kitty and are then doled back out to the various units to build and improve their recreation facilities, Army and Air Force posts around the world began to bloom like gardens with new and swankier drinking clubs and messes, lavish restaurants and snack bars and athletic facilities.

Those were the gravy years. Today, in 1961, with Europe's national economies booming and the United States facing up to a $4,000,000,000 trade deficit, the gravy is going to have to run the other way. Military personnel and dependents abroad are now being asked to limit their foreign purchases to $100 per person a year, to spend their dollars on American goods and services, and to put more money into U.S. Government Savings Bonds. Army and Air Force women's clubs have been asked to limit their bazaars and bingo prizes to United States goods and to stop giving money to European charities. Dependent wives and teen-agers have been encouraged to take jobs in the PX's to help reduce the enormous payroll the Exchange Service has been handing out to over 40,000 European civilian employees. Even the enlisted man, when he's off duty, is supposed to engage in a certain amount of "moonlighting" to replace Army employed local labor. Foreign cars bought by service families will no longer be sent home at Government expense, and gifts mailed home from abroad will be duty-free only up to ten dollars.

What all this belt tightening will do to the PX system has many people worried, particularly those concerned with keeping morale up and the men "RE-UPing"—re-enlisting. With PX foreign procurement at a standstill, profits are bound to fall off, the welfare fund will have less money to play with, and bit by bit military clubs and recreational facilities will deteriorate.

Take as an example that officers' club at Camp des Loges outside Paris, which received a good deal of newspaper attention a few months back. An American woman in France—presumably not an officer's wife—heard that they intended to spend $200,000 to enlarge the club and sent a cable to President Kennedy protesting against it. Kennedy immediately canceled the project. Actually the $200,000 was nonappropriated money, earned by the club itself or borrowed from the welfare fund, but this was the sort of unnecessary spending the President ha asked the services to cut down. The facts that the club is literally falling apart, that its kitchen is unsanitary and much too small to accommodate the 400 officers and their guests who eat there every day, are now irrelevant. Under the new economy measures, that is the way it will stay.

One possible solution to the problem would be to raise prices in all the PX stores and snack bars and drive-ins to keep profits high enough to pay for needed improvements. But the PX customers don't support that suggestion at all. Another solution would be to let each club or installation support itself by raising its dues or the price of its drinks—cocktails and whisky still cost only thirty to thirty-five cents—and pay for its own maintenance. A third solution would be to put in more slot machines. Most Army and Air Force clubs already count on six to twelve slot machines—illegal in the host countries and most of the United States—to defray much of their cost o operation. But perhaps if they put in more machines it would begin to look like a national policy.

One thing is certain. No matter what solution is found, it will not change what some civilian critics have been calling "the PX mentality," by which they mean the way the United States military is forever sequestering itself. In the old occupation days a case could just possibly have been made for the existence of these American "golden ghettos" in territory so recently bombed up and fought over. Today there's no reason for it but inertia. At every Army or Air Force post I visited, public information officers were handing out booklets explaining what United States forces were over here for, and all the booklets carried the same message—that although our primary mission in Europe is military, our secondary mission is the strengthening of American-European friendship. Yet most Army and Air Force families abroad go right on shutting themselves up in their fenced-i preserves. The majority do not risk an exposure to the culture or language of the people around them.

Some of them never leave the compound at all except to visit another compound or shop in the next unit's PX. In Hainerberg, near Wiesbaden, I met Air Force wives who have been here for years and, except to their servants, have never spoken to a German. In the Seine Area Garrison at Fontainebleau in France, only forty miles from Paris, I met Army wives who have never bothered to go to Paris "because there's such a good gang here on the base." In what everyone agreed was a typical Army community, in Hanau east of Frankfurt, I was introduced to corporals' and captains' wives who were "living on the economy"—there's that word again—and feeling sorry for themselves. Actually, they were not living on the German economy at all. They had every right and privilege th Army could give them in food, drin PX purchases, entertainment, sports, schools, churches, beauty shops and laundries. But because of the shortage of Army housing within the compound, they were forced temporarily to live outside the compound with Germans for neighbors. The Army regarded them—and they regarded themselves—as hardship cases, bravely surviving in the cold wilderness that lies outside the fences of the Army villages. To many people this is "togetherness" gone mad.

NEXT WEEK

THE AUTHORS OF THE UGLY AMERICAN REPORT ON

THE BIG PUSH IN SOVIET PROPAGANDA

By Eugene Burdick and William J. Lederer

NEW DISCOVERIES ABOUT SUICIDE

By Peter Wyden

A DISTINGUISHED JOURNALIST TELLS

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF KENNEDY

By Drew Middleton

In Color:

"MY WILDERNESS ISLAND"

By Justice William O. Douglas

COUNTERPUNCH

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE BY C. S. FORESTER

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Perhaps it is unjust to blame an entire psychology on the PX, which is, after all, only one of several exclusive services the military maintains for itself. But recently Dr. Arnold Toynbee, who has studied the rise and fall of many civilizations, took a long look at the United States armed forces' self-imposed segregation and pointed his finger at what he considers its symbol.

"The PX," Professor Toynbee wrote, "is a lodestone to the American exile and a rock of offense to the native of the country in which he is stationed. The existence of the PX serves notice on the native that his American guests do not consider the native food and drink fit for American consumption, setting up a caste barrier between America's representatives abroad and the people whose good will they have been commissioned to win. If the Americans had asked the Russians to invent a handicap for America in the missionary war, the PX is the very thing the Russians would have proposed."

The poor PX! Envied by civilian businessmen for its low operating costs and high profits, vilified by its customers for over-efficiently supplying too much of this and not enough of that, rocked from time to time by black-market scandals, deprived by national fiscal policy of its profitable foreign goods, it is now suspected by historians of being a secret weapon of the Russians! You'd think it would pick up its toys and watermelon pickles and chocolate brownies and go home. But nothing of the sort. The PX stays where it is, on military posts in twenty-seven countries, and faces the future with calm, healthy optimism. And for one good reason: no matter what profit margins rise or fall, what buying policies come or go, the number of its customers keeps increasing. This is not because the enlistment rate is going up spectacularly or the draft is sending over more men. It's because of the dependents. They're proliferating.

The shakiest moment the PX system ever had to face in all its history was last November, when President Eisenhower asked the Department of Defense to reduce the number of military dependents abroad from 484,000 to 200,000 to slow the dollar drain. For a period of two months the PX reappraisal of itself, its clientele and its future was agonizing. Then shortly after taking office in January President Kennedy came to the rescue. Countermanding President Eisenhower's order, he announced that if the military would make some sacrifices in its standard of living and cut down on its dollar spending, he would keep the number of dependents abroad approximately the same as before.

But can he? Psychologically his move was a wise one. Morale in the armed forces and the PX's shot up like a rocket and has been way up ever since. But the birth rate in the armed forces has been way up for years and, unlike morale, its effects are cumulative. Gen. Bruce C. Clarke, CINC (Commander in Chief) of USAREUR, who has about 225,000 soldiers and 185,000 dependents under his command, has a dependent population that is increasing at the rate of 2000 a month, or about 13 per cent a year. Gen. Frederic H. Smith Jr., CINC of USAFE (U. S. Air Force in Europe), has a dependent population of around 70,000, which is increasing at the rate of 15 per cent per year. When you compare these figures with an annual population increase of less than 2 per cent for the United States as a whole, you realize what a population explosion this is.

As a demotic phenomenon it seems to have been triggered by one simple economic fact—that a service wife can have a baby for only $1.10 per hospital day. Doctors, nurses, medicines and tests are all free. That makes having a baby as cheap as buying a theater ticket—$7.70, $8.80 or $9.90, depending on how many days the mother occupies a hospital bed. Anyone could see it was—and still is—a bargain.

So you can't blame the wives. At those prices and with little else than the family to occupy their time, why not? If they want children, the military life provides a wonderful opportunity for having them cheaply. It also provides all the security any mother could ask for the children's upbringing—free child medical care, free schooling, a safely closed and guarded community where local labor is plentiful for cooking and nursing and baby sitting. As if that weren't enough, with each new dependent the soldier's Class Q (for quarters) allotment goes up, jumping about twenty-five dollars per month per baby for a private. With all these inducements, it is no wonder the dependent population is burgeoning.

But while this is happily creating more customers for the PX, it is at the same time creating more problems for military commanders and more burdens for the taxpayer. Through all the discussion of the missile gap and the dollar gap, one of the abiding worries of the military abroad is the housing and schooling gap. Military housing is now so short that some officers' and enlisted-men's families are waiting three to eighteen months to get into permanent quarters. Schools are jammed, teachers are at a premium, athletic facilities for the young are inadequate. These community necessities are supported not by the PX's and the liquor sales but by Congress-appropriated funds, and if the Army and Air Force population abroad keeps expanding at its present rate, more and more of these facilities will be needed.

Many an observer of the United States military scene in Europe gets the feeling the tail is wagging the dog. While in Germany I visited an outfit called NACom, or Northern Area Command. This is one of two administrative and logistic commands the Army has in Germany—the other is SACom, or Southern Area Command—and its job is mainly a housekeeping one. NACom's publicized mission is to provide logistic support for the Army's 3rd Armored Division, 3rd Infantry Division, 8th Infantry Division, some artillery groups and Nike outfits and other tactical elements, with a total strength of about 110,000. Its unpublicized mission is even bigger. It is to take care of the needs of 152,000 dependents and civilians and be ready to evacuate them from the continent if and when that whistle ever blows on a Third World War. To do the first job requires a German labor force of 20,850. To do the second requires a German labor force of 23,600. In other words, to keep 110,000 men combat-ready in the NACom area, the United States has to bring over and support 152,000 dependents and hire and pay 44,450 German workers.

As the circle goes on expanding, it gets harder and harder to square. In that typical Army community of Hanau, for example, maintenance buildings urgently needed by the 37th Engineer Group have had to be taken away from the engineers and transformed into extra classrooms for the school children. And while the engineers do without, the Hanau officers' club is remodeling its second-floor reception rooms, and the Hanau PX is building a fancy new snack bar at a cost of $50,000.

Well, whatever happens, as long as the dependents stay, Uncle Sam's store is bound to go on being a bigger, better and busier PX. It can't miss. THE END

Dorothea Bendik keeps house for four from a wheel chair

Dorothea Bendik of Pinellas Park, Florida, is confined to a wheel chair with multiple sclerosis. Yet she's able to keep a neat and tidy home for her husband and four-year-old son – and a daughter of six months besides.

She does it in a specially designed home. Her electrical appliances, counters, and cabinets can be used from a seated position. Wall plugs are at waist level. Lights are controlled from a single switch. The swing-out shelves of her General Electric refrigerator are a big help.

These ideas were largely worked out by Gerry Macari of the G-E Home Bureau. Working with builder James Rosati, Gerry helped develop the Functional Home for Easier Living to aid the handicapped and older people who can't get around easily.

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Christmas in Kobe (Continued from Page 23)

want to miss anything. "I was a yeoman once," he lied, having never been anything but an unwilling if effective rifleman in Korea. Besides, he comforted himself, what a man said when he was preoccupied and anxious wasn't really a lie. He had a suspicion the impetuous Mr. Tanaka might have blown up the model of his startling design.

The hostesses looked at him, smiling quietly and expectantly, as though they were waiting for him to tell them how he had leaped miraculously from yeoman to admiral. "That was a long time ago," he said modestly.

Mamma-san patted him on the hand. "Oh, you very young mans. You drink?"

"I've been known to. Scotch and soda."

Quicker than the flash of her smile, Mamma-san had the bottle down from the shelf and was pouring his drink. His embarrassment and shyness ebbed away, and Oren became relaxed enough to look at the girls closely. They were all exquisite, but one of them, hardly bigger than a dimple, glanced at him with a perplexing blend of demureness and frankness. Her face was round, with a flatness beneath the dark-brown eyes, and her hair was a small black avalanche of curls atop her head. Her lips were neither full nor thin, but deftly made as though an artist had composed them. She was gorgeous and timid, and Oren heard himself sighing softly as the girl slid onto the stool next to him.

She looked straight ahead, but there was something so contented and natural in her presence that she seemed always to have been by his side. He felt a quick excitement spread through him, and with it a fearful doubt that his new decoration would work. If it didn't, he knew, he might just as well start swimming for San Francisco. He had taken it on himself to invest a lot of the company's money, and if the thing flopped he could forget about love and marriage and the good life. "You speak English?" he finally managed.

She twisted her head and looked at him as though she peered at the stars. "A little."

"Well, say, that's great."

With more interest in business than English, Mamma-san asked, "Tourist-a?"

"Nope. Business." Oren hesitated. Though he was thirty, he knew his close-cropped blond hair, blue eyes and thin features, along with his complete lack of sophistication, made him look more like twenty-two, and he wanted to sound impressive. "I jetted out to Japan to buy Christmas ornaments. I'm having some new designs manufactured too. One's a dilly."

Mamma-san and the girls exclaimed, "Ah-so! A buyer! Oh, is very glad surprise."

Only the girl beside him did not speak. Oren was disappointed. "Don't you like businessmen?" She reached over and patted his hand, and he knew it would not matter to her if he smuggled pearls.

He beamed. He felt very large. Before he realized it, he had launched into a dissertation on the joys of bringing beautiful ornaments into the lives of people. "I've designed a real beaut. Man, it's way out. Greatest contribution to Christmas since they chopped down the first pine tree," he said expansively. "The way I see it, if there's going to be a population explosion, there's bound to be an ornament explosion."

The thin girl's eyebrows closed toward each other. "Explosion?"

Oren flung his hands upward and said loudly, "Wham! Boom-boom!"

"Boom-boom!" she exclaimed, and placing her hand over her mouth she began to laugh.

"Boom-boom! Boom-boom!" the other girls repeated, and the whole place was filled with laughter and boom-booms. It didn't have much to do with the ornament business, Oren knew, but it didn't matter. Christmas was a long way off.

"Say, what's your name?" he asked, noticing for the first time the delicate shades of pink and lavender in her kimono and the colors of the obi around her tiny waist.

"Akiko."

"Akiko. Akiko," he repeated softly, savoring the word. It had the mystery of the Orient in it, he thought, and the sound of amazement, and if you said it quickly it was an exclamation of pleasure. He pointed to her, then to himself. "You, me go other place," he said. "Be alone."

"*Dozo. Dozo.* O.K., mister."

"Oren. Name's Oren."

Just then the telephone at the end of the bar rang. Mamma-san answered it. "You name Mr. Hot?" she asked.

"Hot? Oh, Haight. Haight. Sure."

She handed the telephone to him. It was Mr. Tanaka.

"You promised to have the model finished and delivered to my hotel at five o'clock," Oren said. "What happened?"

"Most sorry," Mr. Tanaka said. "Slight delay unavoided."

"Well, get it to the hotel as soon as you can. And make sure to keep it secret. Big secret."

"One more half hours."

"My life depends on that decoration."

"Ah-so. You just enjoy, Mr. Hot. Japanese girl most charming. By-by." And then the phone clicked.

Oren blinked. *How the devil did he know where I am when I don't know myself?* he thought, his mind suddenly tormented with a premonition that something furtive was happening. Perhaps they were trying to pirate his lovely design.

Turning, he saw Akiko waiting by the door, bowing and smiling, and he shoved the worry from his mind.

Walking down the narrow Sannomiya lane, lined with bars so small you passed one in two strides, Akiko trotted along about a yard behind him. He wanted to reach back and pull her up beside him, but somehow the little parade made him feel very masterful. Suddenly she hurried in front of him, bowed, and extended her right arm toward the entrance to the Golden Hours. Unexpectedly Oren found himself bowing and striding ahead. He pretended to accept casually the greetings, the towel, the peanuts and drink as if he had been doing this sort of thing all his life.

"Akiko," he said, trying to sound sophisticated and worldly, "you look like a girl in love."

Closing her eyes, she shook her head. "No. Not. Never."

Lucky, that's what you are, Oren told himself, but as he turned to pick up his drink he realized it was Mamma-san and her gold teeth behind the bar. He couldn't imagine how she had got here so quickly. She bowed as though she had been waiting here for him all evening. Like Mr. Tanaka's telephone call, it confounded him, the way he got confused trying to buy Christmas ornaments in June, and Fourth of July paraphernalia in December. Akiko touched him on the arm.

"Oren-san, I want you to meet my good friend Toedo."

The pretty girl in the purple kimono bowed so deeply Oren thought she was going to pitch forward.

"You like a drink, Toedo?"

"*Arigato.* Thank you." Climbing onto the stool on his left, she slid her hand beneath his arm. "Is very handsome man, Akiko."

"American," Akiko said, making it sound far more important.

"Hey, sounds like I've got a fan!"

After a flurry of Japanese talk, a quiet girl standing beside Mamma-san fled around the end of the bar and out the door. A few minutes later she was back and handed something to the gold-toothed woman. Placing it on her palms, she offered it to Oren like a precious token.

"For me?"

"You want fan," Mamma-san said. "I give."

Taking the fan, Akiko opened it, fanned him a couple of times and then handed it to him. Oren beamed with pleasure. It was a nice fan, bordered with geometric designs in simple lines. "Very pretty," he said just as he realized the designs were really symbols of various aspects of passion. "I mean, it's—different," he added, blushing.

The telephone rang. It was Mr. Tanaka. "Very important item to tell. Find new plastic for dec-lo-lation. Most be-ti-ful. Not so expensive. Oh, is very fine. Do not worry some. We work very fast. Please to enjoy charming Japanese girls. By-by."

How the devil does he know where I am, Oren wondered, dropping the phone into its cradle. He stood bewildered. As though they understood his bewilderment, Toedo and Akiko trotted to him, took his arms and led him gently back to his seat. "You know a Mr. Tanaka? Manufacturer. Import-export."

"Ah, yes. Very fine Japanese gent man."

"I'm sure," Oren said, wondering if his astonishing new design had somehow affected Mr. Tanaka's mind, unbalancing him in some way, causing him to become psychic.

The front door opened slowly. The girl who entered wore a white kimono with a pattern of giant yellow and gold chrysanthemums. Her long hair hung loosely down her back. Toedo and Akiko hurried to her, bowing, chattering and exclaiming. For what seemed like five minutes the bird-sounding talk went on, and then Akiko returned to Oren.

"What was that all about?"

"We say hello. Is Japanese custom. Oren-san, please to meet my cousin from Nara."

"Hello, cousin-from-Nara."

The girl looked at him. She seemed to say silently that there was something very sad and sweet about their meeting after such a long wait, a reaction which mad Oren even more uneasy, and then s placed her hands on her knees and bowe deeply.

"Everybody have a drink," Oren said, hoping they'd all sit down somewhere so he could make a little time with Akiko. He couldn't understand why he felt naïve, even innocent, and at the same time he was strangely elated. He said giddily, "I think I'm going to like Nippon."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before Mamma-san placed a bottle of Nippon beer in front of him.

Mamma-san smiled and bowed. "You say Nippon. *Ne?* Is good beer. Me give to you."

"Akiko ——" he began, wanting to tell her there was a language barrier here; no one was understanding him.

"Akiko-san," said Mamma-san.

"Akiko-san? What's that *san* mean?"

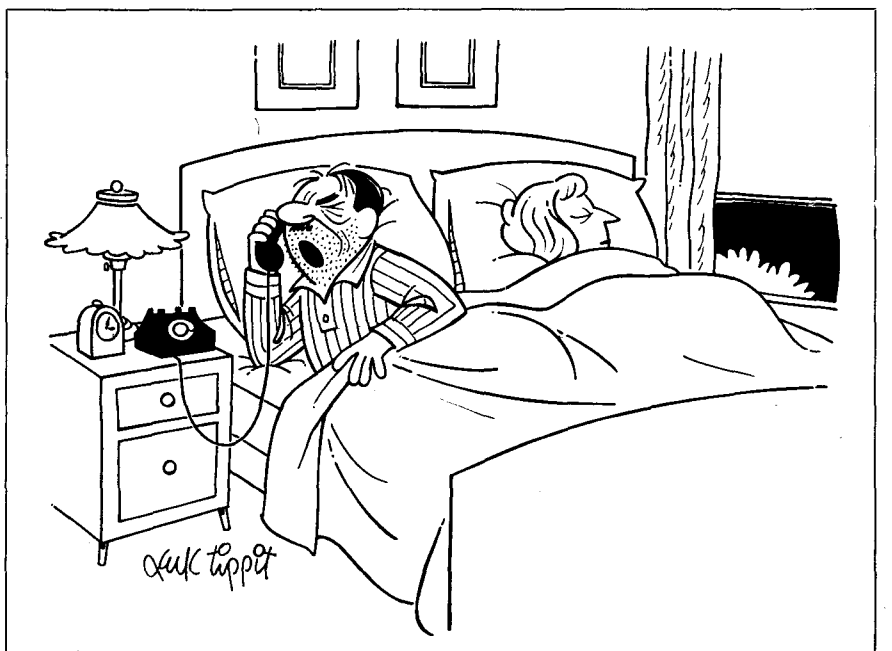
Akiko-san smiled. "Means more nicer. More friendly."

"Let's go other place, Akiko-san. You, me."

But an hour and five bars later Or found himself surrounded by Akik Toedo, Midori, Toyomi dressed geisha-fashion with tinkling ornaments in her black mound of hair, Machicho and the cousin-from-Nara. He possessed the gay fan, a bottle of fruit juice (*I should never have said I like fruit juice*, he thought) a pair of wooden *geta* sandals, a red-lacquered box of *sushi*—rice and raw fish—simply because in the hope of being alone with Akiko he had said he was hungry and, most awkward of all, a live alligator. But that was understandable too. He had tried to say "thank you" in Japanese and, because of the "l" and "r" difference in pronunciation, his *arigato* had sounded to the cousin-from-Nara like alligator, and she had trotted out to a pet shop. It was only a little alligator, about eighteen inches long, and he couldn't hurt the cousin's feelings by refusing it. For a while he considered keeping his mouth shut. It seemed that every time he spo he acquired something new and useles but he had to tell Akiko he thought she was beautiful. Somehow he had to get alone with her so he could put at least one arm around her tiny waist and perhaps kiss her hair near the ear, where it looked so dark and tantalizing.

The phone rang. Mamma-san smiled her golden smile and said, "Mr. Hotsy."

Mamma-san, he had learned, once had been a show girl with a *Takarazuka* theatrical group, and then she had been a few other things; and now, resplendent and



"It's nice to hear your voice, too, but you have the wrong number."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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happy, she apparently owned half the bars in Sannomiya. Once she got hold of an expense-account, free-wheeling customer, he rarely got away. The girls simply guided him from one of Mamma-san's bars to another. *Something like the mountain to Mohammed,* Oren thought, taking the phone.

"Have slight accident," said Mr. Tanaka. "But please not to worry. Is O.K. Nobody die."

"What do you mean?"

"Mens are careless. I am so sorry."

"I'll come right out to the plant."

"Oh, Mr. Hot, please. You make me sad. We make another in half hours. Please to enjoy. You like cousin-from-Nara?"

"I like Akiko."

"Is charming. Good-a luck. By-by."

When he returned to Akiko, she was talking with a girl in a white kimono with great blue flowers splashed over it.

"This is my friend from ——" Akiko began.

"I know, I know," Oren said impatiently. "You've got so many friends I can't even get a chance to tell you ——"

"But, Oren-san, she sing!" Akiko exclaimed. She looked both hurt and sympathetic, and Miss Blue Flowers backed away in a low bow and vanished.

Glancing around, Oren saw that all the pretty girls looked shocked and hurt, but they were too shy to say anything. Though Tanaka's call had unnerved him, he felt like a dog. "Forgive me, Akiko."

"Is O.K.," she said and picked up his hand and kissed it.

"Couldn't we go someplace ——" he began.

"*Dozo. Dozo.* Come with me."

"Come with us, you mean," Oren said bitterly.

In the garish neon-lighted street, Oren forgot all about his design. The crowd backed away on either side, bowing and saying, "*Hai, hai. Dozo. Hai, hai, hai,*" and clearing a way for him and his little retinue. Akiko was at his side now, shy and smiling, and the others trotted behind. He felt like a potentate, a shogun, a Shinto priest with his own small festival. Each girl carried fruit juice, or rice and fish, Nippon beer, a miniature sword, the picked fan. The cousin-from-Nara lovingly carried the little alligator in the crook of her arm.

Mamma-san fled up an alley, cut across the Ikuta Buddhist Temple grounds, hurried down a narrow lane and was waiting inside the Club Salary Man. Oren paused at the door for the girls to precede him, but they would not. They only bowed deeper, like drooping flowers, saying, "*Dozo, Dozo.* Please." He led his retinue inside, giddily wondering why polygyny had been banished.

Because there were four customers present, Mamma-san pretended she had never seen Oren's party before. "Good evening," she said, somehow making the two words sound like a long sentence. Bowing and ducking, shuffling sidewise, she led them to the far end of the room where there was a low Japanese table with a bouquet of artificial cherry blossoms. Not until he had reached the table did Oren see Miss Blue Flowers sitting at the far end, a samisen on her lap.

"Hey, look," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

Everyone was seated on the white cushions around the red table. Drinks appeared. The hi-fi was turned off. The four Japanese men up near the door pretended they weren't present. Miss Blue Flowers struck three plaintive notes. Midori and the cousin-from-Nara and all the others looked ecstatic. Suddenly Miss Blue Flowers began to sing in such a high-pitched wail that Oren involuntarily ducked.

Akiko put her hand on his arm. "Is very sad song, Oren-san. Is about love."

Feeling more Fourth of July than Christmas, he lifted her hand and kissed it. "You think love is sad, Akiko-san?"

She raised her shoulders and let them drop. "I never be in love. Don't know."

"Never?"

"Never. Not."

"Would you like to be in love?"

"Su-u-re." She said the word so slowly, her pretty lips hardly moving, that it seemed to hold all the sweet years of her dreaming.

Their eyes held. It seemed to Oren that his entire being, detached and bold, wandered eagerly in the dark-brown depth of her eyes. Almost imperceptibly their lips moved together as Miss Blue Flowers sang her poignant song of love. The girls placed the traditional gifts of food and drink, a sword and jewels, on the table, and, taking the edges of their kimono sleeves they leaned slightly to the left and held the pretty materials against their cheeks just below their eyes, formally weeping in sad happiness.

"I love you, Akiko."

She looked at him and bowed deeply.

Seeing the food and drink and presents, Oren glanced at the pretty girls who were weeping so silently and bowed to them. Still holding their kimono sleeves below their eyes, they bowed back.

The one place today's teenagers will always turn a hand is on the steering wheel.

CY N. PEACE

"Is very happy," cousin-from-Nara said.

Suddenly the front door was flung open and there was loud shouting. "*Hai! Hai!* Easy! Easy, easy, easy. Tu-tu-tu-tu." It was Mr. Tanaka, and he kept making the curious sound as he directed three men through the narrow doorway. They carried what appeared to be a corpse wrapped in red plastic.

Mr. Tanaka hurried toward Oren. He was a short man, and fat, with a bald head across which he combed, from the left ear to the right, not less than two hundred and fifty long dank hairs. But he was ebullient.

"Many apologies, Mr. Hot, but please to accept." With a deep bow and a wide sweep of his right arm, he indicated the six-foot package. His eyes also took in Akiko and Midori and all the others, and he said, silently, "Charming, charming, oh, charming girls."

"What in heaven's name is it?"

Mr. Tanaka straightened proudly. "Dec-lo-lation!"

"Oh, no! No!" Oren cried, for the men had unwrapped the plastic tree and placed it on the bar at the end of the room.

"Be-ti-ful, be-ti-ful, be-ti-ful," Mr. Tanaka gasped. His arms were crossed and resting on the top of his belly, and he shook his head in wonder. "Mr. Hot, you one hundred per cent genius."

Oren fell backward, protesting, "But it's supposed to be six inches tall. Not six feet!"

"Ah-so," Mr. Tanaka said. "Hard to read American way to write."

"Small-a, small-a, small-a!" Oren shouting emphatically, sitting up and holding his hands about six inches apart to indicate what he had had in mind.

Mr. Tanaka nodded slowly, and then he smiled. "Slightly understanding not. Can fix. Please to enjoy."

The tree was beautiful, Oren admitted to himself. It gleamed and glistened in its pristine plastic silveriness, and its thick trunk probably held enough gunpowder to set it sparkling for hours. With sly conceit, he knew he was glad Mr. Tanaka had made such a gross mistake. Now he would be able to see his dream realized in wide-screen, king-sized greatness.

"You like?" he asked Akiko.

"Lovery, lovery."

As soon as Mr. Tanaka had the tree properly erected and the electric cord plugged in, the roly-poly man clapped his hands imperiously and ordered Mamma-san to turn out the lights. The girls shrieked and giggled and held their hands anxiously to their throats.

In the total darkness the tree came alive. Silvery and beautiful, it revolved slowly with sparks flying outward from the ends of its branches. Incandescent, showering stars from a bountiful heaven, it was hypnotic and beautiful. Listening to the girls cheep and chirp like literate birds, exclaiming in long drawn-out "A-a-a-ah's," Oren leaned back expansively. Miss Blue Flowers was playing her samisen and singing a very haunting song. In the lovely glow, Oren could see himself, Oren Haight, savior of Pandora, future president.

And then it happened. The huge tree suddenly exploded. Bits of bright silvery plastic showered everywhere like rain. Bottles crashed down from the shelf. Mamma-san gave one frightened scream and fainted. Except for Akiko, who threw her arms around Oren's neck, the girls vanished beneath the table. Belatedly, the overheated mirror behind the bar cracked.

Oren was stunned. He was hardly aware that Akiko hugged him tightly, pleading, "Save me. Save me, Oren-san."

Mr. Tanaka turned on the lights. Near the door the four stoic Japanese gentlemen sat glassy-eyed. The three workmen were peering out of the door of the powder room. Only Mr. Tanaka appeared composed.

Contents from the broken bottles were filling the room with a terrific stench, but he walked into the center of the debris and surveyed it calmly. "Please not to worry, Mr. Hot," he said. "Is long time to Christmas."

Mamma-san stirred, sat up, looked about and shrieked. "Police! Help!" It was unnecessary. They were already coming through the door.

They filed out. Oren and Akiko, Midori, the slightly disarrayed geisha Toyomi, Toedo, Machicho, the cousin-from-Nara and at the end of the line Miss Blue Flowers with her samisen. Into the police station they carried the food and drink, the jewels and sword, the frisky fan and the sleepy alligator.

Mr. Hasegawa, the chief of police, put down his teacup and hurried around the desk to meet them. Bowing deeply, he said, "This is an honor for me."

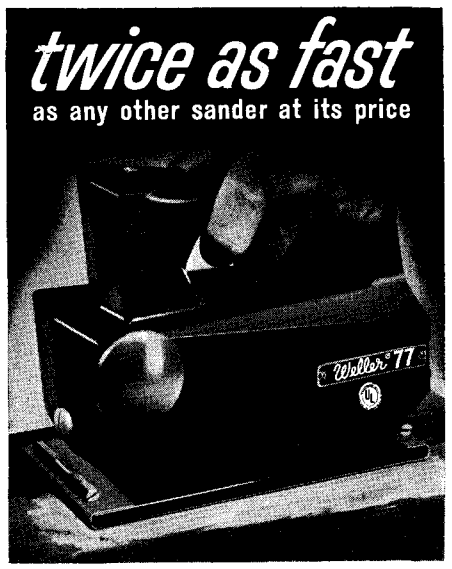
"Well, it's not for me," Oren said. "I tell you it was an accident."

"Life is an accident. Death is an accident. All that goes between is an accident." Turning, Oren looked across the desk toward the man who had spoken; he wore a soiled gray kimono and was sprawled beside a *hibachi* bowl, where the tea kettle was kept warm.

Again the chief of police bowed. "Mr. Haruki is a poet."

"Beat," Haruki said.

Mamma-san struggled up the steps and into the police station. She tried to shriek, but she sounded as though she had cotton in her mouth. Except for Akiko, who clung to Oren, all the girls ran to her, crying, "Mamma-san, oh, Mamma-san." She hugged them and protected them like a mother hen, and she kept putting her



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beautiful golden upper plate into her mouth and taking it out again. With it in, she sounded as though she was talking through a comb. When she held it in her hand she seemed to be yelling through a wet mop. When she had fainted, it had fallen from her mouth and cracked smack down the center. She held it out for the chief of police to see.

"Beautiful," he said. "Gold becomes a lady."

"Is flusted," she managed, indicating the crack.

Oren sank onto a bench, staring at the damp, uneven concrete floor. He knew his bright, explosive idea had separated him from Pandora forever. Looking quickly back across the evening, he realized he had signed enough checks for his little feminine army, in the name of Pandora, to rig an election. But more depressing than all else, more awful, he knew, was the fact that his one brilliant idea had blown up in his face. "In my face indeed," he said in soft irony. "I blew up the entire Club Salary Man."

"I love you, Oren-san."

"Do you?" he said absently.

Mamma-san was pounding on the desk with her right hand and, using her left, she made a waving motion, indicating that someone would soon come through the front door. "Rawyer, rawyer, rawyer."

"Yes, we're used to lawyers," the police chief said. "Won't everyone be seated. It's too warm to be so active."

When the two men came into the station, Oren knew they were lawyers, and they spelled doom for him. In unison they bowed to everyone, formally and properly and austerely, like puppets. As Mamma-san came up from her respectful bow, she began screaming as best she could, "Sue-a, sue-a, make sue-a!"

"All in good time," the older Japanese lawyer said in a broad and arch Oxford accent. Turning to the police chief, he bowed again. "It is a most pleasant evening. Warmish, perhaps, but pleasant."

The police chief got to his feet, bowed and indicated a chair beside him.

With unctuous slowness the lawyer crossed and sat beside the chief. They began chatting pleasantly, oblivious to Mamma-san's screeching and the shrieking of the girls.

Oren was beyond despair. He wondered what evil fate had ever sent him into the ornament business, and he wondered what had caused his mind to come unscrewed, allowing him to design a Christmas decoration that was a real time bomb. For a hideous moment he envisioned the coming Christmas, when thousands of happy and festive homes might have been shattered by his foolish invention. He was grateful that Mr. Tanaka had made his awful mistake and revealed the sinister quality of the silvery tree. "I must be nuts," he said.

Akiko put her arm around his shoulder. "Is O.K., Oren-san. I love you."

Love, he thought, glancing at her. If ever there was a girl he could love, and wanted to love, Akiko was that girl. But he was busted, jobless in a strange land, an abandoned idiot, really, he told himself, wondering if he had enough money to escape, let alone afford love and marriage and all that jazz.

"What happened to Tanaka?" he asked finally.

Akiko shrugged. "Me don't know. Is gone."

Oren looked about the station. The roly-poly man had vanished. *Probably passing through Tokyo on his way west,* Oren thought bitterly, as the two lawyers bowed deeply and handed him their business cards.

Miserably he handed the Oxford graduate his card. OREN HAIGHT. DESIGNER AND BUYER. PANDORA ORNAMENT COMPANY.

The lawyer studied it for a long time. "Ah-so," he said.

"Sue-a, sue-a," Mamma-san persisted.

"These things are unfortunate," the lawyer smiled. "I doubt if we need sue. I am sure Mr. Haight's organization will want to settle quietly."

"But it was an accident."

"A great deal of damage was done. Great deal. A wreck, really."

The thick Oxford accent infuriated Oren. He felt his anger rising, and he made no attempt to control it. "Look, mister, you don't have to make it sound like a disaster."

The young lawyer spoke from a safe distance behind Mamma-san. "The lives of innocent people were endangered. A bombing like that ——"

"Bombing!" Oren shouted. "I tell you, it was a simple accident."

"And blew up a whole club? These incidents can cause tensions between our countries," the older lawyer warned ominously.

"What are you talking about?" Oren demanded.

"Many fanatics are infiltrating Japan. Artful disguises, you know." He bowed, smiling. "Progressives, if you like."

"It was only a Christmas tree. Christmas! Love! Peace!"

"Do you expect reasonable people to believe you would take a Christmas tree, a lethal Christmas tree as it turned out, into a bar in the heat of summer?" He shook his head pitiably. "Mr. Haight, please."

"It was a model. Mr. Tanaka got the measurements wrong. I didn't even know he was coming there."

"Sue-a, sue-a, Club Sar-rary Man all shot!" Mamma-san wept.

"Where is this Mr. Tanaka?"

Oren dropped onto the bench. "He's gone."

"Escaped!" The young lawyer stepped up beside his superior and said respectfully, "It could be sabotage."

"We'll have to investigate. Call the American Consulate."

"No! No!" Oren shouted. "You going to make an international incident out of this?"

"I hope there'll be no demonstrations, no riots," the older lawyer said, shuddering delicately.

"I tell you, I am innocent!" Oren protested.

"Communist inspired, perhaps," the young lawyer suggested eagerly.

Oren moaned. By morning, he suspected, his visa would be canceled, and he would be hustled to jail, or out of Japan. And if Pandora ever greeted him again it was apt to be with a shotgun. He was stunned and desperate and heartsick; it seemed improbable that only six hours before he had been tormented with an emotion as simple as loneliness.

"Would you like to cable your concern? Perhaps they'll want to arrange for your defense."

"Arrange for my execution, you mean." Oren buried his face in his hands. Pandora Ornaments thrived on the sentiments of people, he knew, but they were not sentimental themselves. Far from it. And not by the wildest stretch of the imagination could anyone say that a bombing in a foreign country was becoming to a company that exploited Mother and the Bunny and Santa Claus himself. Too miserable to speak, Oren rocked his head back and forth in his hands and moaned.

"I no leave you, Oren-san," Akiko said, knowing how abandoned he felt. "Not leave ever."

Mamma-san was still shrieking fuzzily. The hostesses with their presents were huddled together apprehensively, like pretty slave girls in a strange market, and the lawyers, turning solicitous, suggested that if Oren had to be jailed they would be happy to telephone America and indicate to Pandora Ornaments that a peaceful and quick settlement would be wisest, considering the cold war and all.

Only the chief of police and the silent and bitter poet saw Mr. Tanaka slip through the front door and place the small silvery tree on the chief's desk. For a fat man, he scurried quickly and quietly. In a moment the little tree began to turn slowly and gracefully, perfectly, showering its tiny brief stars. Mr. Tanaka went to the wall and snapped out the lights. In the sudden darkness, Mamma-san screamed indistinctly, and the girls screeched, and Akiko grabbed Oren.

And then they saw the lovely tree. Like falling stars, the sparks flew outward and perished in the air.

In the face of beauty all the Japanese forgot disaster and stared ecstatically. Explosions and destructions and shattered bars were practical matters, and depressing at best, but loveliness was rare. It lifted the heart and made the spirit joyous. To create beauty was the gift of poets and artists and men of good faith.

"A-a-ah! Oh! Oh! *Sodeska!*" they exclaimed. "Is beautiful!"

For a moment the jailhouse seemed almost holy.

In the pale light Mr. Tanaka appeared at Oren's side. "I have this all time at hotel. I make big one just to pleasure you. Only I mis-cul-culate. I thought it go sparkle-sparkle, but she go boom-boom!" He laughed merrily.

Oren sat entranced. "It's beautiful, Tanaka. Gorgeous. Christmas will never be the same again."

"I make you five thousand. Very cheap. Will be large sensation in America."

Though he did not know she was weeping because of the enchanting beauty of the tree, Oren heard Mamma-san sobbing. "What'll I ever do about the bar?" he asked. "If Pandora ever finds out I blew the place up, they'll fire me."

Mr. Tanaka leaned over and whispered. "I fix. Me and Mamma-san very old friends. Mamma-san got plenty bar. I dec-lo-late Sar-rary Man for her. Fix up nice. Free. She be happy."

The Oxford lawyer, who had bee trying to soothe Mamma-san, turned t Oren. "My client and I agree. Anyone who can create so much beauty cannot be malicious."

"But the place is a wreck."

"Only foolish people in Japan do not have disaster insurance." He bowed formally. "Mamma-san is not foolish."

Mamma-san glanced at Oren, put her hand over her mouth and laughed girlishly. Still holding their festive presents and the drowsy alligator, the girls bowed deeply to the chief of police, saying, "*Sayonara, sayonara,*" and then they trotted merrily toward the door.

"*Sayonara,*" Chief Hasegawa said, returning their bow. "Please to come once more. *Sayonara.*" He bowed to Oren and Akiko and Mr. Tanaka as they got to their feet, telling himself there were times when it was foolish for the law to interfere with people.

Back at the Club Believe Me, the beautiful girls lined up along the bar on either side of Oren with their presen before them. With deep satisfaction I allowed himself to feel like a modest genius, a benevolent shogun, and his expansive mind began to toy with what he could do with the Fourth of July. It needs jazzing up, he thought.

"These kind present," Mamma-san said, seeming to whistle at the same time, indicating the food and drink, the jewels and sword, and even the slumbering young alligator, "these kind present friend bring when mans and girls get married."

"Ah-so." Oren glanced at the girls along the bar. In unison they lifted the sleeves of their kimonos and wept happily, but they all were smiling in a curious way. Suddenly he realized the girls were not as shy as he had thought. He turned to Akiko. "You girls plan this? Did they tag along all evening just to—to—well, to help you?"

Akiko's eyes opened wide. "Oh, no. Not. Never." And then, while he looke at her, he saw one eye slowly close in mischievous wink. He threw back his head and laughed.

"Akiko-san," he asked finally, "you like idiots?"

Steepling her hands, she held them beneath her chin. "Su-u-re," she said modestly.

He grabbed her in his arms and hugged her.

Mamma-san put her golden teeth in her mouth and smiled. This was the fourth romance she had arranged since Christmas. It made her very happy.

THE END

"Could you back up twenty cents' worth? I'm a little short of cash!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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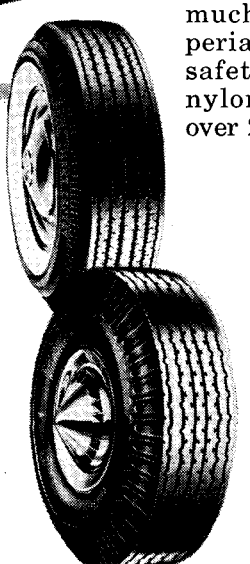

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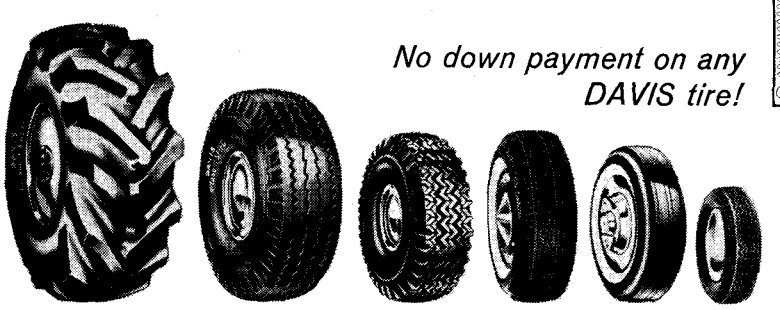

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The Case of the Bigamous Spouse

(Continued from Page 34)

keep the information to himself. He——"

"O.K.," Drake said. "What struck you, Perry?"

"An idea," Mason said.

"I gathered as much," Drake told him. "Anything you care to pass on?"

Mason shook his head. "Go get your men out and keep Baxter under surveillance until I can get a subpoena. Get started."

"The FBI is all excited about Gorman Gillett," Drake said.

"Tell them to send a floral piece to the funeral, Paul."

"This officer says the FBI is after him to give him what information he has."

Mason said, "The FBI will have it by noon. The first thing Tragg and that outfit will do will be to take Gillett's fingerprints, just in case."

"And why did *you* take them?" Drake asked.

"Just in case," Mason said. "Get started, Paul."

After Drake had left the office, Della Street said to Perry Mason, "Could I make a guess as to what your idea was?"

"You could," Mason said.

"George Belding Baxter?" she asked.

Mason nodded. "It's a wild-eyed idea," he said, "but let's begin to put two and two together and see how much we can make. Gorman Gillett was a buddy of Collington Halsey. They pulled a stick-up. Gillett served time. Halsey escaped. They never found a trace of him. Now, what does that mean?"

"You tell me," Della said.

Mason said, "It means that Halsey got some kind of a completely fresh start and got out of the underworld and away from a life of crime. He got in a position where no one would ever dare suspect him."

"How do you deduce that?"

"Because they had his fingerprints on file, and they've never seen them again," Mason said. "You take anyone who's on the fringes of a criminal life and, sooner or later, police get his fingerprints."

"They've not taken mine—that is, recently," Della Street said.

"You're not on the fringes of a criminal life," Mason said. "Even so, you get your fingerprints taken once in a while. But anyone wandering around mixed up with a criminal element is going to get picked up on suspicion of this or that, and they'll take his fingerprints. They come in to the FBI at intervals whenever a wanted man is at liberty. Now, Halsey vanished into thin air."

"Go on," Della Street said.

"Gillett served his time, decided to hell with all that criminal stuff, went up to a little town, got himself a cabin, did a little prospecting, lived on venison and trout, with a little flour and bacon once in a while and then, one day two and a half years ago, picked up a *Saturday Evening Post* and saw photographs of George Belding Baxter, the multimillionaire.

"Now, let's just suppose that he recognized the photographs as being those of Collington Halsey. What do you suppose happened after that?"

"Do you suppose Gillett got in touch with George Belding Baxter?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"He doesn't seem to have made much out of it."

"He didn't want much out of it," Mason said. "All he wanted by that time was a sack of flour, a little bacon, some coffee and some salt. He was happy."

"And then?"

"Then," Mason said, "his son found him. His son wasn't particularly proud of father, but he looked the old man up anyway. Then he began to wonder how father was supporting himself, and he became rather solicitious as a son, wondering just where the money came from."

"Now," Della Street said, "you fascinate me."

"It's a fascinating situation," Mason said. "The son found out that Baxter was Collington Halsey, and the son started leading a double life. He committed bigamy; he gravitated from one place to the other; he had a mysterious business; no one knows anything about it; he didn't make joint income-tax returns; he began to live on the fat of the land."

"And then?" Della Street prompted.

"And then," Mason said, "all of a sudden death took a hand. Both father and son died within forty-eight hours of each other. And Baxter gets in a great hurry to get out of the country, in case anyone thinks about taking the fingerprints of the people in the Baxter household to see if they are unaccounted for."

"And you're about to serve a subpoena on George Belding Baxter," Della Street said.

Mason grinned.

"What a spot *you're* in," Della Street said. "Baxter will —— Chief, do you suppose you might meet with ——"

"With what?" Mason asked.

"With coronary occlusion?" she asked.

Mason grinned. "I'll stay away from Dr. Ewald Carver and, if I show up missing, be sure there's an autopsy, Della. Dammit, why didn't I have presence of mind to steal that *Saturday Evening Post* out of the Gillett cabin!"

Della Street said, "Do you suppose Tragg is there yet?"

"He'll be getting there any time now," Mason said. "As soon as he sees that one *Post* in the midst of all those crime magazines, Lieutenant Tragg will be right up with us in his thinking."

"That will be bad?" Della Street asked.

"It will rob us of our lead. I'm sorry about that magazine being left there."

"Do you dare to take it now?" she asked.

"Heavens no. That might be removing evidence. We couldn't do that."

"Well, what could we do?"

"We might make it somewhat less conspicuous," Mason said, frowning thoughtfully.

"Well," she told him, "you're a cash customer."

A slow grin spread over Mason's face. "Get Manny G. Bolton up at the Bolton Funeral Home in Pine Haven, Della."

Della Street put through the call. A few moments later she nodded to Perry Mason. Mason picked up the telephone, said, "Good morning, Mr. Bolton. How's everything this morning?"

"Coming fine," Bolton said, "just fine."

"Any news up at your end?"

"Not a thing. No more than there was last night."

Mason said, "You know, I've been thinking about poor old Gorman up there."

"Yeah, what about him?"

Mason said, "You know and I know how those things are, Bolton. We realize that when a person is lonely and gets to reading he's apt to do a certain type of reading."

"Yeah, go ahead," Bolton said. "What's on your mind?"

"I wouldn't want people to think that my relative didn't read anything except crime magazines, even if he is only a distant relative."

"So what?" Bolton asked. "Just tell me what you want, Mr. Mason. You're a cash customer."

"Oh," Mason said, "I thought that it might look bad if word got out that there was nothing there in the cabin except those magazines and ——"

"You want I should go get them and then burn 'em up?" Bolton asked.

"Oh, not that," Mason said, "but *you* must have a bunch of old magazines around your place, haven't you?"

"That's right, got stacks of magazines. Got a whole woodshedful of them."

"How about taking three or four dozen different types of magazines there and putting them in with the crime stories?"

"But not taking out any of the crime stories?"

"Oh, no," Mason said. "I don't think there's any necessity to take anything *out*. We just make it appear that Uncle Gorman was a little more omnivorous in his reading."

"Uncle Gorman, eh?"

"I was just calling him that," Mason said.

"I understand, Mr. Mason. I'll take 'em right now."

"Right away?"

"Right now."

"And, of course," Mason said, "there's no need to remember just what magazines you take up there."

"Now, don't worry a bit," Bolton said. "You know, Mr. Mason, I think you'd get along fine up here in this community. I think people would like you. I think you'd get along, and you probably wouldn't have too big a meat bill living up here this way."

"It's a fascinating thought," Mason said.

"Well, Mr. Mason," Bolton told him, "I want you to know we always appreciate people that are understanding."

"That's fine. I'll be seeing you one of these days," Mason said and hung up.

Della Street watched him with apprehensive eyes. "Is there any crime connected with this?" she asked.

"Connected with what?"

"Planting evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"Evidence that would—well, you know."

Mason grinned. "I don't know of any statute that says it's a crime to put old reading matter in the cabin of a man who died of coronary occlusion. Remember, there's a doctor's certificate stating the cause of death. No foul play there."

"But how about planting false evidence? Isn't there something? ——"

"Evidence of what?" Mason asked. "And what's false about it?"

"Well, you're making it so that one issue of *The Post* in that building doesn't stand out quite so prominently."

"And that's a crime?" Mason asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm just wondering."

Mason grinned. "We're keeping one jump ahead of the police, Della, and it's a grand and glorious sensation."

"But suppose Bolton tells them he took down a lot of other magazines at your request?"

"Because I didn't want it to appear there was nothing in the place except crime magazines," Mason said. "Now, if Bolton remembers each and every magazine he took down there, that might help. But if he should state that there was nothing in the place except the crime stories and he took down a bunch of family magazines to put in there, Tragg will assume all the magazines other than the crime magazines were taken down there as red herrings, and he'll read and reread the crime magazines, searching for the particular issue I was trying to cover up."

Della Street sighed and said, "Well, you're a cash customer."

"I am, for a fact," Mason said. "And right now we've got to get the fingerprints of Collington Halsey, and then we're going to have to make some reasonable excuse so we can get at least one fingerprint of George Belding Baxter."

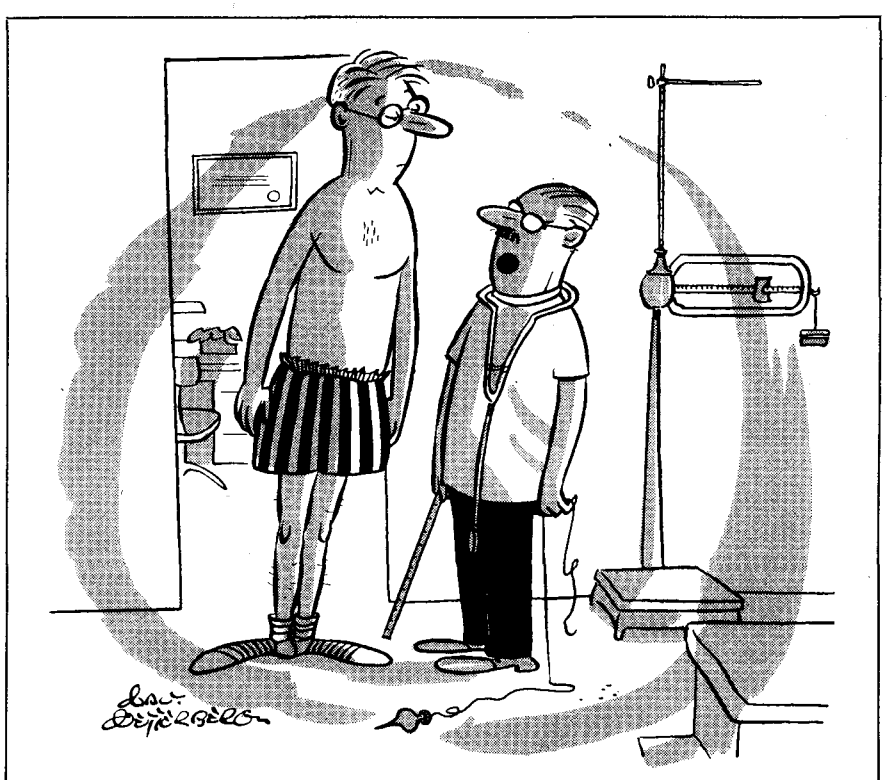
"Such as having an automobile accident and inspecting his driving license?" Della Street asked.

"That might do it," Mason said, "but he might be just a little suspicious. I'd like to get some of his fingerprints when he didn't know he was giving them to me."

"And just how are we going to work that?"

Mason said, "I wish I had my cigarette case back. Della, go down to the jewelry store, get some polished-silver cigarette cases and a fine desk lighter and then wipe them all off clean as a whistle with a chamois skin."

"And then?" she asked.



"You're sound organically, but you're nine inches out of plumb!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Then we leave them sitting around the waiting room in the office, and we put a duplicate set on the desk in here."

"And you think George Belding Baxter coming to you?"

"He's coming to me," Mason said, after he is served with that subpoena, which we should be able to do by noon. George Belding Baxter is going to come in here so fast that he's apt to take the door right off the hinges."

"And while he's here he'll leave fingerprints?"

Mason nodded.

Della Street said, "You're one jump ahead of the police, all right, but heaven knows which way you're jumping, and I hope you can see what's underneath when you come down."

It was 3:25 in the afternoon when the receptionist rang three short rings, the agreed-upon signal.

Perry Mason grinned. "That," he said to Della Street, "means that the quarry has walked into our trap. George Belding Baxter is in the outer office. Go out and tell him that I am occupied at the moment but that I will try and see him. Ask him to be seated for a few minutes. Be sure that you put him in the seat that is next to the silver cigarette case and the lighter. Tell Gertie to ring twice as soon as he's picked up the objects."

Della Street said, "Check. We've rehearsed it a couple of times. You can count on Gertie for something like that. She loves intrigue."

Della Street went to the outer office, was gone a couple of minutes, came back and said to Perry Mason, "Boy, is *he* hopping mad! I had the darnedest time trying to get him to sit down."

"But he's seated now?"

"He's seated."

"Nervous?"

"Nervous, angry and—and just plain mad."

"Well," Mason said, "if he's nervous, he won't be able to keep his hands off those nice shiny objects and ——"

The phone rang two short rings. Mason grinned, said, "That means he's left his fingerprints. Go out and bring him in, Della, then tell Gertie to slide some cardboard under the cigarette case and the lighter, lift them up and give Paul Drake the signal. That will give Paul something to work on."

Della Street nodded, left the office and a few minutes later returned with a big man in the fifties, a man who pushed past her as soon as the door was opened and said, "Mason, I'm George Belding Baxter. What the hell's the idea of serving this paper on me?"

Baxter whipped a paper from his pocket and slammed it down on the desk. Mason arose from his chair, stood smiling, said, "All right, Baxter, my name's Mason. What the hell's the idea of storming into my office this way?"

"Because I'm mad."

"All right," Mason said, "if you want to stay mad, storm your way out again. If you want to sit down and talk, sit down in that chair and talk."

Baxter said, "I'm *going* to talk!"

Then sit down."

"I can say what I have to say standing up."

"All right," Mason said, "I can listen standing up. You've been served with a subpoena. I want you to testify for the defense."

"I don't know a damn thing about the case."

Mason sat down at his desk, pulled some papers over to him and started reading. He might not have heard Baxter's remark as far as was indicated by his actions. Baxter stood irresolute for a moment, then walked over to the desk.

"You can't get away with this, do you hear?"

Mason didn't look up. Baxter nervously fingered the cigarette lighter on the desk as if he might be planning to use it as a weapon. Mason went right on reading.

Baxter said, "I'm going to Honolulu."

"That's fine," Mason said.

"Tonight."

"Then you'll have to be back in time for the preliminary hearing," Mason said.

"Just what the devil are you trying to do?" Baxter demanded. "I don't know anything that would be of any value to you or your client. I don't know the defendant, Gwynn Elston. I didn't know the man who was murdered. I don't know a thing about the case. I was away at the time. The murder happened to take place on the grounds near my house. That's all I know. I only know that because someone told me."

"What about the gun?"

"I bought it, there's no question about that."

"Then you can testify to that."

"I don't have to. The records speak for themselves. There's no question about who bought the gun. I signed for it on the firearms-sales register."

"That makes it very interesting," Mason said.

Baxter said, "Look, I came here to tell you that I simply can't postpone my trip to Honolulu."

"Then come back for the hearing."

"I can't. I can't go over and then turn around and come right back."

"Then stay here."

"Look here, Mason," Baxter said, "I've tried to be nice to you. I've tried to make it easy for you. Now, if you want to do it the hard way, we'll do it the hard way. I have a battery of attorneys. They know all the law you do, and perhaps a little you've never heard of. You have, for some reason of your own, used the process of the court in order to subpoena me, simply for the purpose of inconveniencing me, not for the purpose of getting any information out of me. There's some form of legal blackmail connected with this. My attorneys instructed me to explain the circumstances to you and request that you excuse me from attendance at the trial. I'm following their instructions."

Mason said, "You've explained the circumstances. I've not excused you."

Baxter said, "All right, Mason. My attorneys anticipated that. I've done what they told me to. Now I'll make them earn their fees."

He turned and strode from the office.

Mason picked up the telephone, said, "Did you get Paul, Gertie?"

"Yes, he's out here in the office now with his fingerprint man."

"Tell him to come in here as soon as he's done," Mason said. "We have some more prints."

Mason grinned at Della Street. A few moments later Drake, accompanied by a slender, nervous individual, entered the room. Drake said, "Mason, shake hands with Stan Doyle. He's one of the best fingerprint men I know—you have some latents here?"

Mason shook hands and said, "We should have some good ones." He indicated the big lighter on the desk.

Doyle inspected the cigarette lighter, then took a small bottle and a brush from his pocket. He brushed dust over the gleaming surface. Fingerprints leaped into startling visibility. "I'll say. You've got some good ones," he said.

"What do we do now?" Mason asked.

"We take these objects down to Drake's office and photograph them."

"And then what?"

"We have the fingerprints of Mr. X from the FBI," Drake said, "and we can tell you within ten minutes whether your man is Mr. X."

Mason grinned. "That's what I want," he said. "I want to be sure. And I want proof."

"We can probably do even better than that," Doyle went on. "I think we have enough fingerprints here so we can combine them with what we secured from the other office and make a classification."

"All right," Mason said, "what we want is speed, because I have an idea the man who just called on me isn't going to let any grass grow under his feet."

Doyle put cardboard under the cigarette lighter and said, "All right, Paul, we'll go down to your office and get to work. . . . I could save time if I could lift these fingerprints, Mr. Mason, instead of photographing them."

"No," Mason said, "then we'd lose the advantage of having the fingerprints in place. Just develop your photographs, and then compare them with the prints of Mr. X that Paul Drake has and let me know."

When they had left the office, Della Street said, "What would happen if it should be a mistake, Perry?"

"Plenty," Mason said, grinning. "We're gambling, but I think we're gambling on a sure thing. The whole history of this case just fits together into a pattern."

"It does for a fact," Della Street said, "only—it's circumstantial evidence."

"It's circumstantial evidence," Mason said, "which is some of the best evidence we have—although that's not always the way to talk to a jury."

Mason was in high good humor. The phone rang, and Della Street picked up the phone and said, "Yes, Gertie?" She turned to Mason. "Your man Baxter works fast. There's a process server out here wanting to serve you with papers."

"Tell him to come right in," Mason said. "We're always glad to be served with papers."

Della Street went out and ushered in the process server. "Thank you for seeing me, Mr. Mason," the man said. "So many people try to take things out on a process server. After all, I'm just paid to hand you papers."

"Go ahead and hand them," Mason said. "What are they?"

"George Belding Baxter's motion to quash a subpoena and a civil suit for damages against you for $100,000 claiming that you deliberately abused the process of the court in order to interfere with his business and cause him a lot of inconvenience."

"Well," Mason said, grinning, "when Baxter does something he really does it. I suppose he had you waiting down at the entrance to the building?"

"Well," the process server said, "I believe I was held in escrow, so to speak. I was waiting by the elevators."

Mason said, "All right, you've served me. That's fine."

The process server went out, and Mason looked over the papers. "When Baxter fights, he really fights," he said. "This suit for $100,000 is designed to frighten me and put me on the defensive—wait until *we* lower the boom on *him*."

Ten minutes later the unlisted telephone rang. "That'll be Paul," Mason said. "He's a little ahead of time." Mason himself scooped up the receiver, said, "Yes, Paul?"

Paul Drake's voice, sharp with worry, came over the line. "Look, Perry, before we photographed those prints, we did a little work with a magnifying glass, and I can tell you right now that you're barking up the wrong tree. George Belding Baxter is *not* Collington Halsey."

Mason sat for a moment digesting that information.

"You got that?" Drake asked.

"I got it," Mason said, "right between the eyes. Get your man to work on the classification of the fingerprints. If he isn't Halsey, then let's find out who the hell he really is." Mason hung up the telephone.

Della Street said, her voice showing alarm, "It didn't pan out?"

Mason shook his head. "Not yet."

"Where does that leave you, chief?" Della Street asked.

"Very much behind the eight ball," Mason said. "Hang it, Della, I *can't* be wrong! Too many things point to it, and yet—yet it seems I am wrong, unless that man's managed to have new fingerprints grafted on his fingers, and they tell me that's impossible."

"When you stop to think of it," Della Street said, "he did seem to walk into our trap most beautifully. He handled everything *so* obligingly."

Mason frowned. "I wonder if —— My gosh, Della, do you suppose he was smart enough to figure out what I wanted him to do and all the time was chuckling to himself, thinking about the foundation for a beautiful lawsuit he was building up?"

"I'm not making any guesses," Della Street said.

Mason grinned. "It does look as if we have used up our allowance of wild guesses for the day."

Mason and Della, returning from dinner, stopped in at Paul Drake's office.

"Well, what's the bad news by this time?" Mason asked.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Cicada

By Herbert Merrill

When summer stamps a golden hoof
And leaps the mountain of the sky,
I clamber up a hilltop's roof
And cheer him on with strident cry.

No great accomplishment, I know,
And not a lofty height, it's true,
But that's as far as I can go,
And that's as much as I can do.

If I were gifted like a bird
With music and the mighty wings,
Why then, perhaps, you would have heard
Me singing where the skylark sings.

But even as it is, I'll hum
As loud as any bumblebee
And pound my little kettledrum
Till winter puts a stop to me.

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"Lots of it," Drake said. "We managed to get enough prints from those silver articles to give us a complete classification. We wired the FBI and got a reply. George Belding Baxter is as clean as a hound's tooth. He's never had his fingerprints taken. He's George Belding Baxter, and that's all."

Mason digested that bit of information in thoughtful silence.

"Moreover," Drake went on, "the newspapers have made a big thing about the suit he filed against you. Baxter has given a couple of interviews in which he stated that he'll spend $1,000,000, if necessary, in order to show you that you can't use the subpoena of a court to obtain some personal advantage, that you are trying to inconvenience him, that he has no information that would be of any value in connection with the case against your client and that he has suffered heavy damages because he can't leave on his planned business trip. He's had to cancel appointments and all of that, and he's holding you personally responsible."

"Sounds nice," Mason said.

"The way he tells it, it does, Perry. Can he hold you personally responsible?"

"That depends," Mason said.

"On what?"

"On a variety of things. What I can't understand, Paul, is what's holding up the case against Gwynn Elston. They haven't any case."

"Now, wait a minute," Drake said, "that's the second barrel I was going to give you. This one's loaded pretty heavy."

"All right," Mason said, "what is it?"

"They have a report from Ballistics," Drake said. "Frankline Gillett was killed by a shot from the gun that was thrown into the shrubbery. The fatal bullet came from that gun. There's no question about it."

"That still doesn't connect anything up with Gwynn Elston," Mason said.

"Yes, it does. Your client talked."

"What did she say?"

"Sobbed out the whole story."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "About the man with the broken-down car, the badge he showed her, the gun?"

"That's right."

"I was hoping she'd sit tight," Mason said, his voice showing his disappointment.

"They pulled the usual stunt," Drake said. "She got pretty fed up with jail, and they told her that the only reason she was being held was that she wouldn't talk, that if she'd tell the truth about what had happened and they could investigate her story and find out it was true, they'd dismiss the case and let her go."

"So she told her story, and they said they couldn't go for it. Is that it?"

"That's the funny part of it, Perry. They aren't issuing any press releases about her story, but they have made *moulages* of the tire tracks and footprints where the body was found. They find the treads match the tires on the car driven by Gwynn Elston. They find her footprints around the corpse. They find no other tire marks that can be identified, no other footprints."

Mason said, "All right, Paul. We've got to find the man who gave her the gun."

"They've already done that," Drake said.

"They've found the officer, Paul?"

"Officer, hell! It was Frankline Gillett who gave her that gun."

"How do they figure that, Paul?"

"Mrs. Gillett found the gun in her husband's suitcase about a week ago. She was worried. Gillett told her he'd found the gun in the street about four blocks from the house. He wanted to keep it. She didn't want him to have a gun around the kid."

"Can she identify it?"

"Yes. She wrote down the serial number, just in case. Then when Gillett said he was leaving on a trip and would be gone about a week, she told him to take the gun with him. She didn't want it left in the house. So he took the gun with him."

"Go on," Mason said.

"The day Gillett left his home coincided with the day Felting Grimes returned home from a business trip. He moved back into the Grimes household as Felting Grimes. He must have had the gun in his suitcase at the time. It was less than an hour from the time Gillett left that Grimes showed up at the house where your client was living."

Mason gave the information the benefit of long, thoughtful contemplation. "What does Nell Grimes say about the gun, Paul?"

"She never saw it," Drake said. "Not until Gwynn showed up with it and told the story about the officer who handed her the gun.

"Now, here's something else, Perry. The police aren't making the slightest effort to try to find any motorist who was stranded out there by Baxter's gates. They haven't called on any of the service stations to try to find if any of them sent out a service car. My men are the only ones who have been running down those leads.

"I can't understand it. Ordinarily they'd be trying to canvass all the garages and service stations just to prove Gwynn Elston's story was false and that there wasn't any car with a flat tire."

Mason frowned.

"That," Drake went on, "shows that they don't think enough of her story to waste time trying to disprove it."

Mason suddenly jumped to his feet. "The hell it does!" he exclaimed. "It means they've found the guy! That's why they're not worried about him."

"If they've found him," Drake said, "and if his story substantiates hers, they'd turn her loose. No, Perry, you're barking up a wrong tree this time. They're going to let her tell her story and then show it's false by showing there wasn't any truth in her story."

"And how are they going to show that?" Mason asked.

"I don't know," Drake said. "I can't qualify as a mind reader, but there's something in the time element that's going to crucify your client, Perry."

"What about the time element?"

"Well, for one thing it had to be around 9:17 when she drove past the Baxter gates and claims the disabled car was parked there. Now, the gates to the Baxter estate were closed and locked at ten.

"The prosecution can work out a timetable, using the testimony of the man at the service station. No, Perry, they just don't think enough of her story to try to disprove it."

Mason said, "I tell you, Paul, they've found the fellow! Something in his story gives the prosecution ammunition. But I'll promise you one thing, if they ever produce a witness who will swear he rode in with Gwynn Elston, but swears he didn't give her any gun, I'll tear the guy apart. Now, they've found that fellow, Paul. I want you to find him. We have to know who he is."

Drake shook his head. "There wasn't anyone. The police are prepared to prove it. Remember, Perry, you have only the word of your client."

"And," Mason said, "they'll have only the story of this witness. If they want to slug it out in *that* corner it'll be quite a session."

Drake said, "Don't forget that time element, Perry. The gates were closed and locked at ten. Gillett couldn't have got in after that time. His car must necessarily have been driven in through the gates. That leaves you a half-hour period for a murder. It had to be committed within that time. It was during that time your client would have had to secure possession of the gun. It's during that time that she can't account for her movements and during that time she's invented this story of the mysterious officer who gave her the gun. She left the Gillett house at 9:15. Mrs. Gillett is certain about the time. She ran onto Gillett. He was probably waiting for her. He put it right up to her. She'd found out he was a bigamist, and what was she going to do about it?

"If she'd tell the truth and say she had to kill him in self-defense, she'd stand a chance. But remember, it was Gillett who had the gun. Remember, she called me shortly after 9:30 and called you right afterward.

"I'd rather serve him in bed than face him across the breakfast table."

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"You can figure out what happened. Gillett stopped her. He wanted to talk. He had the gun. He wanted to go someplace where they wouldn't be disturbed, so they stopped near the Baxter esta' She reassured him in some way, n have let him make a little love to he. Then she grabbed the gun, shot him, drove into the Baxter estate long enough to dump the body and then fixed up this story about the officer."

Mason was thoughtful. "She'd have thought up a more convincing lie than that, Paul. She'd never have produced the gun. She'd have thrown it away in the first place."

"You can't say that," Drake told him, "until you know just what she was up against. Something happened, and she was stuck with that gun. So she had to think up a story that would justify her having it in her possession."

Mason grinned. "Don't forget, Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, occasionally overlooks a point. He may not realize it, but he hasn't any way of proving that particular murder gun was in the defendant's possession. She had *a* Smith and Wesson .38-caliber revolver. There are thousands of Smith and Wesso .38-caliber revolvers."

"And, of course," Drake said, "there your action of tossing a cigarette case and a lighter over the fence."

"Sure," Mason said, "I was throwing out the first ball in the World Series, that's all. I wanted the police to get busy and search the premises, so I did something that would start them doing it. I just had an idea the murderer might have left the gun on the premises."

"And what gave you that idea?"

"Just good investigative technique," Mason said. "I wanted them to search the premises, and I'll bet you one thing, Paul. They've now combed every inch of that ground. That's one thing they'll have to give me credit for."

"Yes, I suppose they have," Drake said and then added, "now."

"That's all I wanted," Mason told him. "You be there in court tomorrow, Paul, and it may not be as one-sided as you and Hamilton Burger think it's going to be. And there's one other thing I want yo to do."

"What's that?"

"Check the whereabouts of George Belding Baxter on the night of the murder."

"He was in Bakersfield," Drake said.

"He *says* he was in Bakersfield."

"He was," Drake said. "My men checked his story. He was in a motel there. After all, Perry, we don't overlook the obvious."

"What do you mean, you checked his story?"

"Well," Drake said, "he registered in at 6:30 in the evening, said he was tired, was going to eat and go to bed. The motel has a restaurant in connection with it. He ate there and signed the check—it's one of those high-class motels where you have hotel service. You sign checks, have a phone in your room and all that, and you check out in the morning."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "No one stood watch over him while he was in bed," he said. "What was to prevent him fro leaving the motel at seven o'clock, driving down and killing Frankline Gillett, then going back to the motel and checking out in the morning?"

Drake thought that over. "Nothing," he said.

Mason grinned.

After a moment, Drake said, "Got any proof that he did?"

"You got any proof that he didn't?" Mason asked.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Sitting Duck (Continued from Page 30)

Had he thought about it carefully, made a list of possibilities, before he sent the samples? Not that it mattered. The plates were the important thing. *Keep thinking about it—heavens!*

And so he had waited, forced himself to wait, and at last the second phone call had come, and a third. And there had been haggling over price, this to keep up appearances, allay suspicions, when, of course, no price at all was going to be paid—no price, no witness left to know into whose hands the plates had gone, no loose strings left dangling.

And it should have worked; there should have been no hitch. By ten minutes past two o'clock on Wednesday morning, he should have had the beautiful plates safe in the glove compartment of his car, or, rather, in the glove compartment of the car he had stolen for the occasion. Instead, now, Thursday night, he had exactly nothing, the black briefcase and the blank plates it had contained long since disposed of. *Blank plates! Trickery!* The man who called himself Walter Brock was not to be trusted.

For a brief time, the fury strong within him, the man even considered the possibility of breaking into the village post office while the village slept. He forced himself into relative calm by concentrating on other matters, most of them having to do with the golden pictures of life as he would live it once the plates were in his hands.

Always he had been able to do this, retire from unpleasant reality into a world that was even more real and was an ordered world where circumstances were to his liking. He felt a trifle sorry for other people, like Janet Vanden, for example, who had outgrown with their childhood the capacity for what they scornfully and stupidly called make-believe.

And so the golden thoughts washed the fury away, until, refreshed, the man allowed himself to return to the world of fact, to face with dispassionate logic the problems that no longer seemed insurmountable.

The beautiful plates were now in the post office, but they would not remain there indefinitely. They were what Brock wanted to sell, and in order to sell he had to be in a position to make delivery; therefore sooner or later he would withdraw the package from its protective custody. And, scheming knave that he had shown himself to be, he, Brock, would find a way of doing it without risking the loss of the plates from any cause. All that was necessary, then, was to wait until Brock made his move.

Then, too, on the plus side of the ledger were several points to demonstrate what had not been immediately evident before: that luck could be good as well as bad.

Brock might have died, whereupon the plates would have been forever lost. Brock had not died.

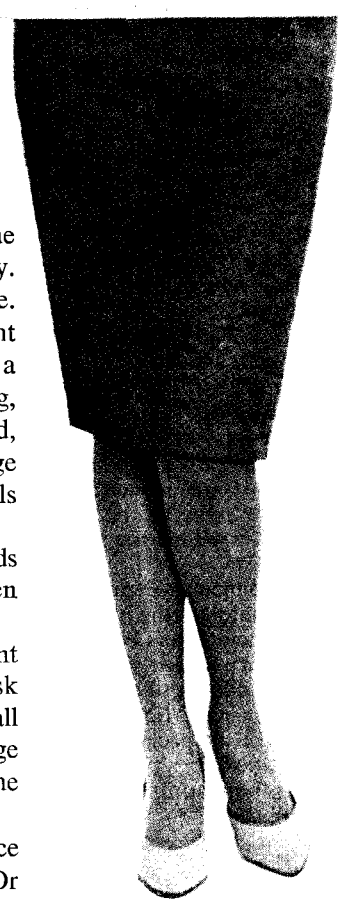
Further, the car that had come unexpectedly into Four Corners at precisely the wrong time might have been driven by someone other than Janet, by somebody, say, who might have felt impelled by some ridiculous good-Samaritan impulse to get out of his car and rush back to the aid of the fallen man. But it had been Janet, who had stopped and looked, but, by her own admission, seen no one to recognize, and who had then driven away.

The man felt a great deal better, all things considered in a new, refreshed mood. And there was another item on the plus side of the ledger too: Brock was helpless in a hospital bed—this the man had seen with his own eyes—and so it would not be necessary to lure him again out onto a lonely road at night to be run down, a position that Brock would probably not allow himself to get into anyway. A pillow over the face, held there for a few minutes until breathing stopped—simple enough, given the condition Brock was in. Brock had to die, of course, and as soon as he surrendered the plates. Brock was a troublemaker; he enjoyed causing people pain.

The man got out of his chair. He went to the record player and turned it on. He made his selection with care, music to fit the new mood—Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* was precisely right. He adjusted the controls until volume and emphasis were to his liking. Then he went back to his chair and, smiling a little, allowed the golden thoughts to return and wash any last trace of annoyance from his entire being.

Liz dozed in the chair and awakened with a stiff neck. Brock slept; in relaxation his face, inverted-V eyebrows, blue-black jaw and all, seemed merely good-humored and reckless, not in the least vindictive or mean. Liz studied the face for some little time, smiled at it and at herself, finding the fact of her presence here more than faintly ridiculous and the protective feeling that would not go away ludicrous in the extreme. Still she remained, terrierlike, refusing to give up what she had set herself to do. And she dozed, stiff neck or not. And so the night passed slowly and in quiet peacefulness.

Brock awakened first, the exhaustion gone, the aches and pains reduced to



When I think of me—
stuck with stamp sticking!

"Mother taught me manners. I got all A's in English. Slaved at secretarial school to become a speedy steno. I could make a checkbook come out even. I read good books, took long walks, always ate my greens and proteins. And there I was, low girl in a busy little office. With lick-and-stick mailing every p.m.

"When I got smart enough to get a secretarial job, I picked a place that had a postage meter. What a relief to get rid of gluey stamps. And sealing envelopes. And that stamp box! The DM costs us about 30¢ a day. Every smart secretary should promote a postage meter!"

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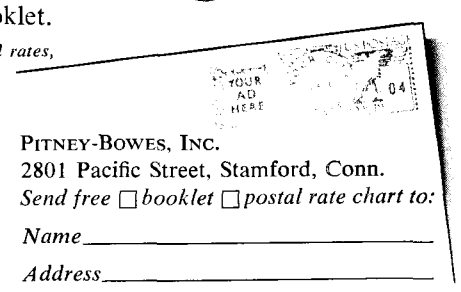

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bearable level. He was conscious of a sense of eagerness, of anticipation, as if his mind during the night had worked on while he slept, processing facts and circumstances, weighing them, evaluating, considering probabilities—and, in the end, predicting with near certainty that the period of waiting was almost over. The existence of the package was known, and its lure would be irresistible to somebody. The somebody would act, and soon, lest delay produce further complications. The feeling that this was so was strong, almost conviction.

Brock began to flex his arm again, lying there without other movement, his eyes on the girl asleep in the chair. She was a puzzle, a source of amusement and an annoyance all in one small package.

In Brock's experience people behaved for motives that were sometimes obscure, but almost never entirely concealed; as with icebergs, some small portion of the whole motive almost always protruded above the surface to be seen and recognized. But, try as he did, Brock could find no sensible explanation for the girl's having slept all night in an uncomfortable chair. He assumed that she had a bed she could have gone to. Most people did.

She slept curled up like a kitten. Brock watched the slow, even breathing, the steady rise and fall of breast. Once, also kittenlike, her small, freckled nose wrinkled suddenly, and Brock wondered, smiling, what dream quarry she might be stalking, prepared to pounce.

The annoyance he felt stemmed, as before, from his inability to deal with the girl. She had said she was going to stay, she had stayed, and Brock had the uncomfortable feeling that she was going to continue to stay and haunt him, which was awkward. For a brief time she was going to be useful—his unsleeping mind had come up with this suggestion too—but after that she was going to have to get lost because the way had to be left open for the somebody to come to the hospital and to this room without worry.

The girl's awakening was as relaxed as her sleeping. Her eyes opened and she was awake, just like that. "Hi," she said. She began to rub the back of her neck with one small hand. Her expression was somewhat sheepish. "No alarums. No excursions. No assassins in the night. Just a pain in the neck." She stood up and straightened her skirt. "I made something of a fool of myself, didn't I?" And then, "Don't answer that. I'll go quietly."

"Not yet," Brock said, and he watched her turn and face him, surprised. "I want you to do something for me."

"You're putting me in, coach?"

And he had to smile at the obvious eagerness. "In a way. Find me some paper and a pencil."

It was a little difficult to write, but he managed it—a note to the postmaster asking that Elizabeth Peters be given the package in exchange for her signature on the receipt. He handed it to the girl, and she read it in silence. "So," she said. Then, "And I take the package where?"

"You bring it here."

Her face was thoughtful. "Who wants it? Besides Tom Carter?"

"No comment," Brock said. "If you want to help ——"

"It's the bait, is it?" the girl said. "So I was right last night, after all, about the duck-in-the-shooting-gallery bit?"

"Dammit," Brock said, "do you or don't you ——"

"Oh, sure," the girl said. "Soon as the post office opens. I'm on my way, coach." She was gone.

The inevitable thermometer came and went. And breakfast. Brock shaved. And when the nurse had disappeared, Brock got himself out of bed and made it twice around the room—no hands—which was better than he had hoped for. He fidgeted as he waited for the girl to return. But when she arrived she had no package. Brock stared at her.

"Just relax," she said, "and I'll tell you all about it." She perched on the arm of the chair and swung one leg. She looked pleased with herself.

Brock said, "You'd better make it good." And for the first time he allowed himself annoyance, even anger at the fact of his helplessness. "What ——"

"Don't get upset," the girl said. "It's bad for morale. Nobody took the package away from me. It's perfectly safe. As a matter of fact, that's a pun of sorts." The leg swung on. "You see, I got to thinking ——"

"Nobody asked you to think," Brock said.

"Temper. Here you are, as they say, immobilized. And I think you're a real important fellow in the cloak-and-dagger business. So ——"

"Where is the package?" Brock said. And then, "Talk, dammit."

"I told you it's safe," the girl said. "It's in the safest place I know, my safe-deposit box in the bank, along with the medal I won once for figure skating and ——"

"You little idiot," Brock said.

The girl nodded. "I thought you might take it like that. People usually do when something's for their own good. This way, without the package, you can't play shooting-gallery duck, can you?"

There was a long silence. The girl broke it. "What you're thinking," she said. And then, "It's a small package, pretty heavy. Heroin?" She watched and found no reaction. She nodded then. "Being a newspaper girl," she said, "my mind tends to think in another direction too—printing, engraving; the package would be about the right size and weight for a couple of engraving plates."

"Look," Brock began.

The girl shook her head. "You look, and listen." She paused, her small face serious. "Call me little mother if you want, but I've got something coming for my stiff neck. No package for you. Send for reinforcements, a cloak-and-dagger colleague in good condition, two legs and two arms and all—and the package is yours."

Brock closed his eyes. For about as long as it might take a man to count slowly to ten there was only silence in the room. Brock opened his eyes again. "What makes you tick?" he said.

The girl stood up. She walked to the bed and moved the phone within easy reach of Brock's good arm. "I'm going to work," she said. "I'll stop by sometime during the morning to see if your reinforcement has arrived."

Brock said nothing. He merely glared.

"You're sulking," the girl said. And then, in a new, different tone, "Whether you like it or not, after watching over you all night I've got a stake in you, and I intend to keep you alive." She closed the door gently as she walked out.

Brock stared at the ceiling spot for a long time before he could trust himself to talk on the telephone. And when he did talk, Willis laughed at him, which Brock had expected, but which didn't help his mood even a little bit. "She sounds," Willis said, "like a smart girl."

Brock made a short comment.

"I'll come myself," Willis said.

"Not here. Don't come near me."

"The girl and I," Willis said, "will work it out between us. You're temporarily on the side lines."

Brock made another comment and hung up.

That morning was sheer frustration. There were no visitors, a fact remarked by the floor nurse. "Yesterday," she said, "standing room only. Today, nobody." She shook her head. "Your act must have laid an egg."

It seemed to Brock that everybody was determined to be funny, or at least to try. He stared at the ceiling spot in complete impotence.

By the time the girl arrived, which was shortly before noon, he had worked himself into a cold rage. But she had the package, and that helped somewhat. Either she had changed her mind or ——

"Mr. Willis," the girl said, "is a very nice man." She had closed the door. She put the package on the table beside Brock's bed. "He is also a very intelligent man. And he agrees with me that you'd look pretty silly dead, so he's going to keep an eye on you, which is really what he intended to do all along. He ——"

"All right," Brock said, and with the package at hand he could settle himself to think once more. "How much of the village knows you picked up the package at the post office and took it to the bank?"

"I wouldn't know," the girl said. "The only one I was watching out for was Tom Carter. I thought he might try to take it away from me."

Brock said, "And who all knows that you picked the package up again and brought it here?"

"Same answer." She had not seated herself; she stood beside the bed, small and straight, with a kind of subdued intensity plain in her manner.

"Now the big question," Brock said. "Who saw you meet Willis? You had to meet him. You wouldn't have taken him on faith over the telephone. Not you."

The girl's lips were pressed tight together. "We met down at the river overlook, twelve miles away. Nobody saw us."

"I'll bet somebody did," Brock said. Call it a hunch, although he did not believe much in hunches. But this one figured. In a village this small, everybody would know a girl who worked on the local paper, and everybody by now would know about the package, and at least one person would wonder why she had put it in the bank and what made her change her mind and take it out again and bring it here. "Somebody," he said, "has probably been following you ever since you went to the post office." He watched the girl's eyes widen.

"I—I don't think so. I would have noticed, wouldn't I?" And then, again, "Wouldn't I?"

"Let it go," Brock said. "It's done."

"But," the girl said, "if somebody did follow me ——"

"You're still home free," Brock said. "The only time you were in any danger was when you had the package locked up in the bank. You can forget it now." He missed the change in the girl's face, the faint angry stirring. He said, "No more listening out in the hall. No more snooping at all. You hear?"

Liz said, "In other words, just go away and drop dead, is that it?"

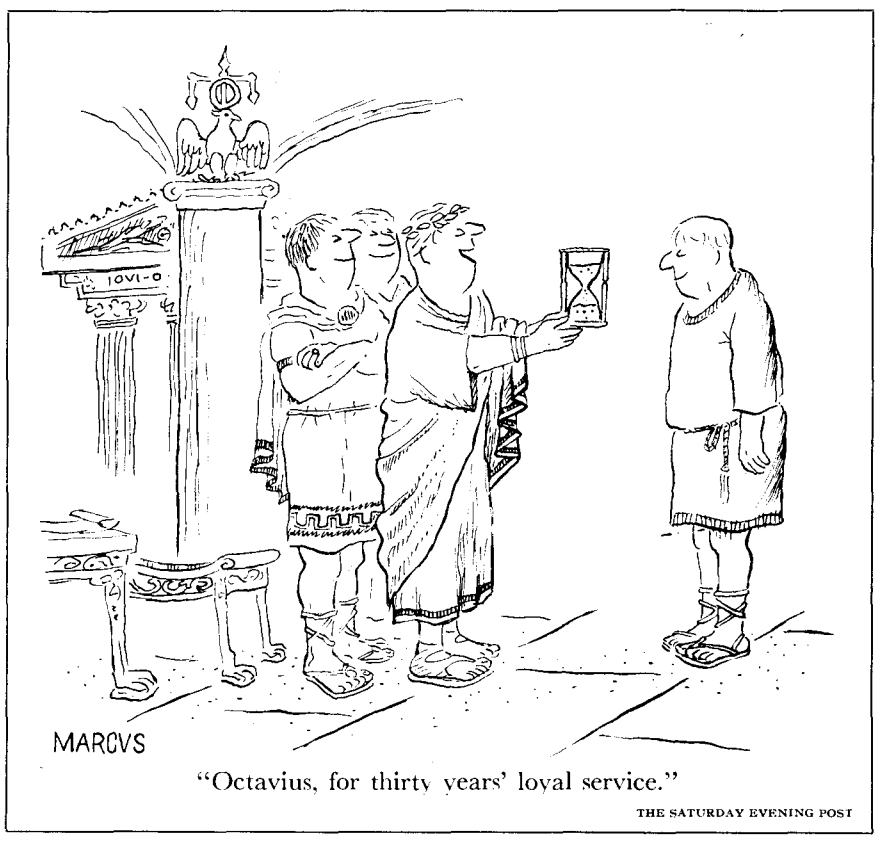
Brock looked up, faintly surprised at her tone. "You said it, I didn't." And he added, "I thank you for"—it sounded silly, spoken aloud, but he said it anyway—"looking out for me last night. And ——"

"There is no charge," the girl said. "None." She was gone, marching, setting her heels down hard. And this time the door closed with something of a bang, leaving Brock with the conviction that the more he saw of this small female, the less he understood about her. Not that it mattered one way or another.

He put the package in the drawer of the bedside table and closed the drawer carefully. Then he lay back and studied the ceiling and wondered about that hunch, because it could matter if Willis and the girl had been seen together.

They had been seen. The man had watched Liz walk into the bank with the package in her hands, and he had recognized it immediately by its size and registered-mail stamping; it had not really been necessary to get close enough to the girl to read the address on the package, but he had done this anyway, and after that there had been no possibility of doubt, only a return of the choking fury he had felt last night.

More and more persons were getting into a transaction that should have been private and secluded and consummated more than fifty hours ago. The fury and the frustration had been difficult to bear, but he had calmed himself enough to know that when Liz walked out of the safe-deposit-box department empty-handed, there was only one thing for him to do, and that was to refuse to let her out of his sight.



"Octavius, for thirty years' loyal service."

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He had followed her to the hospital when she went to tell Brock what she had done; he had followed her to the newspaper; he had followed her when she left the newspaper and drove south along the parkway, turned off at the river overlook where two or three cars were already parked.

The man had not followed her into the overlook parking area; this had not been necessary. He had merely continued slowly along the parkway, and he had seen the large man who waited for Liz, who spoke with her; and he had puzzled on this all the way down to the next turnaround after the overlook where he could cross over to the northbound lane of the parkway and return.

He had been in luck. Liz's car had come back out of the overlook parking area while he was still a quarter of a mile away; and behind Liz, but giving her ample lead, had come the car of the large stranger. He had trailed them both back to the village, and thereafter followed Liz—to the bank, where she withdrew the package, and to the hospital, where, obviously, she delivered it to Walter Brock.

So now the man knew where the package was—the beautiful plates, the real plates this time; of this he was quite sure. The time of waiting, then, was almost over. Still he was puzzled at the fact of the large stranger, and he disliked being puzzled; questions he could not answer infuriated him.

There was, obviously, a connection between the stranger and the beautiful plates. Was the stranger, then, a friend of Brock? It seemed unlikely. A man in Brock's position, offering plates for sale, would not be expected to have friends he could trust. Then?

Liz—there, the man thought, was the answer. Liz was bright, and nosy—obnoxiously nosy sometimes. And Brock could not be expected to know the depth of Liz's intelligence nor her capacity for nosiness. It seemed likely that Brock had merely intended to use Liz as a messenger to pick up the plates from the post office and bring them to him. Instead, with her brightness and her nosiness, Liz had figured out what the package might contain. She had tucked it away in the bank until she could verify her suspicions, gone to the hospital to tell Brock whatever she wished in order to gain time and then, from the newspaper, telephoned the city, the U.S. Treasury people, and arranged for a rendezvous down at the river overlook.

The more the man thought about this, the more he was convinced that this was how it was. The large stranger had even looked like a policeman of some kind. Another meddler, along with Liz—people who kept interfering, stepping between a man and his golden dreams—the fury was hard to contain.

But there were ways. If the large stranger lurked somewhere around the hospital, then his identity as a policeman was proved. And policemen could be dealt with; they were not immortal or even superhuman. And then Brock could be dealt with. And then, perhaps, even the nosy girl, Liz, if her nosiness persisted. And then the beautiful plates were his, and the golden dreams.

Liz was angry. That man in the bed, she decided, was enough to rob a saint of his tranquillity. Even Willis, obviously fond of Brock, had indicated as much. "He's a stubborn character," Willis had said, "and he sometimes rubs people the wrong way." And while he was saying this, standing there at the overlook, his eyes, steady on Liz's face, had seemed to look right into her mind. "His trouble," Willis had said further, "is that he sets impossible standards for himself, and tries to live up to them, and thinks that other people ought to do the same."

So? Did that give him, or anyone else, license to behave the way he did, looking at a person from beneath those buccaneer eyebrows as if the person didn't exist? Well? Did it? Who did he think he was, anyway, cloak-and-dagger business or not?

She was back at the newspaper office, and there was work that should be done, but it was hard to concentrate. Willis had promised he would call her if, as and when somebody turned up to try to get the plates. "That we owe you," he had said, "for helping out the way you have." Picture the character with the eyebrows saying anything like that. "You can print the whole story then, if you want," Willis had said. "But in the meantime ——"

"In the meantime," Liz had said, "I don't know a thing. Promise." And she had intended to keep the promise. But it was hard, almost impossible, because maybe she did know something that Willis ought to know. Brock had started the mental wheels to turning by his almost contemptuous questions—Who knows this? Who knows that?—and his calm assumption that somebody knew everything because she, Liz, had been careless.

Had she? She didn't know. Had somebody followed her? Most important, had the somebody seen her meet Willis? Because if somebody had, then Willis ought to be warned.

She sat staring at her typewriter, her anger not forgotten, but, for the moment, crowded aside. She tried to think, to remember everybody she had seen from the moment she left the post office. The list was long, too long to be meaningful—the druggist, the jeweler, the delicatessen man, one of the local cops tending parking meters, all of these she had seen and spoken to on the way to the bank. And inside the bank there had been a half dozen people, and she hadn't really noticed any of them except, of course, Bruce Vanden, to whom she had gone in order to have her safe-deposit box opened.

All right, she had been careless, at the time only half-believing that the whole thing was real, that Brock was actually what she had built him up to be—one of the hush-hush types. And so she hadn't bothered to look around herself much, and it was useless to try now to remember what she hadn't really seen in the first place. Or almost useless, which was not quite the same. And so, sitting there, staring at the typewriter, she continued to try. Whom had she seen, maybe not once, but several times? *Come on*, she told herself, *don't just sit here, think!*

The hospital lunch—tasteless—had come and gone, and no callers had turned up. Brock lay quiet, flexing the left arm, testing its strength against the balance of the heavy cast, doing this automatically because he was close to conviction that the entire plan was futile. Because the girl had meddled, as amateurs seemed to do every time they got the chance, the whole deal was off, and they would probably never know now for whom the plates had been intended. More to the point, he, Brock, would probably never know who it was who had run him down with calculated viciousness and left him in the snow to die.

Because it figured that somebody had seen the girl and followed her, seen Willis and the girl together, and added it all up to a risk not worth taking. Nobody in his right mind, seeing Willis and sizing him up for what he was, which was something formidable, would take a chance, plates or no plates. Only a madman would take that kind of risk.

And so the whole thing was blown. All because of the girl with freckles on her nose and romantic fancies in her head, cute and bright and kittenlike in sleep or not.

The hospital was, in a way, like a rabbit warren; it had not been planned, it had just grown, something added here, something more there, corridors going off at odd angles, doors opening unexpectedly to the outside.

A man who knew his way around the labyrinth could always seem to be going somewhere in a purposeful and understandable way when he was merely wandering around and looking, sizing things up.

And this man knew his way around. He had made it his business to know because he was a respected member of the community, among other things a member of the hospital board of trustees.

It was not hard to find Willis. There were only a few places where he could be, close enough to Brock's room and yet more or less out of sight. And there he was, sitting placidly in the little anteroom where patients sometimes waited to see how their X rays turned out.

The man did not pause. He walked on in his purposeful way, smiling a little to himself. So now he knew for sure. The nosy girl, Liz Peters, had indeed shouted "cop," which meant that she knew that the package contained the beautiful plates. She had no right to know that; it should have been secret knowledge shared only by the man and Walter Brock. In the girl's hands it was dangerous knowledge, dangerous to the man and consequently, of course, dangerous to the girl. But she could wait. The first thing was the plates themselves, and the first step, of course, was the policeman who sat in the little anteroom.

There were hanging curtains behind the policeman and off a little to the side. Probably the policeman, intent on the corridor that led to Brock's room, had given no thought to the curtains. But even if he had, he must have assumed that they masked a closet of some sort, which they did not. They masked instead a small dressing room which could be entered from either of two doors, an inefficient arrangement, but then the entire hospital lacked efficiency.

As he slipped, unseen, into the dressing room and walked quietly toward the curtains, it passed through the man's mind that a new, efficient hospital building or at least a donation toward one would be a splendid gift for him to make to the village when the golden dreams came true.

Beyond the curtain Willis sat, unmoving, unhearing, large and patient, no extraordinary perception stirring within his mind.

There was no knock on Brock's door; it merely opened, and Bruce Vanden walked in. He closed the door behind him and in his neat, expressionless way studied the man in the bed. "Yesterday we talked, Mr. Brock," he said, "but we reached no decision or agreement."

Brock's arm had stopped its flexing. He lay quiet, watchful, wary. He had no idea where Willis was. He hoped that Willis did not burst in prematurely, but he told himself that he could count on Willis not to do that, but to wait for a signal of some sort, the flash of the light outside the door, for example. "Go on, Mr. Vanden," Brock said.

Vanden said, "I asked certain people in the city to make inquiries about you."

Brock's eyebrows rose. He said nothing.

"You seem to be something of a mystery. I find that—disquieting."

"So?"

"A man," Vanden said, "who makes a point of being mysterious might be a difficult man to—negotiate with."

"Or an easy man," Brock said, "if the negotiations, as agreed, are carried out." He was puzzled, because the atmosphere was wrong, and he could not have said why. "We're not making much progress," he said. And then, "But nothing that's happened since I got off the bus has made much sense."

Vanden's face showed a faint smile. "You're thinking of Lieutenant Carter, perhaps, and his attitude? He won't bother you further, Mr. Brock. He was trying to protect me and my daughter, first by refusing to report the fact of my daughter's car tracks leading away from the scene of your accident ——"

"Oh?" Brock said. So he had put his finger on a sore point in his first talk with Carter. That explained a good many things.

"And then," Vanden said, "by trying in his rather clumsy way to frighten you so you would not try to cause trouble. I could have told him that you wouldn't frighten."

Brock said, "How would you know that, Mr. Vanden?"

"I'm a businessman, a banker. I'm a fair judge of character."

There was silence. Brock shook his head. "We're still not getting anywhere."

"I think we are," Vanden said. "I've had this opportunity to size you up." He paused. Then, "I do not know why you came here. I do not know what is in that mysterious package Miss Peters was—protecting for you today ——"

"Don't you?" Brock said. But already, by some obscure thought process that was not worth trying to follow, he was sure of the answer.

"I might make a guess," Vanden said. "But I don't think you want me to do that."

"If it's only a guess, I don't."

"You see, we are getting somewhere," Vanden said. "I was prepared to make an offer to satisfy your—your nuisance value in the matter of my daughter's driving off and leaving an injured man lying in the snow. I was going to offer to settle your hospital and doctor's bills in full. Call it a gesture of, say, Christian conscience. That, and my daughter's apology, was what I was going to offer."

He might be wrong, Brock thought, but he didn't think so. He had hurt the girl, Janet Vanden, and, through her, the father—humbled them by driving home what the girl's failure to stop, to offer aid, might have meant. And although there were said to be people in the world to whom the phrase "Christian conscience" had meaning, it tended to restore a man's faith in humanity when he encountered one. And now all doubts concerning Vanden were gone. He said, "The apology is accepted. The offer of payment is

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Free Man

By Richard Armour

My son's now old enough to eat
The things we set before him.
No longer does he scorn the beet,
Nor does the turnip bore him.

Still better, now he's old enough,
His appetite grown ample,
No longer must I eat the stuff
To set him an example!

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declined. The bills will be taken care of."

Vanden's smile this time was no wider than before, but it held warmth now, even something else, strange to see. "I thought that was how it might be." He nodded then. "I think," he said, "that it has been a privilege to know you, Mr. Brock." He was gone, and Brock, staring once more at his ceiling spot, told himself that mutual-admiration societies were all very well, but what did they ——

He turned his head then. The door was opening again, and this time, even before he saw the man, he knew that the moment had come.

Liz said audibly, "Oh, no!" And she jumped up from her chair and headed at a brisk trot across the newspaper office. Her chair teetered, and then went over with a clatter. She did not even look back, but continued running outside to the parking lot.

As she popped into her car, slammed the door and wrenched on the ignition key, she asked herself how stupid one small female could be. Because it all fitted now, and if she'd had a grain of sense, it would have fitted long before.

Brock—she had to give him this, however grudgingly—had pointed the way by his questions. He had done what he could. The trouble was, of course, that he, Brock, pinned down in that bed, had no way of finding out what went on in the village, what made people tick, even the simple, obvious facts of what people did. On his feet, able to move around and find out things, Brock would have put his finger on the main point. Of this, Liz had no doubt. *Instead he had to lean on me*, Liz thought, *and where could he have found a weaker reed?*

Willis had to be told, promise or no promise. Willis had to know whom to look for, whom not to allow alone in Brock's room. *Because I saw him this morning*, Liz thought, flaying herself with the knowledge; *every time I turned around I saw him, but it didn't register because it just doesn't register when you've seen somebody almost every day of your life.* And it came to her that here was the basis for Brock's needling behavior toward her, toward everyone. *It's because he doesn't know us at all, any of us, and so he can take nothing on faith; he isn't blinded by the good-old-so-and-so-I've-known-him-all-my-life routine. All he knows is that one of us is a bad apple, and so he's cynical about everybody. He has to be.* What else?

It put a different light on the behavior of the man in the hospital bed and tended to flatten out some of the rough spots in that behavior. But there was something else too.

He did trust me. The thought came with a kind of flash inside her mind. *Out of everybody, he trusted only me, actually shot the works by putting his precious bait, the package, right in my hands.* Still the thoughts continued. *He did more than put the bait in my hands, much more. He closed his eyes and went to sleep!* And what greater proof of trust could the man have given? *All he did*, Liz thought, *was, in effect, put his life in my hands.* And if that sounded pretty melodramatic—well, there it was, because it was true, and she knew it, understood it now, and the man in the bed knew it, and that was all that mattered.

So all I did in return was meddle and let him down. Thank heavens, Willis was there somewhere to be told in which direction to look for danger. She turned into the hospital yard, jumped out of the car and trotted in through one of the unlikely doors.

Brock said, "So, it's you." His mind was working with a kind of cold dispassion. "I wondered yesterday how I had managed to generate all the heat you showed just by telling the Vanden girl she hadn't behaved very charitably." He paused. "Webster, isn't it? Charlie Webster?"

Webster said, "Jan had no business being there at all. But she didn't recognize me. I found that out at lunch the first day." He made a gesture with his hand, strange in its intensity. "Never mind."

"By then," Brock said, "lunchtime that first day, you knew that what was in the briefcase wasn't what you wanted——"

"You had no right to do that." The voice shook with anger, fury.

There was silence. Brock studied the man. He said then, with vague wonder, "But it was perfectly all right for you to run me down? When we'd agreed on a price?"

There was again that strange, intense gesture. "Where are the plates?"

"The price has gone up."

"Where are they?" Louder this time. And then, "Stop that." And the man jumped, grabbed the light-button cord, switched off the light and moved the cord out of Brock's reach. He calmed himself with visible effort. "Nobody would come anyway."

"Somebody might," Brock said. He kept his eyes on the man's face, frowning faintly. While he waited. Willis should have seen the flash. Willis ——

"The nurse is having coffee," Webster said. "And you're off the critical list, so the service won't be as good as it has been." And he added, reasonably enough, "We're shorthanded, you see. Most hospitals are these days. It's a problem. Now tell me where the plates are."

Brock's eyebrows rose almost imperceptibly. The man had a screw loose, that much was plain. Willis ——

"There was a man too," Webster said. "He was watching your room. Nosy Liz Peters called him. You shouldn't have let her find out what was in the package. Not Liz. I grew up with her. She can't be trusted."

Brock said without expression, "There was a man." And he made of the statement a question.

"He won't bother us," Webster said. And, for the third time, he made the abrupt gesture. "The plates."

So I asked for it, Brock thought. *But I didn't figure on a madman.* He kept his voice steady, even calm. "Yes. The plates. As I said, the price has gone up."

Liz knew the hospital too, all of its labyrinthine crannies. And Willis had assured her that he would be around, close enough to keep an eye on things. And he was around, but his eyes were not even open. He was still sitting there, but slumped now, in the chair near the curtains in the small anteroom.

Liz touched his shoulder and shook it gently. Willis's head moved a trifle, but that was all. There was blood in his hair, and Liz stared at it. "Please," she said. It was a whisper, no more than that. "Oh, please!"

And Willis stirred again, only faintly, but it was enough. He slid out of the chair and down to the floor, limp, unhinged. He made no further move. His jacket had fallen open.

Liz said, "Oh, Lord!" She ran to the corridor and looked both ways. There was no one in sight. Way down at the desk, around all the corners and angles of the ridiculous building, there would be somebody. Maybe. She turned and looked once more at Willis, and then she ran back to kneel beside him, her small hands fumbling.

"You could have had them for the agreed ten thousand," Brock said, with effort keeping the steadiness, the calm. "But now ——"

"I won't let you trick me again," Webster said. His eyes searched the small room, then returned to Brock's face. "Don't you see what a troublemaker you are?" And he was moving then, around the foot of the bed, coming up on Brock's left side where the cast lay plain. "Tell me where they are ——"

"In the drawer," Brock said, and he saw the sudden wariness in the man's face, the little smirk of cunning. He thought, *If I can get him to bend down, within reach* ——

"Another trick," Webster said. "You can't be trusted, either. You know that, don't you?" And his hand shot out quickly, seized the corner of the pillow and savagely jerked it from beneath Brock's head.

The pain of the pillow sliding, twisting his shoulders, was like a knife in the strapped ribs, and for a moment, for only a moment, the room seemed to tilt and sway, and the man beside the bed, the pillow in both hands now, seemed larger than life-size. The man's voice came from a great distance, saying, "We won't let you trick anybody again. You know that too, don't you?"

Brock grabbed the deepest breath he could, strapped ribs and sudden pain and all. The pillow covered his face, and it was dark and heavy and his body wanted to struggle, but he forced it to remain still, to gather itself for one effort, all or nothing—one single shot in the locker; it was odd how the phrase popped into his mind.

He swung the cast with all of the force he could muster, up and out, and felt it strike with a pain that seemed to tear his arm loose and tilt the bed beneath him at a crazy angle. And he thought he heard a sound, loud, almost deafening, and he fought that hallucination away, too, and clung to consciousness. And he got the cast raised for another blow—when the world suddenly was no longer dark, or heavy, and the larger-than-life-sized man had disappeared. Or was that illusion too?

He could breathe. And through the haze of pain he could see the room steadying itself, the foot of the bed not tilted at all, Webster on the floor and the door wide open. He blinked, and blinked again.

"I guess," Liz said, and her voice was tight and not at all steady, "I guess it's all over. I—hope." She stood there, both small hands raised waist-high; between them they held a gun pointed vaguely. "I—shot it off," she said, "but it—didn't do any good. You didn't need me." Her eyes, wide and round, clung to Brock's face. "It's—Mr. Willis's gun. I took it. I had to do something, didn't I? Or try?"

Brock closed his eyes. He heard footsteps in the corridor, running footsteps, and voices approaching. They didn't matter. Nor, at the moment, did the pain. A man could stand pain, if he had to. It came to him that a man, or a woman for that matter, could stand, or do, whatever he had to. If he was man enough. Or woman enough. Some were. Some were not.

He opened his eyes again. The girl stood there still, the heavy gun clutched in both small hands. Her eyes had not left his face. He could see her with clear distinctness, all of her, inside and out, golden freckles and all, and he liked what he saw. It was an effort to smile, and he supposed it came out a grimace, but that didn't matter either. It was more of an effort to try to speak, but the words had to be said.

The girl watched him, waiting, and her eyes seemed to search his mind.

Brock took a deep breath. People were at the door, coming into the room, but he ignored them. He and the girl were alone. "You'll do," he said, and that was all, but he knew with a deep certainty that it was enough.

Willis, his head bandaged in a sort of turban, said, "Webster Press, fine color post cards, that kind of thing, as well as job printing." He paused. "Did you know that three, four outfits in this country do most of those color post cards you buy? Do work for foreign countries too? And sometimes the other way around farm work out to Swiss presses, French presses, Dutch presses? Did you know that? Contacts with fine printers and engravers all over the world?" He stopped there. He sniffed. "It seems that I'm talking to myself."

"Beat it," Brock said, and there was amusement in the lift of the inverted-V eyebrows. Amusement, and something else too.

Liz nodded. She was perched on the arm of the visitors' chair, swinging one leg with a kind of impatience. "Yes," she said. "Do." THE END

"I always say, behind every successful man there's a woman who has nothing to wear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He Makes Cops Come Clean

(Continued from Page 13)

›f the FBI, instituted honest crime statis-
:s. No longer can crimes go unreported
›r be downgraded—say, from "burglary" to "lost property"—at the discretion of a semiautonomous district commander who is trying to make a good showing. Promptly total crime went up 90.9 per cent from 1959 to 1960. Wilson called it a "paper increase." His critics say it reflects more crime under Wilson. Nobody was tactless enough to mention that the less-than-candid 1959 statistics already credited Chicago with about 50 per cent more murders and robberies than the average reported by other cities of more than 1,000,000 population.

An event more frustrating for the thin-skinned Mayor Daley occurred last February twenty-seventh, when an assembly of more than 2000 policemen at St. Jude's Hall turned into a raging mob. As TV cameras ground away, Chicago's "finest" shoved and finally kicked out of the hall a mayor's representative, Assistant Corporation Counsel Raymond Simon, who was trying to get in a word on behalf of
is employer.

The officers had assembled to discuss the latest of Wilson's reforms. The great majority unquestionably were not rowdies, crooks or incompetents. Yet as a group they were traditionally responsive to the "unofficial chain of command." Most of them remembered the "captain's man" who used to make the rounds collecting pay-offs. Favor-seeking ward committeemen had until lately remained—and might someday again become—important to an officer's advancement. The "rolling" of drunks and corpses by policemen and on-the-spot fixing of speeding tickets had not been uncommon. Cops not "on the take", were usually considered suckers.

"A lot of the best men in the department were also the best 'money men,'" I was told by Joseph Morris, a veteran captain who was rescued by Wilson from obscurity and promoted to deputy chief. "You had to hustle to make a buck."

Moreover, like most policemen, Chicago cops were clannish, as prone to gripe
s Army privates, protective even of the
orst among their own. And like their brethren elsewhere, they were change-resistant.

By the time of the gathering at St. Jude's Hall there had been quite a few changes. Many were not unpopular. Wilson had obtained an $11,000,000 budget increase and a 7½ per cent pay raise for his men. He let them wear short sleeves and open collars in summer. He was stepping up by 600 per cent the capacity of the police radio; before Wilson the system used to bog down with backlogs of up to 300 requests from citizens clamoring for police service. He was replacing all police cars with new models and more than doubling the fleet.

Now, however, he appeared to be tinkering with the prerogative closest to a policeman's heart—job security. Wilson asked for new state legislation to shift
e power to discipline errant policemen
›m the politically oriented Civil Service Commission; he wanted this authority placed in the hands of special boards staffed by police captains. The patrolmen were outraged. They said that the captains would be subject to the dictates of the superintendent.

Actually the men feared a ruthless purge of their ranks. Their fears were groundless but understandable. They recalled the mass dismissals during a cleanup in Philadelphia a few years ago. And in the '30's the late Bruce Smith, a famous police expert and close friend of Wilson, had surveyed the Chicago department and formally—if unsuccessfully—recommended dismissal and replacement of every single man.

Now there were agitated meetings with Mayor Daley. "He got to wavin' his arms around like a helicopter," reports one participant. Wilson finally gave up the proposed boards of rights. Disciplinary powers were handed to a nonpartisan police board of five prominent citizens. But the feud between Wilson and his men lingers on.

"He's not a practical policeman," one detective told me. "He thinks he's runnin' a machine shop." . . . "We're gonna have a beautiful reporting system but no arrests," said another. The voices of discontent can be heard throughout the city: "When did *he* make his last pinch?" "For leadership you gotta earn the respect of the men; he hasn't earned it." . . . "He's an amateur playin' cops and robbers." Many feel like the Michigan Avenue traffic cop who was recently asked by a passing motorist friend how everything was coming along. The officer hollered for all to hear, "Nothin' wrong with me that gettin' rid of Wilson won't fix!"

Symbol of the resistance is Frank Carey, the patrolmen's president who ran the meeting at St. Jude's. Afterward he was cited before the newly organized Internal Investigation Division, another fiercely resented Wilson innovation. This hand-picked 110-man outfit is supposed to cleanse the department's linen. It is headquartered in a park and known as "Disneyland." Carey, who says he was being trailed by unmarked police cars and had his private phones tapped by Wilson's men, appeared but declined to answer the investigators' questions about the St. Jude's meeting and left. The captain in charge trailed Carey down the hall and ordered him to stay and talk. Carey says he heard no order. The incident was ventilated before the Civil Service Commission, which suspended Carey for sixty days. One police captain testified that the proceedings against Carey were "a witch hunt." Many agreed, and Carey demanded that Wilson be fired.

The unusual aspect of these events is not that they occurred but that they caught Wilson by surprise. He had thought that the department's morale was just fine, even if some "communications problems" remained.

His friends acknowledge this innocence with smiles. "O.W. has the vices of his virtues," says one, a law professor. "He's what we call a 'black-letter guy.' In the law books, you know, the main rules are printed in boldface type. The 'black-letter man' looks only at them. Then, having said to himself, 'This is the law,' he stops thinking."

The charge is overdrawn. Wilson thinks about police problems almost every waking minute. But his thinking was shaped by two exceptional personalities, his father and his first boss. From them he drew his virtues and "vices," and they've been doing battle within him since. "I think these two men between them produced conflicts," says O.W.'s wife Ruth, who was previously married to a psychiatrist. (Wilson's own first marriage also ended in divorce.)

From his father, Ole Knute Vraalson—the family name was changed when O.W. was a boy—Professor Wilson inherited sternness. Like his wife Olava, Ole was born in this country but never shed the folkways of his Norwegian forebears. Trained as a lawyer, he was a grain-elevator and real-estate operator most of

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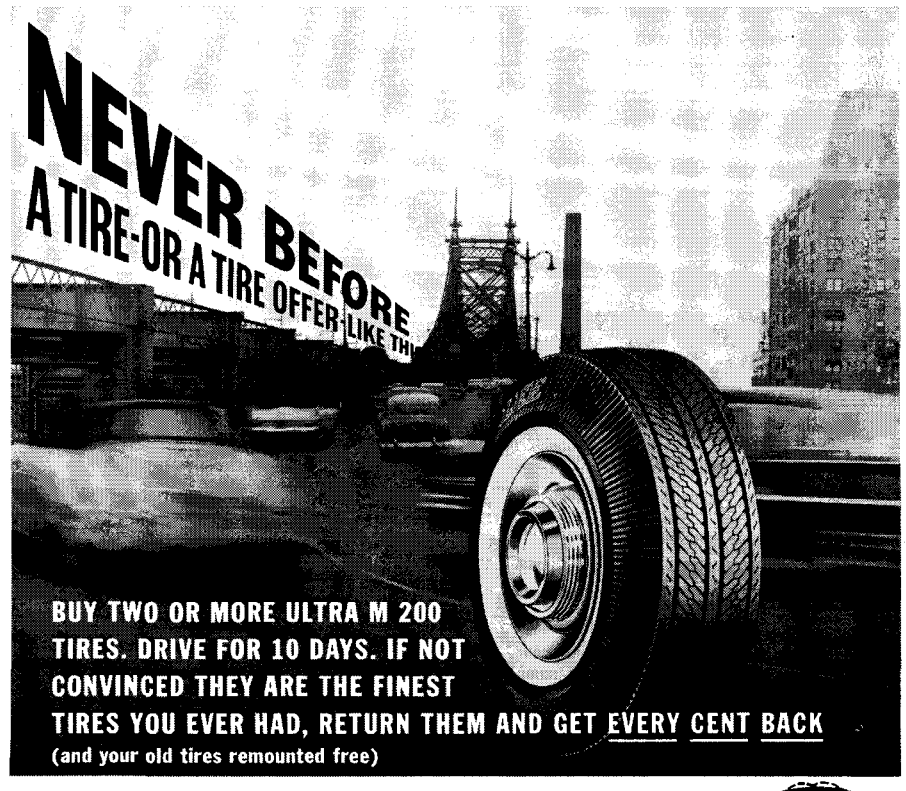
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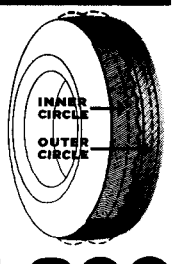

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his life. He would not brook poor posture, sloppy grammar, wasted pennies or wasted minutes. O.W., who was born in Veblen, South Dakota, was one of six children. "My father would not tolerate any member of his family not being at the head of his class in school," he recalls. Whenever a child went into temporary scholastic decline, Ole would personally pound homework into the youngster's head after dinner.

It was a patriarchy no son forgets. Right up to Ole's death four years ago at ninety-one, no one smoked in his presence. When Papa was around, even Professor Wilson and his wife would sneak out for a quick cigarette. And O.W.'s own married son, Henry, who is studying for the Episcopal ministry, recalls family vacations when *his* father whiled away the time in the car listening to Henry recite multiplication tables.

O.W.'s second mentor was the late August Vollmer, a onetime mail carrier who never reached high school but became America's first professor of police science. As police chief in Berkeley, Vollmer was first to motorize a police force, first to experiment with radios and lie detectors and first to reorganize other police departments—more than 200 of them.

O.W. was attending the University of California and casting about for part-time employment in 1921 when he answered one of Chief Vollmer's newspaper ads for what were derisively known as "college cops." Along with such choice recruits as William F. Dean, later a major general and a Congressional Medal of Honor winner in the Korean War, O.W. served four years as a Berkeley patrolman and decided to make police work his career.

"We all had Model T Fords," recalls General Dean, who is now retired. "There was a lot of competition who'd get to calls first. It was hard to beat O.W. He was one of the wildest drivers on the force." He added, "When I talk to him today, I'm kind of shocked. I think I'm talking to 'the chief.' He even looks at you like the chief—quizzical and piercing."

"Wilson was Vollmer's favorite son," says a police captain who knew both men intimately.

Wilson, too, refers to Vollmer as "the chief." He remembers Vollmer's teachings point by point and how the chief always stopped in the squad room in the morning to give his shiny shoes another once-over. But O.W. does not mention what admirers of both men miss most in Wilson: the warm Vollmer manner which made policemen, neighborhood children and even ex-convicts bring their problems to the chief.

In 1928 Vollmer got Wilson the police chief's job in Wichita, Kansas. The cops there had been involved in bootlegging. Wilson turned them into a model force. In five years he eased out 40 per cent of the old-timers. He had all patrol cars painted white, thereby introducing the now accepted principle that roving cops loaf less—and scare criminals more—when they're conspicuous. He pioneered three-wheelers and mobile crime labs and lectured at Harvard on traffic control.

In 1939, with a change in city managers, he was bounced. O.W. blames it on politics and his relentless enforcement of vice laws. Wichitans agree, but cite additional evidence of Wilson's inflexibility. Times were hard and every city department had cut its budget. O.W. refused to touch his. "He was too damned efficient," says former Mayor Robert E. Israel. "Whenever he built up an officer he advertised him around. We were running a police school for the whole country and we couldn't afford it."

Wilson returned to Berkeley, took over Vollmer's chair as professor of police administration and began a career as part-time consultant and reorganizer of more than a dozen police departments. The war years found him in Europe as a colonel and, later as a civilian, chief public-safety officer for the U.S. Military Government in Germany.

The military suited Wilson, but even here he was most noted for love of system and "going by the book." He planned to fingerprint every one of 44,000,000 West Germans and recruited forty fingerprinting experts before the project was abandoned as impractical. When Military Government was pressured to announce that former Nazi Party members could do nothing but ordinary labor, Wilson was almost the only top official willing to abide by this unworkable (and quickly modified) ruling.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Husbands have always had a leisure problem. It's called waiting.

If you happen to meet a perfectly normal person these days, just remember that it takes all kinds to make a world.

The medical profession has made such impressive advances in recent years that doctors may soon find time to deal with simple illnesses.

Courtship is a period during which a girl looks around to see whether she can do any better.

A safety zone is where the pedestrian is right no matter how he gets hit.

A crisis is a misunderstanding handled by diplomats.

O.W. almost stayed in the Army. But the need to systematize police functions haunted him. Before the war he had written two books on police operations and begun his third and nationally accepted *Police Administration*. Again he returned to Berkeley to teach and finish his key work. The volume is typical of the man—Spartan of style, relentless in organization. Just as he had as a boy kept record of the hours spent on homework, so he now registered each hour allotted to the book. After 4000 hours the deed was done.

His teaching methods were similar. Alone among professors, he administered stiff quizzes every Friday. "He had a world of knowledge, but he was a poor lecturer," says a California police chief who was his student. His wife Ruth, who met O.W. when she, too, was his pupil, says, "He was uncomfortable because he was telling, not doing. He practically never varied. He just went down his lists without small talk or illustrations. He couldn't rip apart the curtain between himself and the young."

Nor could he penetrate the curtain between himself and the University of California academic society. He joined no clubs, made no speeches, never mixed in campus affairs. As a bachelor of arts among doctors of philosophy he lacked the faculty "union card." Competition for budget dollars was rugged, and in 1957 the academic senate decided that Wilson's School of Criminology was a "trade school" and should be banished to junior colleges. Wilson was profoundly shocked but acquiescent.

"He felt you should never argue with the general," says Acting Dean Arthur Sherry. "But if you're a good troop commander, you do argue! The guy who argues gets the horses." The faculty made Wilson fight, not just to continue the school but to expand it. Support came from judges, police chiefs and criminologists. By January of 1960 the battle was won, but O.W.'s friends believe that he felt unjustly treated and unhappy. At this point he received a phone call to come to Chicago and head a committee to pick "the best man in the country" to be the new police chief.

Coming from Chicago, this was a stunning request. Historically the city's police had always blended with an established pattern permitting anyone to do whatever he had influence—or "clout"—enough to get away with. As John Bartlow Martin has written (To Chicago, With Love, *The Saturday Evening Post*, October 15, 1960), "This society runs on clout." Nor had anyone seriously quarreled with the dictum of Alderman Paddy Bauler that "Chicago ain't ready for reform."

Not, that is, until Richard Morrison started "singing." "Richie" was a burglar. He burgled, he said, for the benefit of eight policemen who helped case his jobs, carried burglary tools in their squad cars, acted as lookouts and even offered to let him wear a policeman's uniform. But Morrison wearied of the shakedowns and his customers' greed. "The policemen gave me orders for stuff they wanted or their wives wanted," he said. "At World Series time they all ordered portable TV sets. When the weather began getting cold, they wanted antifreeze."

Four truckloads of loot were recovered from the homes of seven of the eight policemen. Public patience broke. More cops were implicated. The newspapers clamored for blood. The police commissioner resigned. With election coming up, Mayor Daley needed action.

Wilson's selection committee met almost daily for a month and screened ninety-three men for the superintendent's position. Many were baffled by such searching questions as, "What are you proudest of in your life?" Several dodged answers to, "What are you least proud of in your life?" One interviewee replied, "You've got a helluva nerve!" Some of the best-qualified men turned the job down flatly. In the end the main contender, Thomas Gibbons, then police commissioner in Philadelphia, also bowed out.

For some time his colleagues had been telling Wilson jokingly that he might wind up with the job. He brushed them off. When they turned serious he became disturbed, then angry. They persisted. Finally one Sunday, O.W. moved into the chair that had been occupied by the committee's interviewees and explained he couldn't possibly accept; it would mean loss of 62 per cent of his pension rights and security for his family. The committee, aided by Daley, insisted. The salary was raised from $22,500 to $30,000 a year plus a $90,000 life-insurance policy. At last, much like an aging artist confronted with a chance to paint a last masterpiece, he accepted—and then phoned his amazed spouse.

Within a week O.W. had settled down. Up, as always, at 6:15 A.M., he is driven to work at 7:45, puffs on three packs of cigarettes a day, sips an average of fifteen cups of coffee, always eats the same lunch—fruit salad—at the same table at the University Club, always with a business appointment. He brought in a new team of administrators—"empty-holster cops," the rank-and-file calls them—who meet with O.W. on rigidly scheduled occasions. His bedtime is 10 P.M. He travels to no crime scene, and his weekly visits t district stations, begun after the affair a St. Jude's Hall, are less than relaxed. I went along to one such meeting. Wilson stiffly told the men he had come to "get ideas down to the operating level."

At the operating level things are hectic. Many officers tote briefcases to cope with the torrent of not always comprehensible instructional material issuing from headquarters. The entire detective force has been reshuffled so that teams from conflicting jurisdictions no longer fall all over every corpus delicti. Patrol beats have been redesigned to conform with statistics on the occurrence of crime. Seventeen of the thirty-eight neighborhood police stations are being abolished in a vast consolidation scheme. Sergeants' promotion examinations have been held for the first time since 1948, and hundreds of younger men have been assigned to supervisory jobs. Retirements tripled. About 1000 bright new recruits are being signed on in 1961 and, for the first time their backgrounds are thoroughly investigated—where necessary, by a psychiatrist. The men from "Disneyland" lurk everywhere, and few motorists still carry five- or ten-dollar bills with their drivers' licenses for instant bribes. Patrolmen no longer line up at police stations to peck out their reports; they telephone one of six recording centers, where reports are automatically transcribed. Wilson's contract runs to March of 1963. Last June he said he would be willing to stay longer, but no man's mind is more geared to meet deadlines.

The very fabric of Chicago is bending. Will it snap back? The Patrolmen's Association, claiming control of 500,000 votes, is organizing to fight Wilson at the polls. Burglary- and robbery-insurance rates show no sign of decreasing. The eight cops-turned-robbers who started it all are just being tried as this is written and the courts keep on freeing many criminals on technicalities. The Chicago Crime Commission says, "It is a case of one branch of the city government interested in apprehending wrongdoers being frustrated by another branch turning them loose."

Will Wilson's system reduce crime? Or will it turn out to be, as some of Mayor Daley's aides begin to fear, a "paper organization"? Is Wilson just an unwitting temporary front for an indestructible political machine? "I haven't seen anything of the Democratic machine," he has said. "I don't know what the term means." And what will happen when he leaves? Is Chicago really ready for reform? After all, as Deputy Chief Morris puts it, "We're regulating the conduct of the people we're working for."

It will be a year or more before the curve of crime statistics provides the first solid hint at the answers. Meanwhile Wilson realizes that success or failure does not depend entirely on him or his cops or even Mayor Daley. For he knows that in Chicago, as in any other city, nobody makes cops ineffective but the people. "The citizens did it," he told me, his steel-gray eyes fixed across his bare desk. "They're the ones who corrupted their police force."

What about the citizens now? The mayor and the newspapers are with Wilson. A cabbie told me, "It's like when the old lady wants to redecorate. You know you need it, but you don't want no part of it. But after it happens, you appreciate it." Maybe most Chicagoans feel that way. I wouldn't bet on it though. THE END

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France's Enchanted Corner (Continued from Page 17)

age. There are few factories. Paris-Brest air service started only last year. Tele-sion is just coming in, the latest novelty. o one is in a hurry. Life moves with the slow, peaceful rhythm of the age of our grandparents. And while the Bretons may consider their poor and backward province the stepchild of the French Republic, the visitor from more advanced parts of the globe delights in its unworldliness.

Moreover, you still get your money's worth. A room for two will cost around eight dollars in a good hotel, and a square meal, about two dollars a head. Breton food is straightforward and—we are in France—extremely tasty. Fish, lobster, crab and oyster emerge from the surrounding sea, and trout and salmon from the streams and rivers, to please your palate. Great hunks of lemon-yellow butter are placed on your table as soon as you pull up your chair. And if you are a fancier of crepes, crisp stacks of them may be washed down with cool, dry Muscadet.

I started my own journey in Brittany's northeastern corner and recommend this flanking move, which allows you to explore the country at a slow crescendo. To the dismay of chauvinistic Bretons, Mont-Saint-Michel, the celebrated fortress-abbey by the sea, sits, technically speaking, in Normandy, on the wrong side of the Couesnon River that separates the two old duchies. But nearby Saint-Malo, the ancient pirates' nest remembered for the stiff resistance its German garrison put up in August, 1944, lies well inside Brittany's borders. The forty-minute walk atop the city's medieval ramparts, with its superb views over the green sea, will be your introduction to the world of Brittany. Get used to this gray, weather-beaten granite. It is the very soul of Brittany. Get used to the green, foaming sea that on this northern coast presents itself, as the French put it, *habillée*—covered with big and little islands that carry your enchanted eye halfway to the horizon.

The tides of Brittany are very much part of the show. There is a difference, at certain points, of more than forty feet between low tide and high. You frequently gaze out over a broad morass of no man's land, alive with helpless creatures of the sea, eyed greedily by swarms of screaming sea gulls.

Gently this "Emerald Coast" leads you westward. Getting into the spirit of the thing, you follow its torn, broken line, past the white beaches of Dinard—now rounding a soft bay, now being driven inland by a fiordlike estuary. You pass a row of small, behind-the-times resort towns whose white boardinghouse fronts peer out on a green bay crowded with fishing craft. The beaches here are full of children. This northern shore, exposed to the force of the English Channel, is labeled "vigorous" by the French summer public; the high iodine content of the water makes it a favorite with families whose children seem wanting in pep.

And even here, in the bracing north, the miracle of Brittany comes into play—mimosas, camellias and rhododendron bushes, called forth by the warm touch of the Gulf Stream, adorn the well-kept yards. Near the extremity of the peninsula and just inland from the wild, rugged "Coast of Legends," you come to rest at Morlaix—a noble town and well worth lingering in. Those stately timbered houses along the *Grand'Rue*, with their elaborately carved façades that nearly touch above your head, were built more than four centuries ago by haughty Breton canvas merchants who had waxed rich equipping the sailing ships of Europe with their goods. This was the golden age, when Brittany, a great maritime nation, talked as equal to equals with Britain, France and Spain. The Morlaix shopkeepers, still doing business in the same holes in the wall that served their medieval forebears, make the illusion complete. You wonder if perchance you've stumbled upon lost Atlantis.

For those who like to go exploring on their own, here are a few random pointers. From Morlaix it's a short ride up the coast to Saint-Pol-de-Léon, a toy town whose attraction is a noisy and highly picturesque open-air market. Here is the heart of Brittany's vegetable empire. The warm, well-watered province grows half of all the cauliflower and one third of all the artichokes produced in France. The solemn-looking farmers chug into town on tractors, trailed by their well-stacked harvest which tomorrow will be on sale at Paris's Halles at thrice the local price. It was in these parts that, last June, disgruntled farmers, faced with low produce prices and too many middlemen, blockaded roads and besieged government buildings in demonstrations which spread to other parts of France before the worried government promised to remedy the situation.

Do not miss Roscoff, the truculent old sailors' town whose church is decorated with stone cannon in memory of bygone privateers' days. And look in on Le Folgoët—the "fool's wood"—one of the gems of Brittany. One tourist must, to be done most conveniently from Morlaix, is a tour of the celebrated calvaries—stone monuments set in the quiet of some walled-in churchyard and illustrating, with their extravagant array of clumsily carved figures, scenes from the gospel. In their touching simplicity, they might be troupes of passion players turned into granite in the midst of a performance.

The best of the calvaries are close together, at Saint-Thégonnec and Guimiliau. If you decide to take in some of the back country, you'll encounter a few surprises. Although no point of the peninsula exceeds an altitude of 1300 feet, you are mysteriously transported into a high sierra, where soil erosion has wrought knife-edged ridges and lofty peaks. Your target is Huelgoat, whose sylvan wilderness makes it one of the most delightful places in all of Brittany.

With every step, the personality of Brittany reveals itself. You find it in its hedges and tall oak trees and in the gold and white of broom and hawthorn that bloom through the long Breton spring. You sense it in its swiftly moving clouds that make a burst of sunshine doubly welcome. You feel the touch of Brittany in its low farmhouses, its medieval cities and its splendid castles; and in its unpretentious country churches whose ceilings, painted blue and gold, seem bits of starlit sky. But most of all, you find it in its people.

Who are they and where did they come from? Although some experts claim that they can spot the Bretons in any Paris subway train, the truth is that they look surprisingly like run-of-the-mill Frenchmen. Their faces weather well, and many of the older people resemble their own gray, weather-beaten granite houses. As old-world history goes, the Bretons are newcomers to these parts. Their ancestors, Celts from the British Isles, arrived here in a steady trickle from the fifth century onward—chased from their homes by the fierce Saxon conquerors.

They called the country, then known as Armor—land by the sea—"Little Britain," which later on became Bretagne, or Brittany. Supplanting the barbaric, tribal setup that had existed here since the decay of Roman power, they found themselves involved in endless warfare with their ambitious neighbors to the east, the Normans. Constituted as a sovereign duchy in the ninth century, Brittany played her part in the eternal feuds and rivalries of Europe. Her proud heraldic symbol, the ermine, inspired awe in many a great army. Of the heroic figures clattering across the Breton stage, the last—and best known—is the much-wooed Duchess Anne, whose successive marriages to two French kings spelled, in effect, the end of Breton independence. It was Anne's daughter, Claude, who, in 1532, gave in at last and ceded the unvanquished duchy to the French crown.

But Celts never say die. Wherever you encounter them—and other branches of the family today inhabit Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Cornwall—you'll find them clinging to their own characteristic traits with a death-defying will. True to themselves through the vicissitudes of centuries, the Bretons have refused to give up their identity. When, in 1932, the regional capital of Rennes was set to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the duchy's integration into the French realm, a fine bronze monument showing Brittany on her knees before France blew up with a big bang. The Bretons who had planted the bomb were never found.

"Remember," you are told, "we are a nation. Even after the French took us in tow, there was a Breton parliament at Rennes. It is only since Napoleon's days that Paris has attempted to turn us into Frenchmen."

Obstinacy is perhaps the Breton's best-known trait. "Stubborn as a Breton," is the French approximation of what we mean by a Missouri mule. But there is far more to the Breton character than stubbornness. For one thing, a mystic streak in the Bretons finds expression in the region's many legends and shines through, occasionally, with the glimmer of a long-forgotten past. The little country chapel, charmingly set in the Breton landscape, may be a Christian substitute for a druidic shrine. The village feast may have its origin in some old pagan ritual. And the curious cult of living water that still makes of many a fountain an object of popular reverence predates, most probably, Christianity. This ancient patrimony, lodged deeply in the Breton soul, does not detract from Christian piety—on the contrary, Brittany is considered one of the most Catholic regions of France.

Being Celts, Bretons tend to be moody. Much like their Irish cousins, they have their ups and downs. shifting from joy to melancholy and back again without apparent rhyme or reason. The bleaker moods, however, set the tone. Life in these simple stone houses lends itself well to introspection. As you survey a given section of farming country, you will see that neighbor lives as far away from neighbor as possible. Loneliness is not considered a suffering in these parts.

The average Breton shares the small farmer's universal distrust of outsiders. Do not lose heart if he receives you

You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Betty, expecting a baby, engaged a physician who gave her prenatal care. When she figured she was due, her husband and brother hastily summoned the doctor four times in twelve hours. The doctor maintained that the baby would not be born for two weeks, and finally refused to handle the case. While the husband was out hunting another physician, the baby arrived without medical aid. Betty later sued the doctor for malpractice.

"As a medical man, he had no right to abandon the case at a critical time without arranging for another physician to take his place," Betty's lawyer argued. "Therefore he should pay for my client's mental and physical anguish."

"The doctor in his best judgment did not believe the baby was due, and when he was badgered by the patient's relatives he was entitled to withdraw from the case," the doctor's counsel replied.

If you were the judge, would you make the doctor pay Betty damages?

• •

Betty collected. The court held that the doctor should either have given more adequate notice before withdrawing from the case or have provided another doctor to take his place.

Based upon a 1955 Georgia decision.

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without a smile. Less than an hour later when you have managed to establish confidence, smiles will be broken out along with the tall bottle of homemade cider. Once he has left his shell, the Breton gives himself completely, and you can trust him all the way. The stranger touring Brittany is not exposed to the kind of fleecing he might expect in other parts of *la belle* France.

It's true, the Normans and the French have pushed the Bretons back against the wall. Only when you have crossed the waist of the peninsula—a line, roughly, running from Saint-Brieuc to Vannes—into western or "Lower" Brittany, will you hear Breton spoken as a matter of course. It is a pleasant-sounding language, for all its harshness—and, being Celtic, a far cry from French or any other Romance tongue. More than 300,000 people still use Breton around the clock. Nearly 1,000,000 can reply in kind when spoken to in their old language.

But how much longer until Breton will join Sanskrit and Latin in the dustbin of dead languages? "Breton has not been taught in our schools," I was told by a high-spirited Breton woman, "since the French public-school system was introduced here in the Eighteen-seventies. Until quite recently, a child speaking Breton in school, even during recess, was persecuted. I know, because when I was twelve years old, I once used inadvertently the Breton word for beech tree and, as a punishment, had to wear the sabot—a miniature wooden clog—around my neck. And to think that the teacher herself was a Breton!

"France," my indignant friend continued, "is centralization-happy. There is no balance here between capital and country, no give and take as under your federal system. Paris is it. There has been such a flood of propaganda against our native tongue that, even if it weren't for the schools, the military service and the radio, our language would be fighting for its life today. Parents no longer like to speak it with their children—why stigmatize them for life as rustics and handicap them in their careers?"

I had seen enough to know that she was right. Even in the more isolated villages of Lower Brittany it was the old people who still used Breton as a daily currency. Even they, as a rule, were bilingual. In one out-of-the-way fishing port I overheard a woman speaking Breton with some hard-bitten fishermen from whom she bought some lobsters, then saw her turning around to address her well-groomed dog in French.

This dissipation of the Breton heritage applies even more to the native garb. For 100 years or so the region has been famous for its colorful variety of native costumes—as many as sixty different styles have been identified, some of them limited, like good French wines, to tiny areas or but a single village. Today most of the younger people, understandably, refuse to look "like dressed-up fools," and you may have to wait for Sunday or a local celebration to see the men in their silver-buttoned jackets, knee breeches and beribboned hats; the women in their pleated skirts, embroidered aprons and lace collars. By far the best-known feminine accessory is the white, foot-high, well-starched linen *coiffe* which—although merely one of many types of Breton headwear—has achieved status as a Breton trade-mark. A French child spotting this particular decoration on a Paris boulevard will cry, "*Regarde, maman, une Bretonne!*"

This is romantic country—the country of Chateaubriand, the vagabond and author whose tomb, a nameless slab of granite surmounted by a stone cross facing the bleak sea, you have seen at Saint-Malo. But the romantic mood was set much earlier. King Arthur and his knights, Bretons insist, were equally at home in Brittany as in Great Britain. The wood of Paimpont, all that is left now of the mighty forest that once covered the greater part of the peninsula, is believed to be the ancient wood of Brocéliande. Merlin the sorcerer lived under these tall trees which nowadays give shelter to the camp of Coëtquidan, site of Saint-Cyr Military Academy, France's West Point.

You will discover, as you roam through the peninsula, that almost every Breton village lives by a legend of its own. Of the innumerable saints to whom most of these legends are attached, my favorite is the stern-faced lawyers' patron, Saint Yves, the "poor man's advocate" who during his life in the town of Tréguier was praised for his Solomonic wisdom. To this day those unjustly wronged pray to him for a lightning bolt of justice.

The visitor with a taste for the real thing and with a good supply of color film will try to see at least one of Brittany's glittering *pardons*—processions held in certain towns at certain dates in honor of a locally beloved saint. The green Michelin guide of Brittany, available in English, gives a good list of them. Often accompanied by feasting and carousing, these typically Breton pageants are getting to be known, alas, all over Europe—reserve your room at the local inn well in advance.

All this is no doubt worth preserving, and some tradition-minded Bretons—most of them teachers and professional men—have tried, these last few years, to inject new life into old Breton folkways. Their effort, though somewhat self-conscious, has met with a good deal of popular response. Numerous "Celtic circles," scattered through the region, now sponsor folk dances, musical wakes and Celtic jamborees in public squares and farmyards. Hundreds of "sounders," trained in special schools, enliven these occasions with their melancholy music, playing the Celtic flute and bagpipes.

From folkways it is but a tiny step to politics, and we may mention here, in passing, that Brittany has its own brand of nationalism, crystallized in the *Mouvement pour l'Organisation de la Bretagne*—M.O.B. "Centralization crushes us," I was informed by one of its six leaders, a high-strung young architect from Finistère. "All we ask is a life of our own, with an elected Breton parliament deciding our own affairs. We are willing to play our part within the structure of a French federation, or, if you will, a federated Europe." Unfortunately M.O.B.'s precursors, the Breton separatists of World War II, were not always above collaborating with the Germans. Today most inhabitants of Brittany, having far more important worries, shrug off the nationalists as a group of harmless dreamers.

But we have left the reader dangling near the western tip of Brittany, no doubt impatient to be on his way. Should your way lead through Brest, the busy naval base which, during World War II, was a thorn in the side of Allied shipping, take a quick look around. The city of 100,000, nearly wiped out by Allied bombs and shells, has been rebuilt from scratch. Today, thanks to an admirable planning job, it is one of the country's friendliest, most modern towns. Later, at the old German submarine nests of Lorient and Saint-Nazaire, you will be able to appraise two more impressive samples of French reconstruction.

Now, as you head toward the Pointe du Raz, with which we started our travelogue, slow down and watch the country change around you. The landscape, with its unexpected glimpses of the ocean, with its clear brooks and rolling hills, loses all harshness. Stop at the smiling inland town of Châteaulin to watch the salmon fishing along its tree-lined river quay and look in on nearby Locronan's splendid, square-cut tower. See the gaily painted trawlers come into Audierne—one of the world's most picturesque ports—and disgorge their squirming catch of lobster, crab and mackerel.

If northern Brittany was vigorous and a bit rough-around-the-edges, the southern coast is soft and polished and all smiles—the feminine half of this little world. Your headquarters for the next day or two might be Quimper, the handsome capital of Finistère, whose women pride themselves on being as well dressed as their Parisian cousins. The town is famous for its Breton pottery, and it is here that you will shop for souvenirs.

You'll find the leisurely descent along the southern coast, with time off for occasional side trips, one of the most delightful drives in Europe. What other 120-mile stretch could offer such variety? Among your wayside stops are Concarneau, another busy fishing port, whose island fortress still resounds, occasionally, with the slow hoofbeat of a sturdy Breton dray horse; Pont-Aven, whose frisky stream, skipping through town, made it a favorite with such French painters as Gauguin and Bonnard; and Auray, which holds memories for visiting Americans—it was here that, in 1778, Benjamin Franklin, on his way from Philadelphia to the court of Louis XVI, was forced to land by a strong head wind preventing him from reaching the mouth of the Loire. From Auray, if you are not pressed for time, you might venture down the spur of Quiberon and cross by ferryboat to Belle-Île, a sleepy island paradise with whitewashed houses and green pastures. Or you may turn upcountry for a look at the great castle of Josselin, one of the finest in all Brittany.

One thrill is still in store for you. The flat, green country around Carnac bristles with thousands of menhirs, huge upright blocks of stone whose weird and mournful shapes make them appear like bits of abstract sculpture. The puzzle of these megaliths, some of which weigh as much as 350 tons, has never been unraveled. Set up roughly 4000 years ago by a people that has long since vanished, they may have served in the performance of some ritual—groups of them are arranged in calculated patterns that line up with the rising and setting sun at solstice times. Together with the equally mysterious dolmens—gigantic stone tables that may or may not be prehistoric burial chambers—these granite monuments form one more link with Brittany's dim past. They will strike you as about as pagan a thing as you have ever seen.

The old cathedral city of Vannes, with its 700-year-old ramparts and carefully trimmed flower beds, seems like a summing up of all that has impressed you as most typically Breton. Linger for a few sunny hours if you can, for you are rapidly approaching the exit of your garden and the end of your excursion. You catch your last glimpse of the warm Atlantic at La Baule—a favorite resort with upper-crust Parisians—and at the ancient ducal capital of Nantes, now one of France's busiest river ports, you suddenly re-enter the twentieth century.

You have come away with no illusions. For the enchanted world you have explored is going fast. Progress must come to Brittany, and with it all the trappings of an age intolerant of the survival of the quaint. Already, the alarming fact that 20,000 Bretons—most of them young and enterprising people—leave the peninsula every year in search of jobs has called forth several ambitious projects for the industrialization of the backward province. The charm, the quiet, the traditions of the ancient duchy cannot survive much longer. And Brittany, one of these days, may be no more than a mere name printed across a corner of the map of France.

THE END

"Oh, I don't know—if I had my life to live over,
I'd probably make the same stupid mistakes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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[Call on Pete Martin (Continued from Page 24)

ıp and said, "Why don't you ever come ...ll on me?" One guy even paid me mpliment of calling me a "status ol." He said, "When you come to ee me, I regard it as a 'status symbol.'"

Bing: Have you ever interviewed a hus-ıand and wife?

Pete: I tried Edie Adams and Ernie Kovacs.

Bing: Ernie has a quick conversational use, hasn't he?

Pete: He has, but it's no good interview-ng two people at once. If I had zeroed n on Ernie, I would have had a better tory. You'd think that interviewing two eople at once would be only twice as ough as doing a single. Well, it's four imes as hard.

Bing: Who's your latest subject?

Pete: I just finished interviewing a well-vell-well comedian. He's only thirty-ne, young enough to be my son, but ve got along fine. As the man said, ve communicated. Since then I've inter-iewed a movie star who's even younger nd her husband and a southern TV star vith a potlicker voice, both of whom are ast a doddering thirty. I find such easier to talk to than, say, Spencer racy. I called on Tracy just before Christmas. He seemed craggy and prickly o me. Do you think age really has any-hing to do with the ability to commu-ıicate? It certainly hasn't hurt Tracy's bility to act.

Bing: Don't look at me. I'm married to young sprig, and I have no trouble ommunicating with her.

Pete: I guess the thing is not to think ıld. I've met some college kids who think s old as Methuselah.

Bing: By the way, I saw you on a panel how a while ago, the Dave Susskind hing—*Open End*. You were the only one ın the panel who thought actors were ıormal. The theme of the evening seemed o be that actors are sick-sick-sick.

Pete: The facts seem simple to me. Al-nost all the people I know in show busi-ıess consider it a fine way to make a iving—a normal attitude. After that ıanel show, Groucho Marx wrote me a ter, saying, "The reason I'm in show ss is because my uncle, Al Shean, ...e vaudeville team of Gallagher and Shean, made a lot of dough in it. I fig-ıred, if he could, I can too."

Bing: It's a great way to get a swimming ıool and a beautiful house and enjoy ife. There must be some sick-sick-sick ctors, but I don't know who they are. There are a lot of sick bankers too. And ıwyers. It's not occupational. The actors know are practical people. They fight or salaries and increases and percentages nd participation deals. Of course, we're ll hams too. We like to be in a good ilm—come off well.

Pete: I felt like a complete dope on that Susskind panel show. One of the pan-lists said to him that Hollywood was ulgar—like a guy belching or picking his eeth in public. I thought, *What is this? know some nice people in Hollywood, icer than the ones on this panel, including*

He probably had a few scripts ... ...d down. This boy was bitter!

Pete: And sitting next to me was a psy-hiatrist who must have specialized in reating sick actors. He has a complete ollection of them. The whole show was eared for him. That's why they selected he subject. I don't know why I was asked ɔ be there. Every time I opened my ıouth the other panelists, all of whom ad strong, rasping voices, put both feet ı it.

Bing: But you laid in some good points. Did you ever interview anyone who you felt wasn't telling you the truth—trying to put over something?

Pete: Perhaps I should approach every-one I talk to with a suspicious mind and double-check every little episode anybody tells me—whether June Allyson is telling me the truth when she spills the story of her life, whether Merle Oberon was really born in an army post in Tasmania. But the kind of interviewing I do, I do it *with* them instead of about them, and if I can't trust them at least to tell me a reasonable facsimile of the truth, I might as well not be there.

Bing: If they told you an anecdote that made good copy, but you doubted its truthfulness, would you go ahead and use it anyway?

Pete: If I found out it was a lie, I'd junk it. If I haven't got enough material with-out using fake anecdotes, I shouldn't be writing the story. Occasionally a re-searcher will come to me and say, "I've looked this thing up, and it's plain to see he or she didn't do this thing at all." If that happens, I scrap it.

Bing: Have you ever got letters saying, "I know this guy you've interviewed. What he told you about so-and-so is absolutely apocryphal."

... ...

Hindsight

If Noah had been
Very wise,
He would have swatted
Those two flies.

L. G. Harris

... ...

Pete: I get them both ways. If I tell the bald truth, as I did in the Dean Martin story, some readers give me hell for not whitewashing the subject. On the other hand, I have received letters accusing me of hiding dirt. Recently I had a letter from a character in Canada who said Jimmy Stewart was a dope addict and a narcotic pusher—that he had been ar-rested. The writer chewed me out for covering up. Imagine Jimmy Stewart doing anything like that! That's really something. It was absurd, of course.

Bing: Have you ever interviewed someone who says, "This is off the record. Don't you dare use it, or else"?

Pete: If someone says, "Pete, if you'll turn off that machine, I'll tell you some harsh truths," I turn the machine off. I don't believe in blowing the whistle on people if they ask me not to. I'm like any other decent, self-respecting reporter that way. I do two kinds of articles. I do "I call on" pieces, in which the subject doesn't see my final copy until it's in print. I also do "as told to Pete Martin" stories—my five-parter with Jimmy Stewart, for instance, and the eight-parter I did with you, CALL ME LUCKY—which carry the personality's by-line. In that case, since the subject is signing the story, naturally he's got to see every word of it, and O.K. it, or it doesn't get printed.

Bing: How did you get started as a writer?

Pete: I used to do fiction. Originally I was a purple-prose writer. Five-syllable words were good; a six-syllable word was even better, if I could find one. Then I got to studying Hemingway's works, and I figured, *Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'd better write more simply*. After a time I tried to make my fiction an amalgam of Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe and Ernest Hemingway—those were my three gods. In the end I had a style that people claimed they could recognize as my own.

Bing: A good parlay, I'd say.

Pete: I got started writing nonfiction about Hollywood and show-business per-sonalities almost by accident. Bob Fuoss, executive editor of *The Post*, gave me the first push. One day he said, "Why don't you go to Hollywood and do a series of Letters From Hollywood? Short articles, say twelve to fifteen hundred words each, about little people nobody ever heard of—gatekeepers and greenery men and stand-ins." I did twelve of those in thirty-two days. All of them were printed, and they gradually led me to the work I'm doing now.

Bing: Do you think you'll ever run out of people to write about?

Pete: What do you think? You're in the entertainment business.

Bing: There are new ones coming up all the time, so I don't see why you should. They don't have to be youngsters either. Some of the old actors and actresses are coming back in new fields—television, for instance. The key to new success is keeping your mind young and agile and receptive and sensitive toward young people, as you do. Do you read the Hollywoood trade papers?

Pete: Every day. But how much should I believe in them, Bing?

Bing: About half, I guess. Depends on what sheet you're reading. The social or gossip end of it is generally based on a rumor like the recent announcements: "Bing is flying off to help his father-in-law win an election." Or there'll be some-thing about a picture. They'll say, "Bing's interested in this picture," and the chances are I haven't even seen the script, or I haven't even heard that I'm being con-sidered. Nobody has talked to me about it. This gossip starts, I suppose, when there's a meeting about a story and some-one says, "How about Crosby for this?" and someone else says, "We'll look into it," and that becomes a story which gets circulated. Or "Joe Doakes is considering Marlon Brando, Eddie Fisher, Sinatra and Elizabeth Taylor for such and such a picture," and none of them has ever heard about it.

But the trades do serve a useful pur-pose. They review pictures, and some of them do very decent reviews. Two fellows named Tubelle and Powers are real good critics on the "trades." I suppose that trade-paper critics have to lean a little bit to the side of the actor and the pro-ducer and the studio, because they have to sell advertising to keep going. Actually it is probably just as well that they are lenient in their reviews. Nobody starts out intending to make a lousy picture, a dog. It's fair to assume that in each picture there is something which enter-tains somebody, so perhaps the trade-paper reviewers should approach it from that angle. Maybe there's a good per-formance in it, or even two—maybe it has some good location shots, or it's appealing visually.

Some reviewers, on the other hand, think up a wonderful wisecrack, or a pun, and then tailor their review so the wise-crack fits in, even at the expense of the picture. I think some of the magazine reviews emanating from New York are written to make the reviewers look good. Certain critics frequently lambaste pic-tures which have entertained me, and I'm a pretty tough audience. Apparently they never give any film a good review unless it was made in Italy with a Brownie camera—in the streets. Our fellows could use the same technique in this country, if they wanted to.

Pete: Getting away from that topic for a moment, Bing, how's your golf?

Bing: Oh, it's about the same. I played a lot around Palm Beach this past winter and, speaking of golf, there's a funny story I think you might enjoy. There's a friend of mine in Florida named Chris Dunphy. He's a great host, will give you anything he's got—an Irishman with undeniable charm—but on the golf course he's a hustler, an edge man. He's got to win, if it's only a singleton. He's also a man who thoroughly understands the benefits of patronage and good connec-tions.

For instance, he's known the Kennedy family for a long time. In fact, he used to work for Mr. Joseph Kennedy, and I guess he's known Jack Kennedy—Mr. President—ever since the Commander in Chief was a little boy. So when Jack was down there, he and Chris Dunphy got into some golf games out at Seminole. Chris, with an eye to the future, was let-ting Jack beat him by one stroke every day, maybe two. Ostensibly it was a nice gesture to make to a younger man who meant so much to the country, and it wouldn't do Chris a bit of harm to be liked in Washington.

But after a few days of this, they came off the eighteenth green and Chris said, "Jack, you've been winning every day. You've taken about forty dollars from old Dunph, and you know that sort of thing isn't being done very regularly. Now I don't want any ambassadorships, or any high cabinet posts, or to be a postmaster, or anything like that, but I'd just like to be the fellow who takes the old, worn-out money down to the furnace and burns it."

Jack put his arm around Dunphy's shoulders and said, "Chris, I want to tell you a story. Up in Boston there was a character around town who was some-thing of a hustler. He used his wits to make a living one way or another. One day he went into the biggest bank in Boston and asked for the president. A guard said, 'Who're you?' and he said, 'Just tell the head man Charley Fernis is here and would like to see him.' So the president came out and asked, 'What can I do for you?' Charley said, 'I don't want any loans, I don't want to mortgage my house, I don't want any money from you. But there's a large bay window out there in the bank lobby. I'd like to go out into that bay window and have you stand alongside me and have you put your arm around my shoulder, so the fellows going up and down the street will see how well I'm connected.'"

Jack gave Chris Dunphy's shoulder a squeeze and said, "That's what I'm doing for you right now, Chris—what time shall we play tomorrow?"

The trouble with that story is that this interview isn't working out the way I planned it. It's too much like you inter-viewing me. So let's get back with it. Have you learned anything about Holly-wood from the people you've visited there?

Pete: I've learned quite a lot about Hollywood. Whether I've learned the smelly, bitter, seamy side of Hollywood is another matter.

Bing: Do you think there is any seamier side there than there is in another busi-ness? Some of our biggest corporation executives haven't smelled too rosy lately.

Pete: One corrosive book about Holly-wood recently called me a "low-pressure interviewer." I guess that means that I don't hate Hollywood, while the author loathed it at the top of his voice. A long time ago I decided I'd never live in Holly-wood even if anyone wanted me to, be-cause I want the place to have some glitter for me. It's popular now in some circles to regard it as a cadaver and dissect it like a first-year med student.

Bing: I think you're wise. You can be

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more objective about it if you keep it at arm's length. Still, people have pretty much the same faults all over, even in Philadelphia. I've lived and worked in Hollywood for thirty-some years, and it seems to me that anybody there who has ability and talent and wants to work has something the public wants. He doesn't have to give up any of his principles or live any different kind of life than a fellow who lives in Keokuk.

We have some odd-balls, some people whose behavior is sometimes inexplicable, but creative people are generally flamboyant. But for the most part people in Hollywood work very hard and have much the same interests as people all over the world. Sometimes a youngster vaults from complete obscurity into international prominence almost overnight. He wouldn't be human if he didn't wobble a bit. But these youngsters generally get straightened out.

Here's a bouquet coming up. As a reporter you've been very fair, and you've been accurate. I think you've taught people a lot about actors' characteristics they didn't know or wouldn't believe. I know this much—out here in the past ten or fifteen years if you can't furnish something that's salable, it's just like any other business, whether it's flour or tires or alarm clocks. You've got to do a job, or you're not going to be around. Just back-scratching or sending somebody a present of booze is not enough. You've got to deliver. Say, maybe that's why I'm not working as much as I used to.

Pete: But you are working, aren't you?

Bing: I work as much as I want to, I guess. I'm going to do a "Road" picture with Hope that started shooting this past June. Then there's something about the "winning of the west" I'm in on too. M-G-M is doing it in Cinerama—an episodic thing with music from the various periods. They've signed six or seven name people, and I believe I'm to narrate and do some songs. I'll be doing two TV shows a year for another three years. I'll be taping a TV special in Ireland this summer too. I do the golf show each year, and I generally get involved in exchanges with Perry Como or with Frank Sinatra or with Dean Martin to get them to go on my show free. I go on their shows free. It all adds up to about four TV shows a year, which is enough. The rate of public exposure has to be handled very carefully for a fellow who has been around as long as I have.

Pete: You don't really look forward to doing nothing, do you?

Bing: I know I couldn't stand it. I'd have to have a hand in something. For instance, I've got a five-times-a-week radio show. It has a good audience, and it's fully sponsored. It's easy to do, and we get to talk about whatever we want to talk about and sing the songs we want to sing. And at Christmastime we've got a thing going. We do that every year for the Insurance Company of North America. All the Yule favorites with orchestra and choir. I love that. And I'd like to do a good part in a good picture now and then. I'm trying to get a part in *Advise and Consent*, which Preminger is going to do.

Pete: What part would you like to play?

Bing: I think the screenplay would go pretty heavily into the majority leader and his romance with the Perle Mesta type. That's what they're figuring on me to play—the majority leader. He's kind of an affable go-between sort of guy. I think I could get away with that role. Then, I've read a book I liked very much, *To Kill a Mockingbird*. I'd like to do the fellow in there, but I'm afraid Greg Peck has beaten me to it.

Pete: How does it feel to be an interviewer, Bing?

Bing: I don't think I'm doing so well. You're manipulating me.

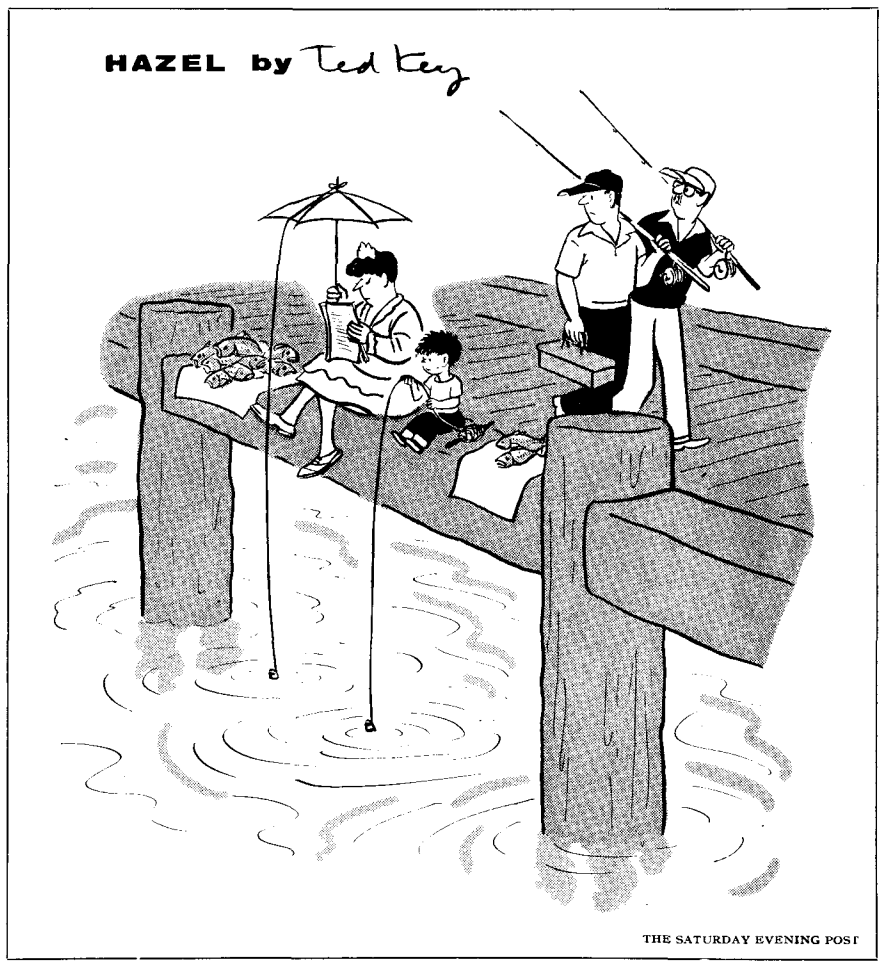
Pete: You're not doing bad. We're just having an informal conversation in a friendly atmosphere. That's the way most of my interviews work out.

Bing: Pete, don't ever get acrimonious. A reputation for fairness has got you a lot of interviews you otherwise wouldn't have had. A lack of malice is nothing to apologize for. Of course, those lurid London newspapers wouldn't want anything to do with your kind of work.

Pete: The Australian ones either.

Bing: Are they rough?

Pete: They're very rough. Someone sent me a bundle of Australian newspapers once, and they made that London sheet, *The News of the World*, look like *The Sunday School Times*.



Bing: Some of the London papers are frightening. And those British reporters are a caution! They'll goose-peck you to shreds. Any time you find yourself embroiled in an interview with a clutch of these chaps, you'd better carry your left hand high and keep circlin' to the right. Of course, I'm not talking of their many fine papers. Like the Manchester *Guardian* or the frostily sedate London *Times*. Their standards are high, but, unhappily, their coverage of folks in my business is a little thin. Y'know, I'll really feel I've arrived if I can take a glass of limp British beer with a copy boy from the London *Times*.

I had an amusing thing happen over there this year. I was staying at Claridge's. You know how snobbish that hotel is. One morning it was raining buckets. I had planned to play golf. Since I couldn't go, I went into an upper-floor hallway—they've got long hallways—with a bag of balls and a five iron. I was pitching the balls off the carpet into a wastebasket in front of the elevator, when a cameraman snuck up through the service entrance and snapped a picture of me. I didn't know he was there until I saw the flash—he waved and went away. That picture was in every newspaper in Europe—all over the front pages, captioned, "Crosby the Crooner practicing chip shots in the sacred upper precincts of Claridge's Hotel."

I departed the next day. I had already planned to go, but later on, when I got ready to come back, I phoned for a room and they said, "We don't have a thing." So I went to the Savoy, and this newspaper photographer who'd taken the picture came around and said, "You've made my life. I'm the biggest man in Fleet Street, thanks to you." Claridge's has bathtubs you can lie down in full length. You can luxuriate there, and the way they pick up your clothes and hang them up and shine your shoes—well, I was sorry to have it go out of my life.

I notice you have a book there titled *The Decline and Fall of Hollywood*. Let's get into this for a moment—this title really kills me, because I don't think it's true. I think it's a cheat. Pictures are better right now than they have ever been. Fewer, but better. Everything is better—the techniques, the camera work, the locations they are using, the stories they are getting. Take a picture like *The Apartment*. That's great adult comedy. In the past studios used to grind them out, so many pictures a year, whether there was anything ready to go or not. I don't think anybody makes a picture any more unless he thinks it will be successful. Of course, I deplore the neurotic, downbeat picture. I haven't seen too many movies lately, but the ones I've seen have been very good.

Pete: What have you seen?

Bing: Well, I thought *Ben-Hur* was quite a spectacle. A complete job of good picture making in every department. It was expensive, but when you're making a spectacle and your aims are high, you've got to spend money. The sets, the crowds, the costumes, the vast scenes all gave credibility to the story. And I saw *Room at the Top*, a fine movie. Very sensitive, good performances. Have you seen *The Mouse That Roared?*

Pete: No.

Bing: You want to see that. It's hilarious. But back to my interview with you. I've been thinking back over the first time you came to interview me, and it seems to me I was fairly calm, but then it may be my nerve processes are sluggish. I should imagine that the average character you interview puts in a little time worrying about whether or not he's going to look good when you get through with him. One likes to bare his soul, but neither does he like to look dull or dreary or uninteresting.

Pete: As I recall it, you were completely unconcerned about such matters.

Bing: I can't honestly say that I was all hot and bothered. Could be I just trusted you. I had read some of your stuff. I am sure there are many people in America who like to see movies that are happy, educational or appealing, rather than downbeat. I don't see why the same thing doesn't apply for interviews. The other side has been done. In fact, it has been overdone.

Pete: One thing I forgot to tell you when we were talking about Perry Como. He said that you not only worked hard, but that you had a fetish about always being on time.

Bing: I hate to keep anybody waiting a minute, and if people are late in keeping appointments with me, I don't give them a minute either. I go. I'm restless and unhappy if I'm late, so I'm never late.

Pete: It goes deeper than that with I I was taught that it was simple goo manners to be on time. If my wife and I are asked to dinner at eight o'clock, we're there at eight. Maybe the hostess hasn't finished dressing yet.

Bing: That happens to me all the time. I'm always arriving when the host and the hostess are coming downstairs adjusting their clothing and the hors d'oeuvres are still in the fridge.

Pete: Do you think you've ever met anybody who was just like you, Bing?

Bing: Oh, my, yes, a lot of guys are just as big bums as I am.

Pete: I'm not sure I've met anybody I've felt had as many faults as I have.

Bing: Don't let that kind of inner brooding get you down.

Pete: Remember back there when you were asking me if I ever did interviews with two people at once? There's something I forgot to tell you. During World War Two, I tried to do a wrap-up of chief petty officers as a group. I went to t naval stations at Bellingham, Washi ton; at San Diego, California; at N London, Connecticut; at Coco Solo, Panama Canal Zone. I went all over. Too late I learned that I should have picked out one chief petty officer, or rolled all of them into one—told the story of all C.P.O.'s through him. If I had, I'd have been all right. As it was, it was like shooting a charge of buckshot at a barn door from a great distance and having it spatter all over the barn.

Bing: Have you ever done a story on Billy Wilder? He's a lot of personalities rolled into one all by himself.

Pete: I never did.

Bing: He's a great conversationalist. He's been in the business ever since he was a very young fellow. His roots go back to Ernst Lubitsch. He started with him at UFA, and he has complete recall. Billy can remember everything, and he puts it, shall we say, pithily. He's known ever body. He's made great pictures. He' ways being put up for another Acade Award. And the way he works would be interesting. He's a hell of a talented fellow. He produces his own pictures, cowrites them, directs them. He's very volatile. And voluble.

And so are we; at least I've been. Hey, I got a golf game coming up. Maybe I should just send the guy a check, but the walk in the country'll do me good. See you around.

Pete: I hope so. I hope so very much indeed. THE END

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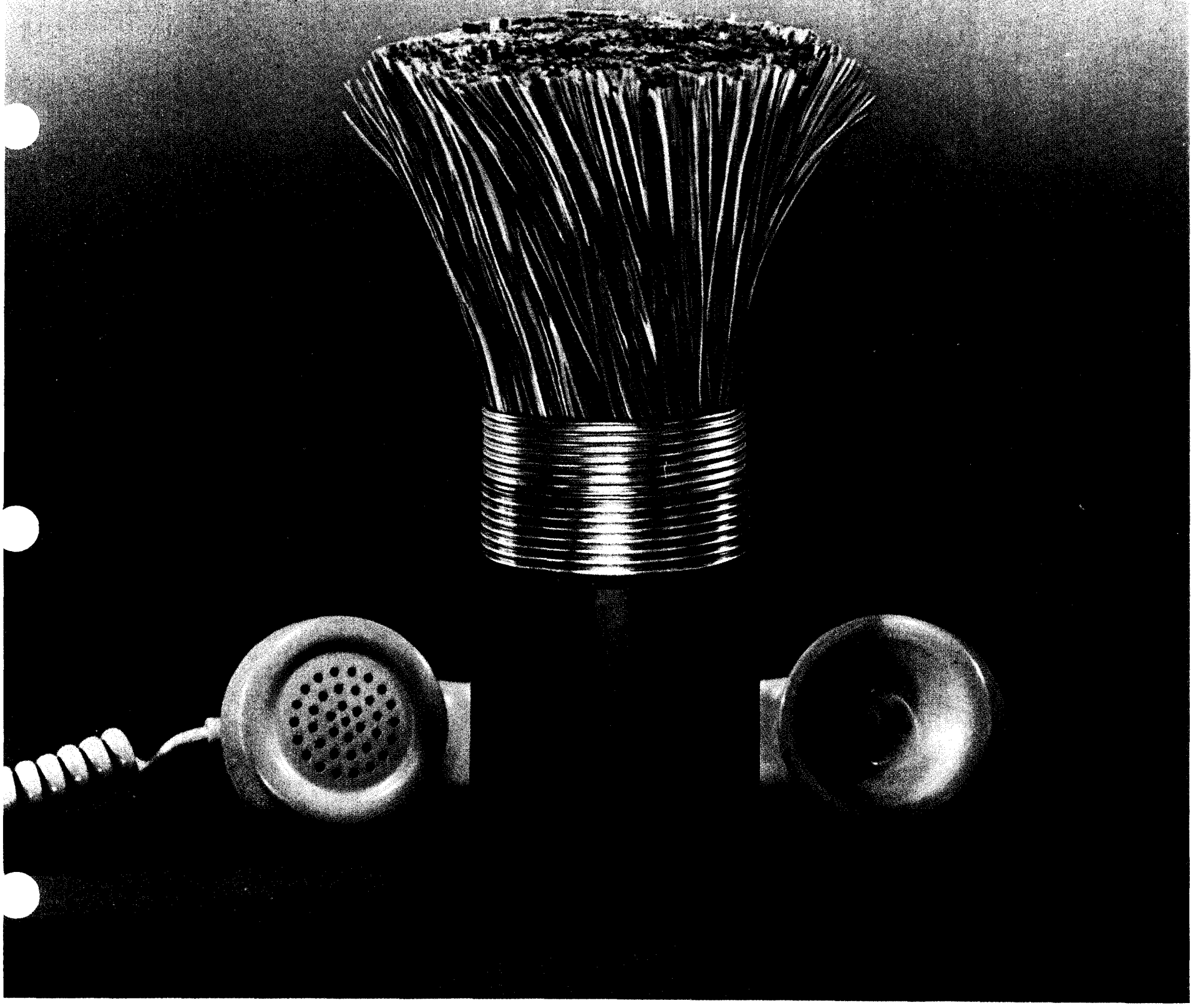

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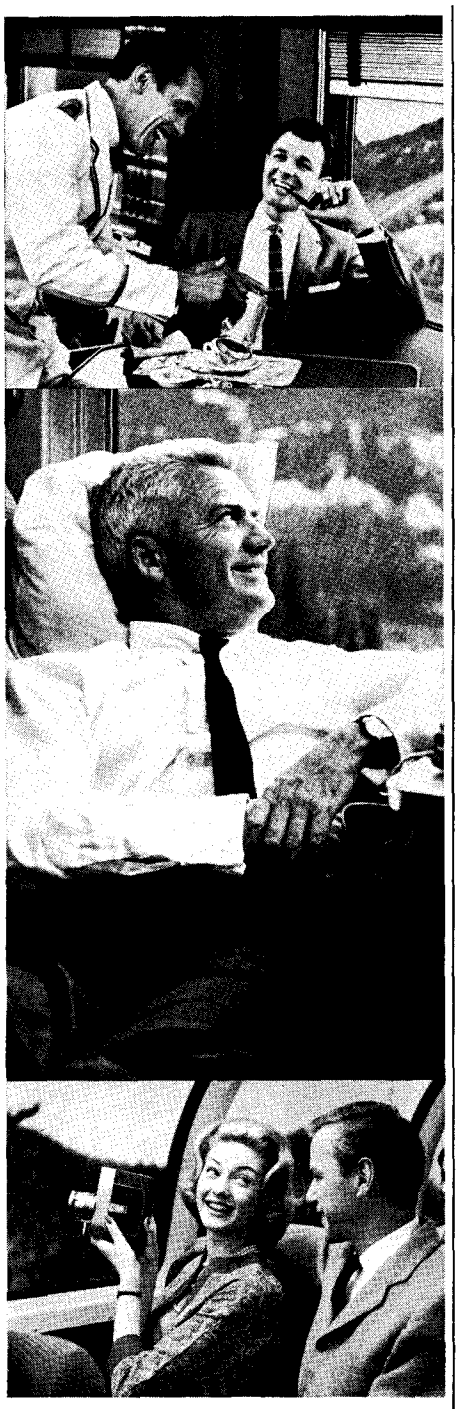

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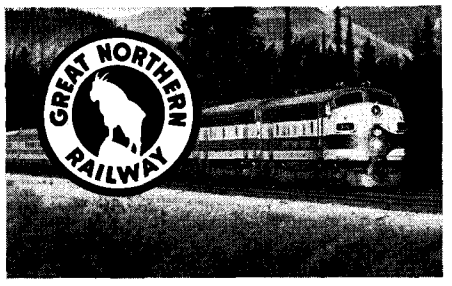

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Keeping Posted

An Attention-Getting Face

Question: Which of the following remarks could logically be attributed to the gentleman in the photograph at right?

(a) "So you didn't realize U turns are illegal on this turnpike, eh? Well, let's have a look at your driver's license."

(b) "Awwright, you knuckleheads—this is a ball park, not a circus. The next guy hits into a triple play is gonna do 500 pushups."

(c) "You heard me, Mac. I run a respectable tavern. Either you stop annoyin' the little lady or out you go."

The answer is: (d) None of these. The gentleman is **Kenneth Kay**, lieutenant colonel, U. S. Air Force, instructor at the Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk and author of MAN IN ORBIT (page 14). His grim expression could be explained by the fact that this mug shot was taken by an Army photographer.

Contributor Kay.

We first bought a short story from the colonel in 1956, when he was a student at the school where he now teaches. Since then he has sold us a story a year.

"It's About Time"

"Having batted .000 as a *Post* writer since 1950—I submitted five POST SCRIPTS, two poems, four short stories and one article—what does one say upon the sale of a lucky five-second time exposure?" asks **Arthur Shay** of Deerfield, Illinois.

"Say, 'It's about time,'" suggests Shay's wife, Florence.

Shay's "lucky" photograph is HEAVENLY FIREWORKS, the lightning-streaked FACE OF AMERICA on page 26. But what Shay calls luck really is an amalgam of luck, skill and nerve. While a navigator with Jimmy Stewart's 8th Air Force Liberator Wing in World War II, for instance, Shay was lucky enough to shoot down a Focke-Wulf 190 at seventy yards. After the war he luckily survived the crash of a DC-4 in a snowstorm on a Newfoundland mountain. *Look* bought his pictures of the crash and offered him a job as a photographer. *Life* saw his newspaper story of the crash and offered him a job as a correspondent. He took the *Life* job, which he quit in 1950 to become a free-lance writer-photographer. Since then he has had almost 6000 photographs published. He also reviews books for the Chicago *Sun-Times* and has a weekly column in the suburban Des Plaines *Journal*. We can't guarantee that you will see any of his prose in *The Post*—but you will be seeing more of his photographs. We gave him four photographic assignments within a month of that "lucky" sale.

Contributor Shay.

Buckham-san

Illustrator Lynn Buckham, reposing after posing session.

New York has its share of Japanese girls. But virtually all of them are either unsuited—or unwilling—to serve as models.

Lynn Buckham made these discoveries after we assigned him to illustrate a scene from Hobert Skidmore's CHRISTMAS IN KOBE (page 22). The illustration called for not one but four girls—Akiko-san and some of her chums from the fictional night spots, Club Believe Me and Club Salary Man. Buckham visited modeling agencies, travel bureaus, import shops and overseas-airline offices and got the same answer everywhere—so sorry. Finally someone suggested that if the story concerned night-club girls, he should look in a night club—specifically, the Latin Quarter, which then was featuring a revue called Holiday in Japan. Buckham looked, and soon he found himself surrounded by the Oriental beauties at left

They Make You Laugh: Al Johns

Al Johns can't imagine a nicer life than living in California and drawing cartoons—and he has spent much of his life doing just that. His only other civilian job was as a temporary postal clerk, and his only out-of-state residences were at Great Lakes and in the Palau Islands, where he serviced radio transmitters for the Navy during World War II. Johns now lives in Granada Hills, a suburb of Los Angeles. "One night my wife Grace and I were watching our favorite TV program, *Perry Mason*, and she said, speaking of Perry's courtroom climaxes, 'I sure like the way he wrings the truth out of them!' I interpreted her remark literally and had a gag." See page 54.

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Jefferson Davis toasts Gen. Morgan and his bride

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The secret? Flavor-Seal

L&M's special way of moisturizing tobacco to seal in natural tobacco freshness and flavor.

Yes, L&M's Flavor-Seal *locks in* the natural flavor of fresh-tasting tobacco, best-tasting tobacco.

Do away with dried-out taste for good

L&M burns slower, smokes cooler, never dries out your taste. You get L&M's Miracle Tip . . . pure white, inside and out, for the cleanest, freshest taste possible. Start fresh, stay fresh with L&M.

Start fresh... and keep smiling with fresh L&M.

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Y FRESH-TASTING, BE -TAST L&M TODAY— PA

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